The Saturday Evening
POST
May 2, 1959 — 15¢

THE INSIDE STORY
OF THE BIGGEST BOX-OFFICE HIT
"My Fair Lady"

A New PERRY MASON Mystery

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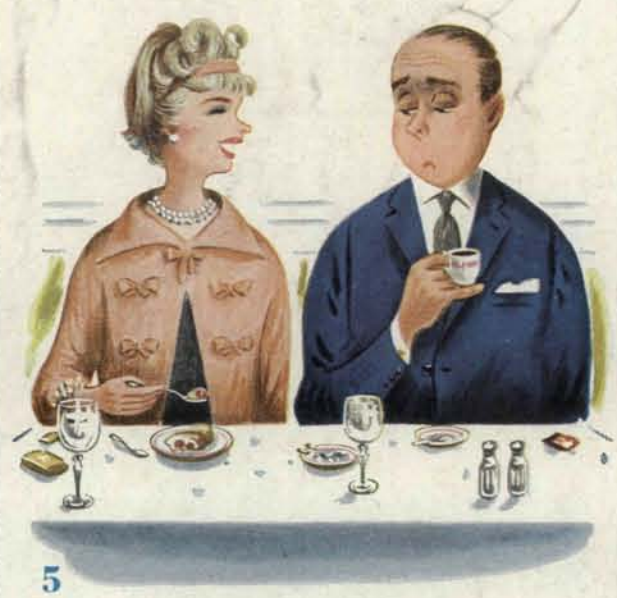

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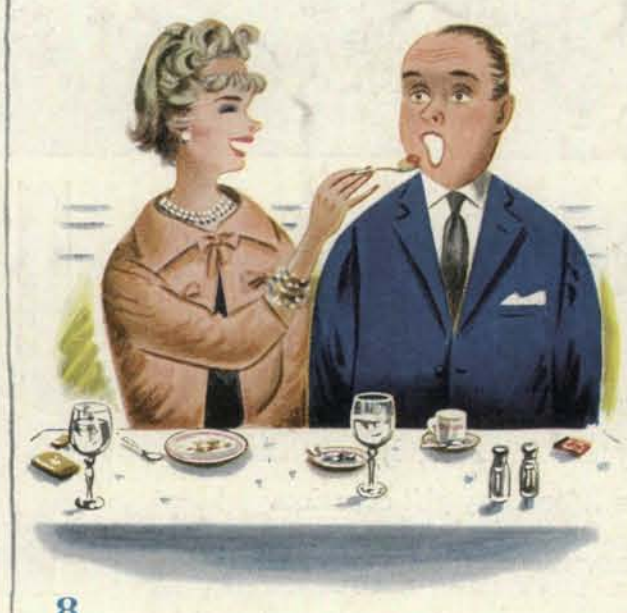

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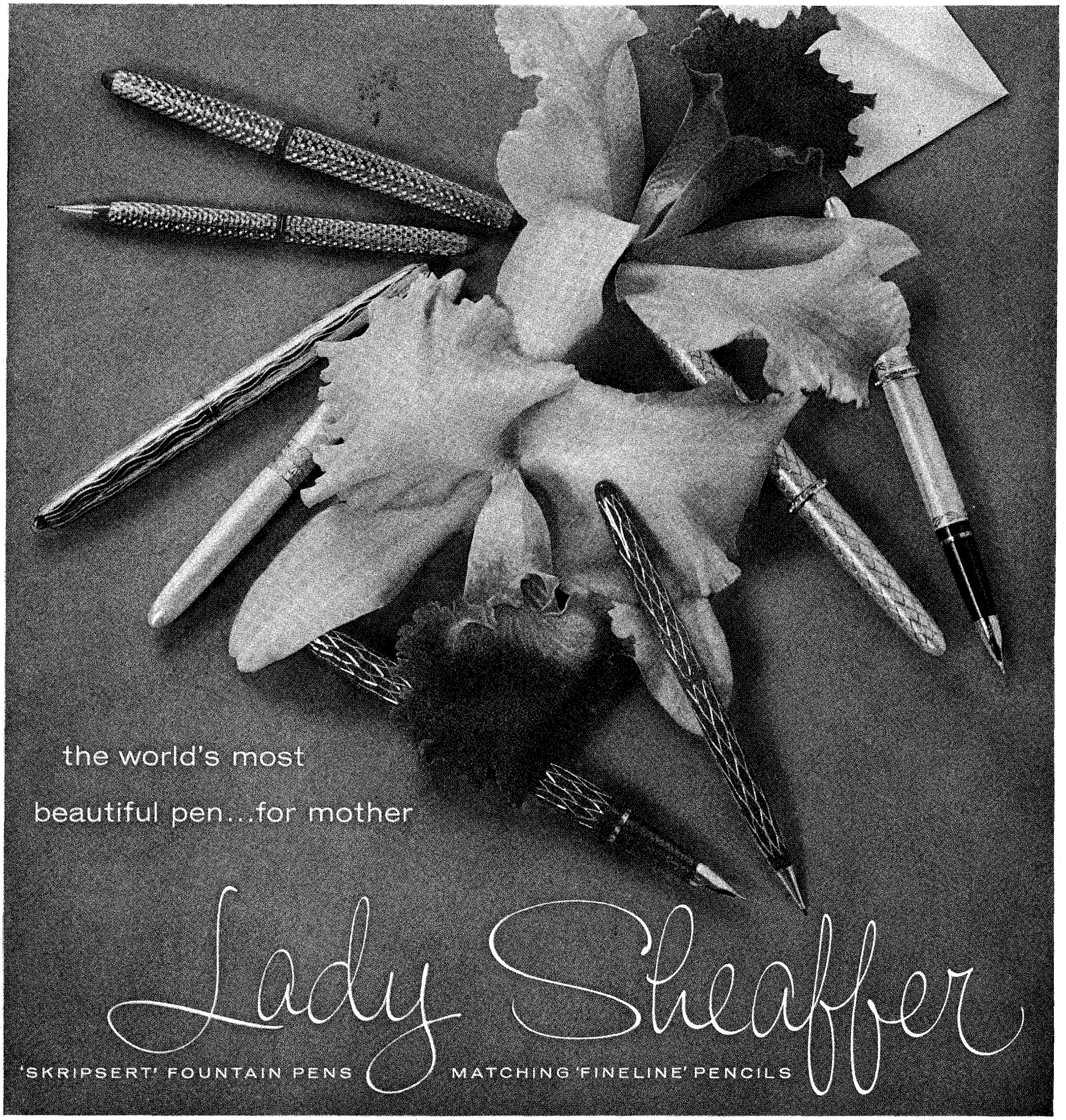

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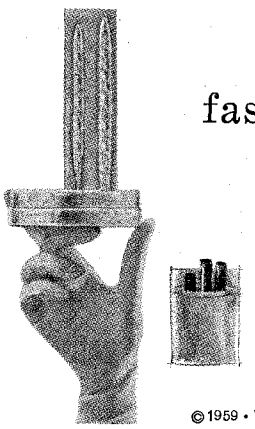

fashioned by

SHEAFFER'S

Fills the modern way with handy cartridges of *Skrip* writing fluid.

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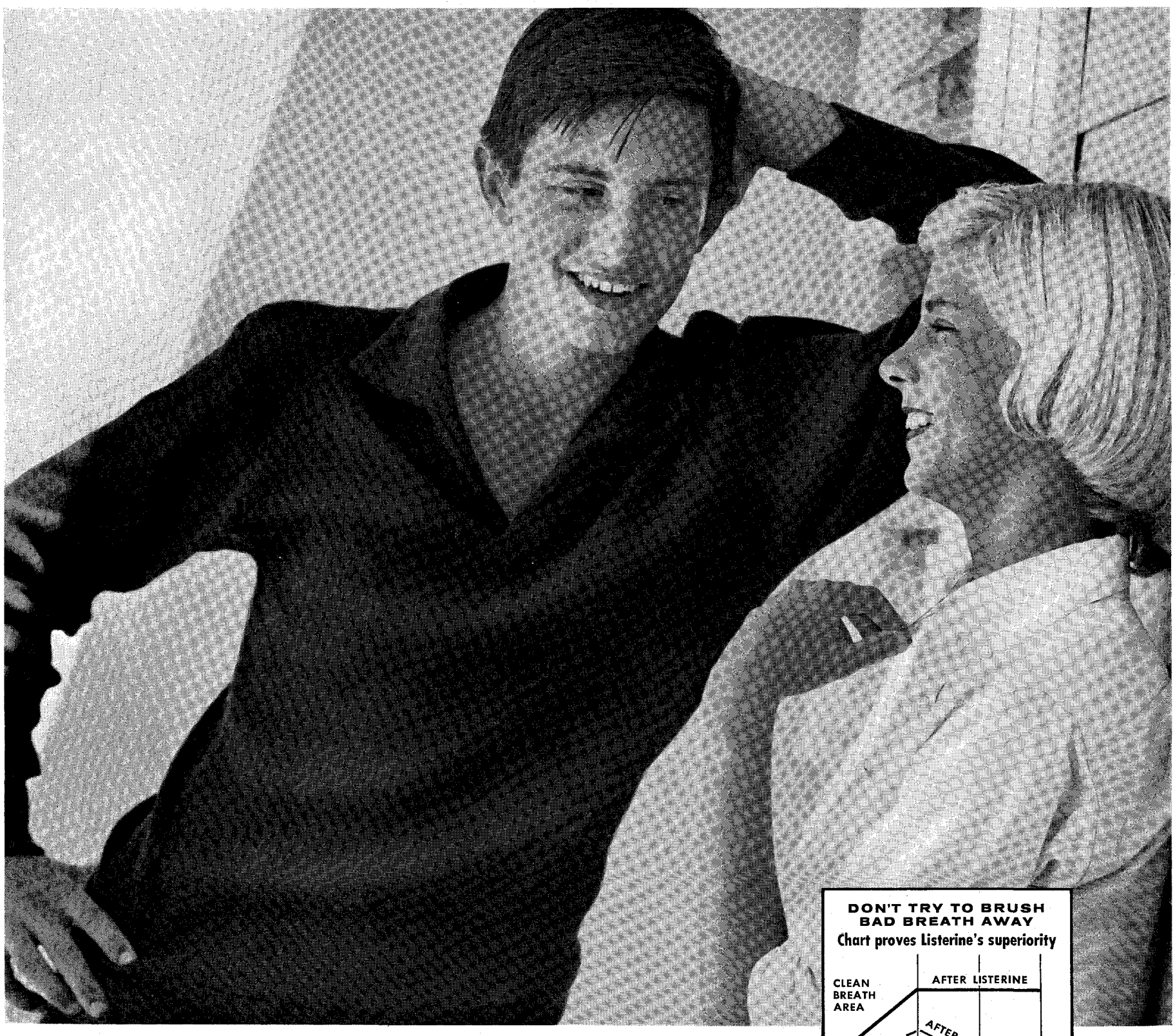
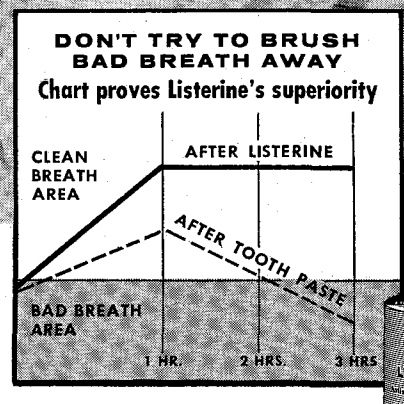
Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!





Tooth paste is for teeth—Listerine is for your breath.
You see, germs in the mouth cause most bad breath.
No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine

....Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

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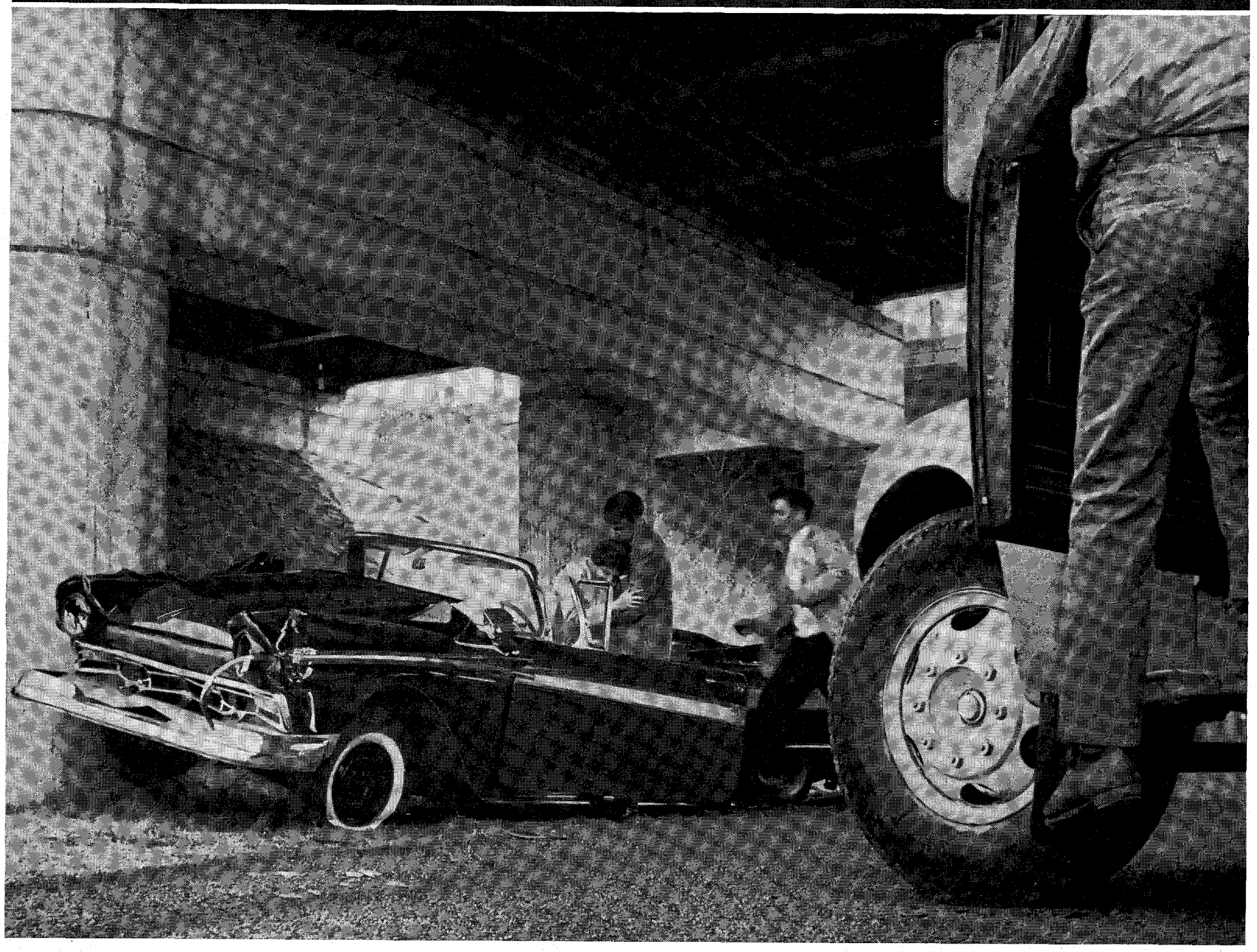
The Company that stands by you®



Near catastrophe: Policyholder has bad wreck, but gets quick help from Liberty Mutual

A Liberty Mutual policyholder recently wrote this about our claims service:

"I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and your representative . . . for his alacrity and kindness in expediting the quick repair of my car . . .

"During a distressing period when time was of the essence he not only saw to it that my car was repaired in time to enable me to return to work . . . but thoughtfully helped me arrange for the loan of a car . . . enabling me to complete the business for which I originally needed my own car.

"It might be superfluous to add that I have nothing but praise for Liberty Mutual and the way they conducted their business and helped me out at a time when I quite frankly was up against it."

Fast, fair claims settlement is one benefit Liberty policyholders enjoy. Around the clock claims service is another. In addition, we have saved substantial amounts for our car-insurance policyholders* each year. Our easy payment plans are a big help, too. To switch to Liberty when your policy expires, contact our nearest office now (we have 146 across the nation). We'll take care of the rest.

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In addition to car insurance, Liberty also offers both fire insurance and special homeowners' package policies. One Liberty homeowners' package, which includes coverages against fire and 16 other dangers, can save you about 20% of what you would pay if you bought these coverages in separate policies.

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THE COVER

Cast of characters: man on diet, girlish gourmand. Scene 1: "Ah, that *divine* shortcake! My soul, I'm hungry all over again!" Scene 2: "No." Scene 3: So for him a demitasse to top off a demidinner. Scenes 4 to finis: Artist Alajálov doesn't know about this, but once, long ago, there was a boy who had a beloved dog, and there was a family rule, known full well to both of them, that the dog must not be fed in the dining room. One night during a steak dinner the dog with tragic eyes sat and watched the boy's fork go up and down, up and down. When the boy cracked up and slipped his pal a wisp of gristle, the dog looked *just* like Mr. Demi in Scene 9. Art editor Ken Stuart saw part of this cover unfold in a restaurant, and Alajálov added the happy ending out of overwhelming pity.

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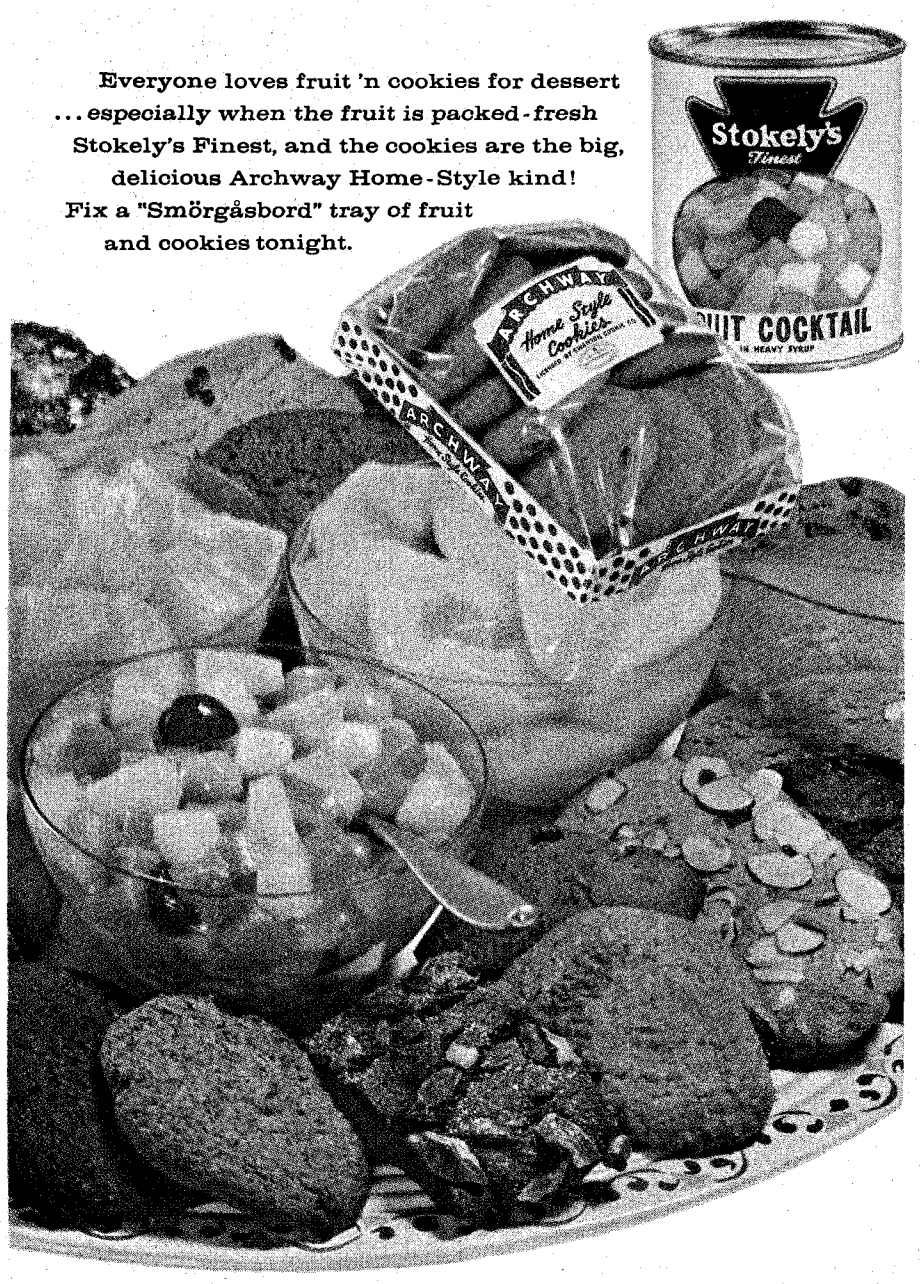
Try this quick-fix dessert idea-tonight

fruit 'n cookie Smörgåsbord

with STOKELY'S *Finest Fruits*
and ARCHWAY *Home Style Cookies*

Everyone loves fruit 'n cookies for dessert ... especially when the fruit is packed-fresh Stokely's Finest, and the cookies are the big, delicious Archway Home-Style kind! Fix a "Smörgåsbord" tray of fruit and cookies tonight.



Letters

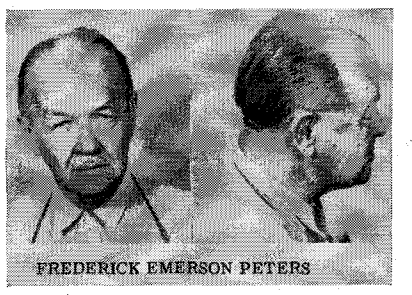
Wanted:

Dear Sirs:

I found the article THE RASCALS WHO IMPERSONATE ME by Philip Wylie in the Mar. 21 edition of the Post to be most interesting.

My associates and I were particularly attracted to the portion of the article dealing with Frederick Emerson Peters, the 74-year-old notorious impersonator and bad-check passer. We remember quite vividly, and with a great deal of pleasure, THE TEN MOST WANTED MEN, by David G. Wittels, which appeared in your Nov. 28, 1953, edition. You may recall that as a result of Mr. Wittels' story, three of the "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives" were apprehended shortly thereafter as a direct result of information furnished by readers of the Post.

We thought perhaps your readers and you, as well as Mr. Wylie, might like to know that Peters is once again a Federal fugitive. A warrant was issued in Washington, D.C., on Jan. 30, 1959, for his arrest for violation of the Interstate Transportation of Stolen Property Statute. I am enclosing a photograph of


FREDERICK EMERSON PETERS

Peters [above] which was made on July 10, 1957. Perhaps Post readers may once again be of aid to law enforcement by supplying the FBI with information as to Peters' whereabouts.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, *Director*
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

A Soul Crucified?

Dear Sirs:

The first episode in MY ROAD TO CRIME [By a Young Hoodlum, as told to Helen Parkhurst, Mar. 21-Apr. 4] shocked and enraged me.

The terrifying thing here is not just that a boy's parents failed him, but that his teachers, supposedly creatures of intelligence and understanding, played a direct part in his total heartbreak. [Because he lacked the prescribed clothing] he was denied the right to graduate with his class. Such crucifixion of the soul is inexcusable. . . .

Why were those who had so much, allowed to steal that golden moment from a child who had so little?

MRS. ED L. SMITH
Urbana, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

"Bosh!" It's this pap which is softening our younger generation, teaching them to look backward to parents or environment, instead of standing on their own two feet. . . .

My mother shouted at me that I'd never be anybody. I was called every vulgar name in her extensive vocabulary during her frequent fits of temper. But I didn't go out and turn prostitute. It only tempered my steel and made me determined to fool her. . . .

No wonder so many of our prisoners in Korea had give-up-itis. They'd never learned the power of individual responsibility. When they didn't have someone else to lean on or blame for their weaknesses, they just curled up and died. . . .

Let's not make our present generation of young people feel they're helpless creatures of their environment, unable to stand the stresses (and softnesses) of our age. Let's teach them to stand up and fight their own battles.

MATTIE ANDERSON
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

This institution is referred to as a Catholic correctional institution.

[It] is a public institution under the State Department of Social Welfare and is nonsectarian and interracial.

A. ALFRED COHEN, *Superintendent*
N. Y. State Training School for Boys
Warwick, N.Y.

The Presidential Smell

Dear Sirs:

The article WHO WILL BE THE DEMOCRATS' CANDIDATE? in the Mar. 28 issue was both enlightening and colorful, as are all of Stewart Alsop's writings.

However, the oft-repeated idea of one or another candidate's not smelling like a President (i.e., "Williams just doesn't smell like a President") is downright ludicrous. I imagine that Mr. Alsop, had he been predicting the presidential candidates in 1859, would doubtlessly have dismissed the backwoodsman Abraham Lincoln on the grounds that "he doesn't smell like a President."

LINDA GARRETT
Hanover, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Line up the aspirants, have a mechanical rabbit sprayed with the presidential

smell, wave it in their faces and hear the cry, "They're off!"

MARGUERITE UPHAM
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Alsop . . . states: "Neither party has nominated a candidate from below Mason and Dixon's line since before the Civil War." Harry S. Truman was a candidate from below the Mason-Dixon line. . . . Dwight D. Eisenhower [was] born in Denison, Texas, and reared in Abilene, Kansas, both south of the Mason-Dixon line.

IVEY E. PEEBLES
Waveland, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop is a master workman with words. . . . His game with the "little Indians" leads us up dramatically to one little Indian who will "hold history in the hollow of his hand." What a picture! How can any of them dare to be that little Indian?

MRS. THOMAS L. HUNTER
King George, Va.

(Continued on Page 6)

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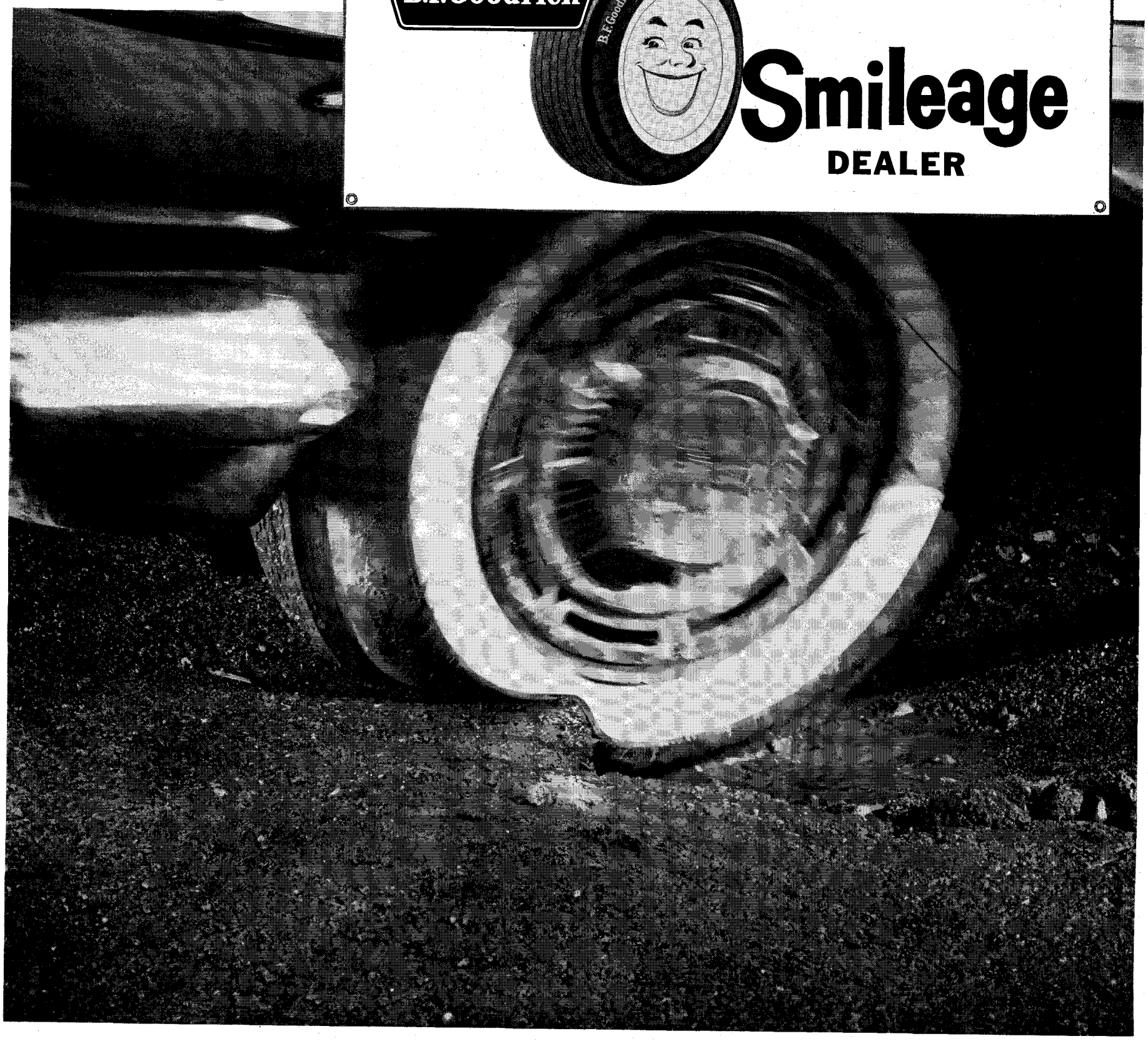
Stop at the sign of
the Smiling Tire



Tire meets chuckhole—that's when you need Smileage

Real punishment—but you can relax on B.F.Goodrich Silvertowns. We do the worrying for you in torture tests more brutal than any chuckhole. Forget tire worries. Make your driving fun again on the quality tires automakers put on new cars. Get Smileage! 4 tires, $4 down.

Look for your B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer in the Yellow Pages. ©The B.F.Goodrich Company

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Daily between Chicago—San Francisco, with one-way chair car fare as low as $63.12 plus tax

You'll meet interesting new people . . . see dramatic scenery . . . relax to soft music and dine on superb Fred Harvey food. Dome Lounge. Modern bedrooms, roomettes, suites. Chair cars. Courier Nurse service. Come on along!

Santa Fe

For reservations, just get in touch with any Santa Fe Traffic Office or travel agent.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

As I recall, at no time in the ditty were the little Indians "ahangin' on the wall." Maybe Mr. A. got his ditties mixed up, and is thinking of the one about "ninety-nine blue bottles ahangin' on the wall."

MRS. L. H. FITCH
Mercer Island, Wash.

● *"The version I quoted," says Alsop, "was the one in common use in the area of Avon, Connecticut, circa 1925."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

One of the best pieces of political reporting and observation I've ever read.

CASS CANFIELD
Harper & Brothers
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I found Mr. Alsop's article most interesting, although I do think his treatment of me was from a supercilious level. I have been in enough campaigns, however, to expect this sort of thing.

EDMUND G. BROWN, *Governor*
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Can the Democratic Party really say it is without religious bias if it offers the crumbs of the vice presidency to its leading statesman and the people's choice, Jack Kennedy?

W. F. LIEBENOW
(a non-Catholic)
Alto, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

It is doubtful if any American would question the integrity of John Kennedy, yet one cannot help but ponder whether anyone so naïve as to believe that God looks upon some with more favor than others, that He has granted superiority in spiritual matters to these favored ones . . . is stable enough to hold any public office, and especially the presidency of the United States.

FRED WALDEN
Lincolnton, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

Germany and Canada have had Catholic chief executives and the Papal flag was not raised over the capitols. Why should any intelligent person think it would happen here?

JOSEPH KERRIGAN
New York, N.Y.

Thrice-Told Tales?

Dear Sirs:

In your Mar. 28 Letters, Walter N. Forger criticizes the improbable dialogue of Clarence Budington Kelland's stories and states that Kelland has been selling you the same old plot over and over again. What do we care? The dialogue is Kelland's own and the plot still holds our interest. The public likes to be humbugged today even as in the day of the Cardiff Giant Affair. . . .

I hope Mr. Kelland will continue writing till he is at least 100 and that every one of his stories will be published in the S.E.P.

T. G. SPELMAN
South Haven, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Of course he uses the same plot, just as I use the same cake recipe, and I'm perfectly satisfied with both of them. I know my cake will be delicious, and I know Mr. Kelland's stories will be entertaining.

SARAH M. KEOUGH
Springfield, Mass.

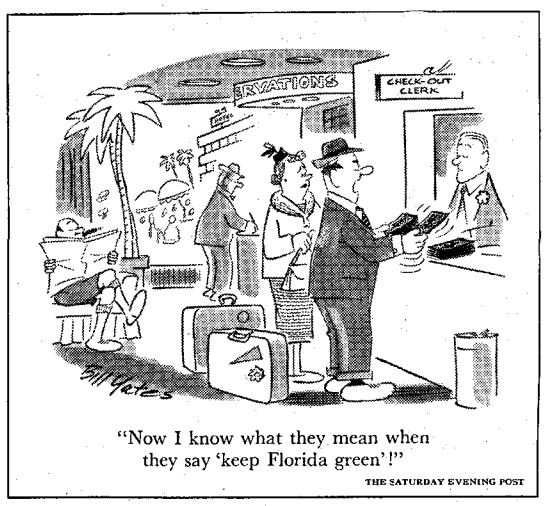
FLORIDA FLORA

Dear Sirs:

You can't imagine the laugh that we had when we saw the cartoon [below, left] on page 40 of the Mar. 28 edition.

[Below, right] you will find a photo taken in Miami at the height of the 1959 winter season. . . . I knew that someday I would find a use for the photo.

ROBERT C. BLACKBURN
Kelley & Blackburn Photographers
Coral Gables, Fla.



"Now I know what they mean when they say 'keep Florida green'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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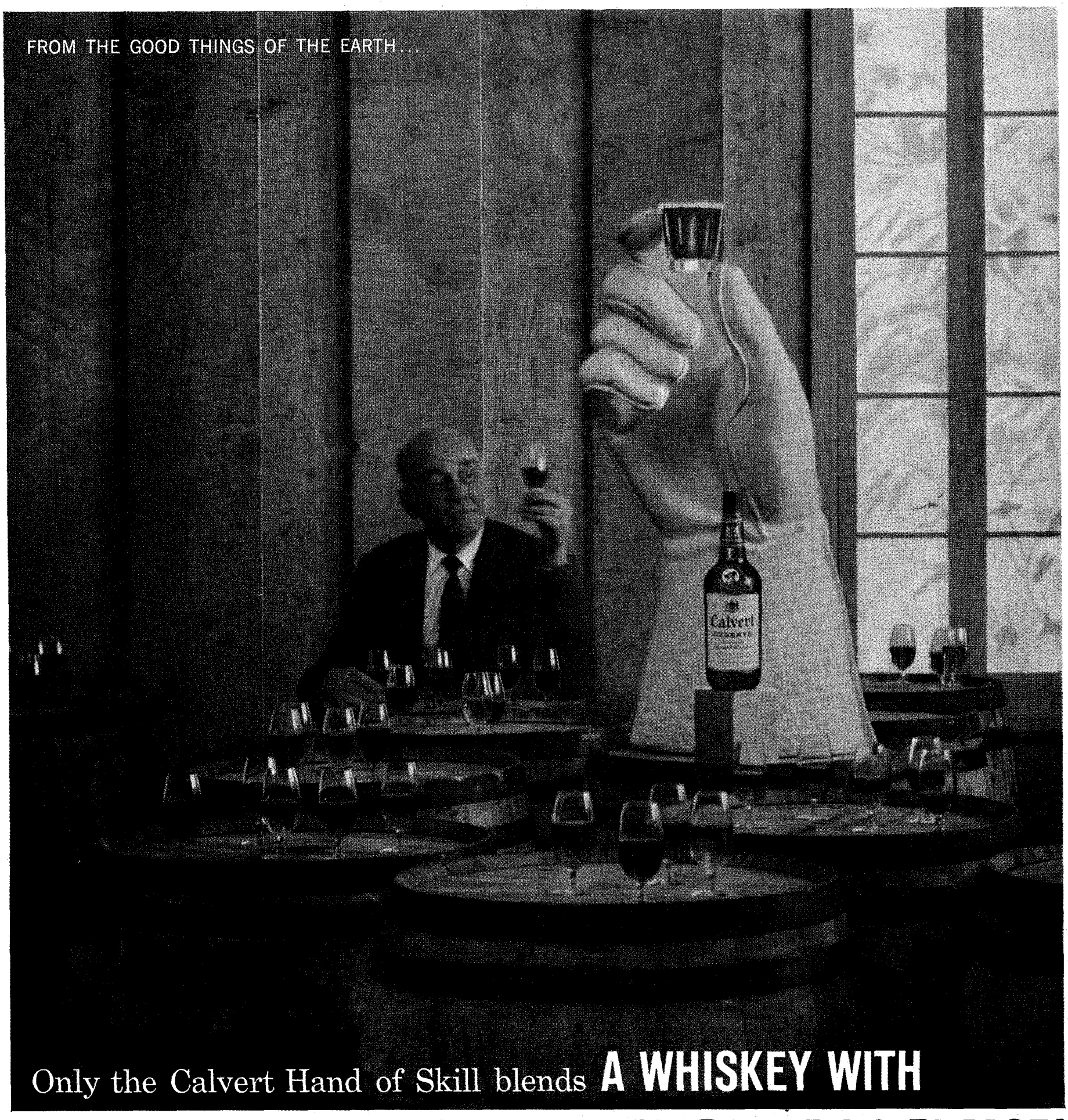

Only the Calvert Hand of Skill blends **A WHISKEY WITH**

SO MUCH POWER TO PLEASE!

NO SINGLE WHISKEY, FINE AS IT MAY BE, PACKS THE POWER TO PLEASE OF THE CALVERT BLEND. That's because the Hand of Skill combines *many* superb whiskeys to make Calvert. Some have delicate flavor. Some taste bright and vigorous. Others would be famous for aroma alone. As many as *thirty* individual whiskeys give their strength and character to Calvert Reserve.

And as the making of the Calvert masterpiece continues, rare grain neutral spirits are blended in. They are the very heart of the grain, distilled at the most refined proof known to the whiskey man. *The gift they bring is smoothness.* And the final result is a unique blend of full whiskey strength and easy-going taste. Calvert Reserve! *No other whiskey has so much power to please.*

Calvert Reserve
clear heads agree it's better

BLENDED WHISKEY • FULL 86 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • ©1959 CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

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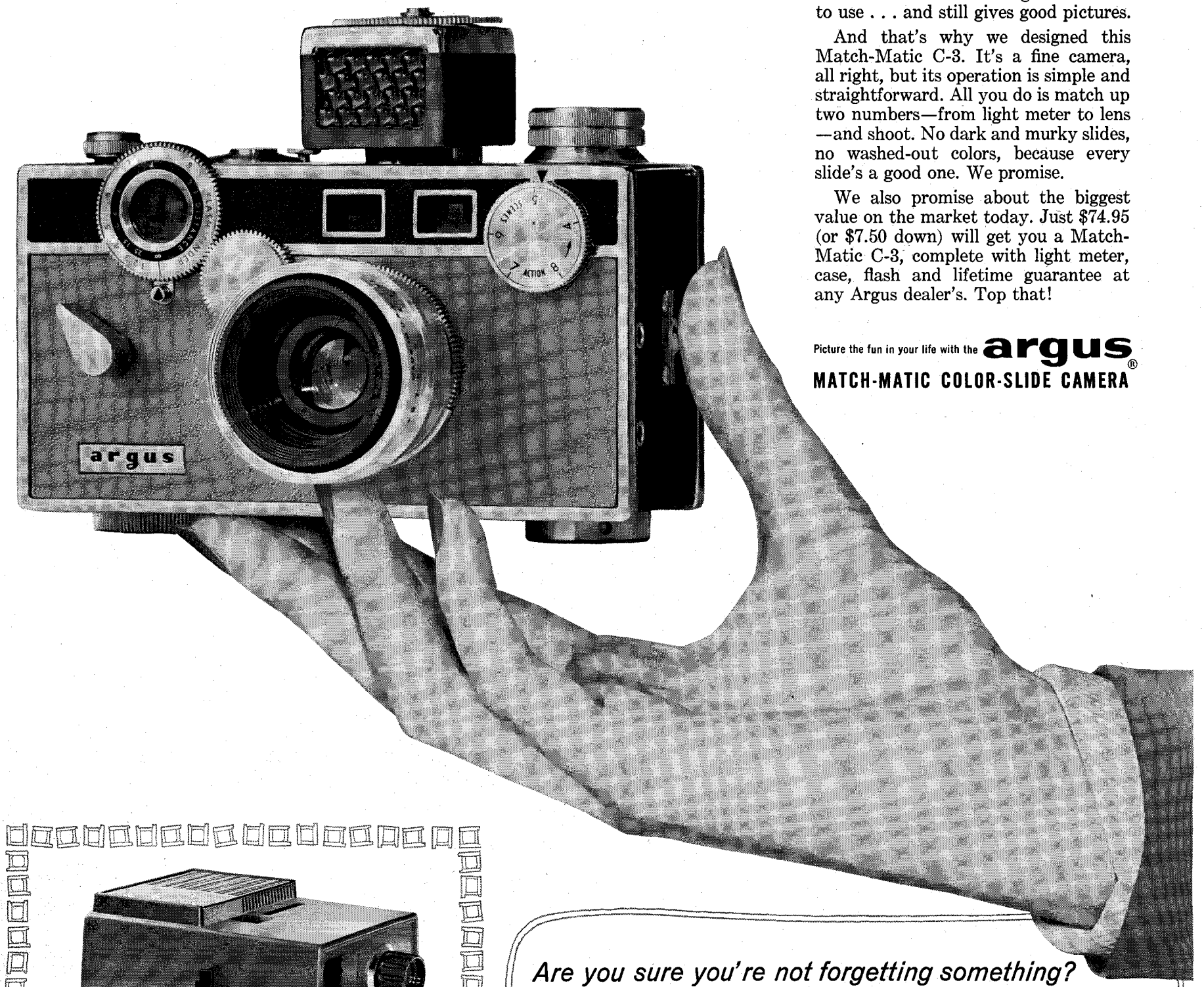
THIS ARGUS MATCH-MATIC C-3

is as easy to set as a clock!

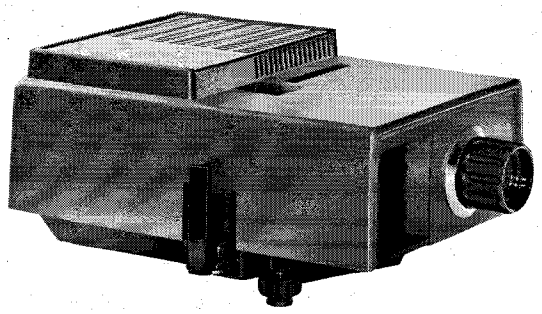


There are some people who enjoy fiddling with a complicated camera, but most of us want something that's easier to use . . . and still gives good pictures.

And that's why we designed this Match-Matic C-3. It's a fine camera, all right, but its operation is simple and straightforward. All you do is match up two numbers—from light meter to lens—and shoot. No dark and murky slides, no washed-out colors, because every slide's a good one. We promise.

We also promise about the biggest value on the market today. Just $74.95 (or $7.50 down) will get you a Match-Matic C-3, complete with light meter, case, flash and lifetime guarantee at any Argus dealer's. Top that!

Picture the fun in your life with the **argus**®
MATCH-MATIC COLOR-SLIDE CAMERA

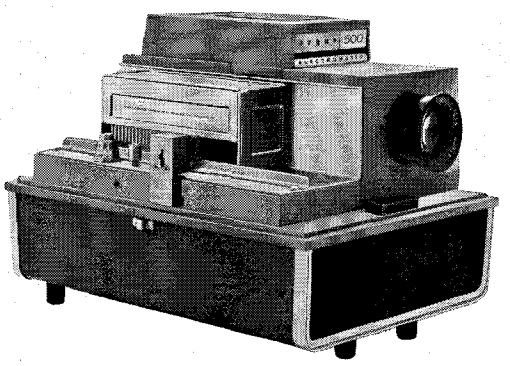


Webster has a word for it!

His definition of "special" is: "Distinguished by some unusual quality, uncommon, noteworthy, extraordinary." And that fits the new Argus Special Color-Slide Projector to a "T." Except for the price, which is *extra* special. Just $29.95, complete with 30-slide magazine and changer. At any Argus dealer's.

Picture the fun in your life with the
ARGUS SPECIAL PROJECTOR

Are you sure you're not forgetting something?



Unless you're showing your color slides with a new 500-watt Argus Electromatic, you're probably forgetting how good they are.

You see, it's designed to bring out every last bit of beauty in your slides. This is a ***fine*** *projector!*

Best of all, the Electromatic shows your slides three ways: with an automatic timer, with remote control and with a projector push-button.

All this, for just $99.95, at any Argus dealer's.

Picture the fun in your life with this . . .
ARGUS ELECTROMATIC SLIDE PROJECTOR

Argus Cameras, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Division of Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.

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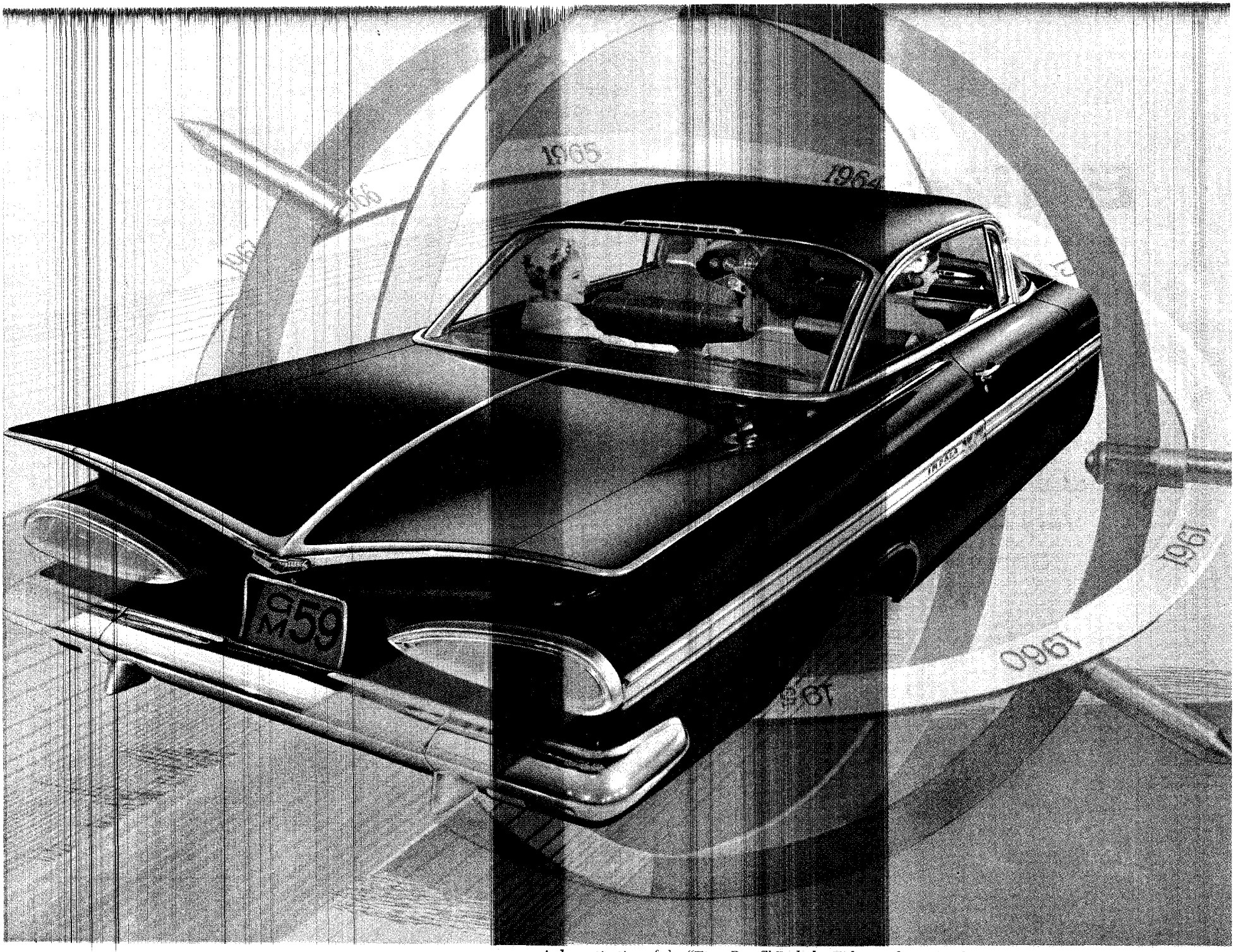

A dramatization of the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher in the 1959 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe.

Your best buy for years–

THE "TIME PROOF" BODY BY FISHER

Your new car will *look* new – *sound* new – *feel* new years longer – if it has a "Time Proof" Body by Fisher.

For only Fisher Body gives you these time-stopping features:

The "Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher" – the exclusive acrylic lacquer finish that retains its brilliant color without waxing or polishing.

Life-Span Build—a rigid framework of steel that joins roof, side members and steel foundation in a single, silent, durable unit.

Living-Room Interiors—with contour-molded carpets and lock-stitched fabrics that promise and deliver years of freedom from wear and tear.

Time is only one extra you get in a Fisher Body. There are others: Vista-Panoramic windshield areas that have been increased as much as 50%; Safety Plate glass in every window – front, rear *and side;* more seat-width, entrance room, legroom; the rich good looks of "inlaid" upholstery, embossed by a Fisher-developed dielectric process.

So if you're looking for a body that's built for "keeps," check the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher, found only in the "GM Five": Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

"THE MAGIC-MIRROR FINISH THAT TIME CAN'T TOUCH"

After 12 months' exposure to sun and weather, a test panel with Fisher Body's exclusive acrylic lacquer finish (right) retained its brilliant color and mirrorlike gloss without polishing. The reflection of the pocket watch proves it. Conventional lacquer finish (left) lost much of its color value, was dull, cloudy, and shows almost no reflection.

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Editorials

U. S. Arms for Sukarno Looks Like a Very Long Gamble

Eight months have passed since the State Department's startling announcement last August that our Government was about to send small arms, jeeps and military trucks to supposedly neutralist Indonesia. As far as we know, the department has made no definitive explanation of its reasons for giving military aid to a country headed by Achmed Sukarno, who only a few short months ago proclaimed capitalism the great enemy and declared that whoever resists the "trend of the times will be destroyed." That, most Americans thought, meant us.

The State Department did explain that the arms were intended to enable the Indonesian Government to protect its internal security and not to make war on its neighbors. However, if the threat to Indonesian security meant a threat to pro-Communist Sukarno, whose ideological kin are in Moscow and Peking, it is difficult to understand why we should feel obliged to come to his rescue. The most logical explanation is that, after the collapse of the rebel movement in Sumatra, a movement which seems to have lacked any semblance of popular support, the State Department concluded that some gesture of friendship toward Sukarno might serve to strengthen anti-Communist elements in his government.

There is in Indonesia a hard core of military officers trained in the United States, and they are understood to hate the Communists. A few of them joined the rebellion, but most of them are still in the Indonesian Government's army and doubtless appreciate such ties with the United States as these shipments of military hardware make possible. Furthermore, Foreign Minister Subandrio has a healthy suspicion of Communist aims for his country. General Nasution, head of the Indonesian Army, has used military force to suppress Communist uprisings in the country.

Despite these faintly hopeful factors, Sukarno has shown that he is in full charge of his government. Aiding a government headed by him would seem to be something like aiding Khrushchev on the ground that some of the men around him might somehow sneak in some action favorable to us. It is difficult not to echo the demand, by Sen. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, that the State Department give "the reason for U.S. aid to a nation whose leader has already written off the capitalist countries of the world, of which the United States is the leading exponent." It is easy to believe that the State Department is none too happy about the situation, but is attempting to counteract Soviet influence in that economically and politically destitute area.

The tragedy of Indonesia, as far as the West is concerned, is the failure of the anti-Communist rebellion. On the basis of hindsight, its leaders obviously erred in attempting to set up a separate government which influential anti-Communists such as Dr. Mohammed Hatta refused to join. Had they been content to work from the inside, they might have managed to surround Sukarno with a tighter cordon of anti-Reds than the one the State Department appears, somewhat wishfully, to be counting on.

The whole thing looks like one more of those hopeful efforts to wean pro-Communists away from their favorite pap by arming them against anti-Communists! However, just as Nehru appears to be awakening belatedly to his danger, now that the Chinese Reds are operating in Tibet, so it could be that an accumulation of Communist successes in Southeast Asia may eventually alarm the nationalistic Indonesians sufficiently to persuade them to get rid of Sukarno and resist the Communists.

Just the same, it might have been wiser to hold up arms for Indonesia until symptoms of awareness of the menace of Communism became more definite, reserving the bulk of our aid for leaders who have recognized Communism for what it is—and are fighting it.

Law Is Respected When it Squares With Common Sense

May first used to be the day when children hung May baskets on the neighbors' front door and when Communists rioted in New York's Union Square. Now May first is Law Day, an occasion propounded by the American Bar Association last year and made official by a Presidential proclamation. Undoubtedly it is well to direct attention to the part that respect for law plays in "the contrast between our freedom and the tyranny which enslaves one third of the world today."

However, before emulating the scriptural Pharisee in thanking God that we are not as other men are, we might ask ourselves why it is necessary to turn on so much propaganda to inculcate respect for law, which, until recently, was taken for granted by almost everybody.

One explanation could be the disagreement among our highest legal authorities as to what the law requires. As the American Bar Association itself has pointed out, the Supreme Court's views on constitutional guaranties of individual rights conflict with what the executive departments and many members of Congress regard as measures essential to national security. The bar association's Committee on Communist Tactics believed that several Supreme Court decisions in matters dealing with Communism "give reasonable grounds to believe that . . . internal security has been weakened." Public confusion on such vital matters tends to weaken confidence in lawmakers and legal interpreters. Whether the fault is the laziness of legislators or the ultra-liberalism of judges, the effect on the "image" of the law is bad.

Plainly it is vital to the survival of any society that the "law of the land" be respected. However, it is up to legislators and judges to ease the strain on public patience as far as possible. Statutes which penalize farmers for growing their own chicken feed make it difficult for the common man to credit every American law with his deliverance from Communist statism. A Congress which can't leave off squandering the people's money long enough to shore up the holes in our security system can do more damage to the prestige of law than Law Day committees can repair in a year.

Laws and court actions which are too flagrantly "against human nature" are a strain on the common man's respect for law and an encouragement to his instinctive suspicion that Mr. Bumble was right in declaring that "the law is a ass."

Will Public Apathy Lead to Another Polio Epidemic?

For almost four years now we have had the means virtually to wipe out paralytic polio. But, according to Dr. Norvin C. Kiefer, president of the National Health Council, we seem to be setting an astonishing record for national carelessness in our apathetic use of the Salk vaccine.

"Out of America's 175,000,000 people," said Doctor Kiefer, "only 77,000,000 have had one or more shots of Salk vaccine; 98,000,000 have not had it at all. That means four out of every seven Americans are still susceptible to polio." Of the 98,000,000 who are unprotected by vaccine, 41,000,000 are in the vulnerable age group under forty years; this includes 14,000,000 who are under twenty years and 6,000,000 children under five.

The warning signals of last summer should be clear enough to jolt the most complacent: Before the Salk vaccine came into use in 1955, the number of cases of polio averaged 39,000 a year. By 1957 there were fewer than 6000 cases. Last year, for the first time since the use of the vaccine, there was an upward turn in polio cases. Serious outbreaks occurred in several areas. More alarmingly, the incidence of the paralytic form of the disease rose at least 44 per cent over 1957.

The United States Public Health Service has embarked on a campaign to encourage community action against polio in the coming season. Although people under forty account for 98 per cent of all the polio cases, it is urged that all Americans, regardless of age, become inoculated. Must Americans be urged to protect themselves and their children against such a devastating disease?

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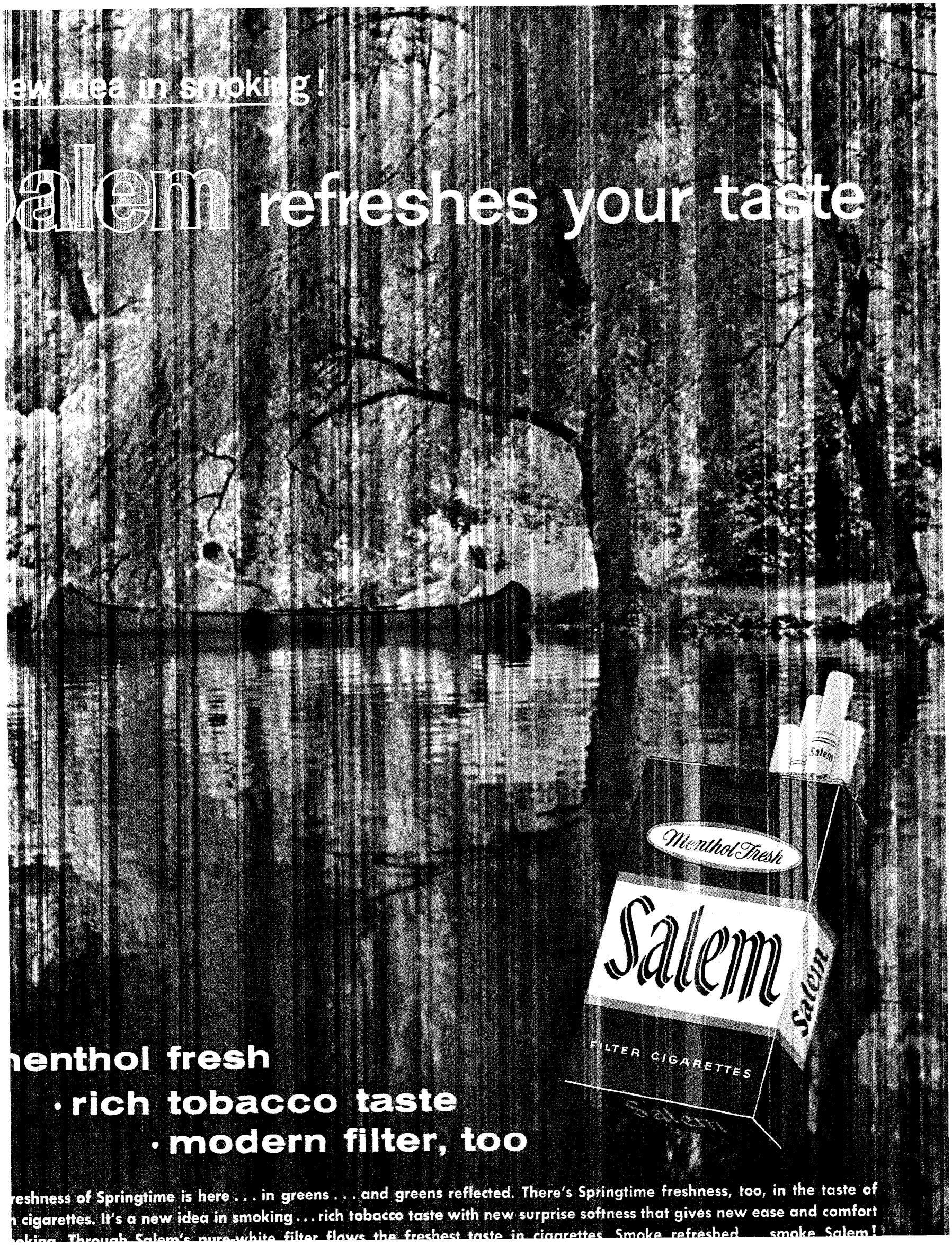
ew idea in smoking!
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· rich tobacco taste
· modern filter, too
reshness of Springtime is here . . . in greens . . . and greens reflected. There's Springtime freshness, too, in the taste of
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NEW! CHANEL N° 5 PURSE PERFUME-SPRAY COLOGNE **SET**

Now *together* for the first time! Chanel No. 5 Spray Cologne (800 measured sprays in every elegant black and gold metal case) *and* Chanel No. 5 Purse Perfume (more luxuriously practical than any other purse perfume). Here's fragrance at your fingertips! You've never *seen* anything like the new Chanel Set because there's never *been* anything like the new Chanel Set! And, at last, a *truly new* gift idea, too!

CHANEL

10.00 plus tax

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Play Pen with pad $24.95.* High Chair $17.95.* Baby Jumper $8.95.*

Is there a baby in the house? He needs these!

● When baby makes three, *these* three should be handy. The rugged but lightweight play pen of tubular steel and strong nylon netting. A spacious 40″ square yet folds in a flash to 23″ x 40″ x 4½″ with pad! Slips into car trunk or limited closet space. Metallic tan, sunshine yellow, fire engine red. The sturdy high chair folds to 5½″ flat . . . no need to remove footrest and stainless steel tray. Chrome-plated or metallic tan legs; upholstery in red, yellow, pink, turquoise or patterned white, beige. The safe-to-bounce-in baby jumper on steel suspension frame. Chrome-plated, gray or metallic tan base; removable, washable duck seat in plain or patterned red, yellow, turquoise, beige. Available at leading department, juvenile, furniture and hardware stores. Most mothers (and babies) like Cosco best. See why—soon!

HAMILTON COSCO, INC. • COLUMBUS, INDIANA

COSCO for every purpose—every purse!
Stools from $5.45.* Step Stools from $10.95.* Utility Tables and Carts from $8.95.* Card Tables from $11.95.* Folding Chairs from $7.45.* Bookshelves from $13.95.*

*Slightly higher Colorado and west.

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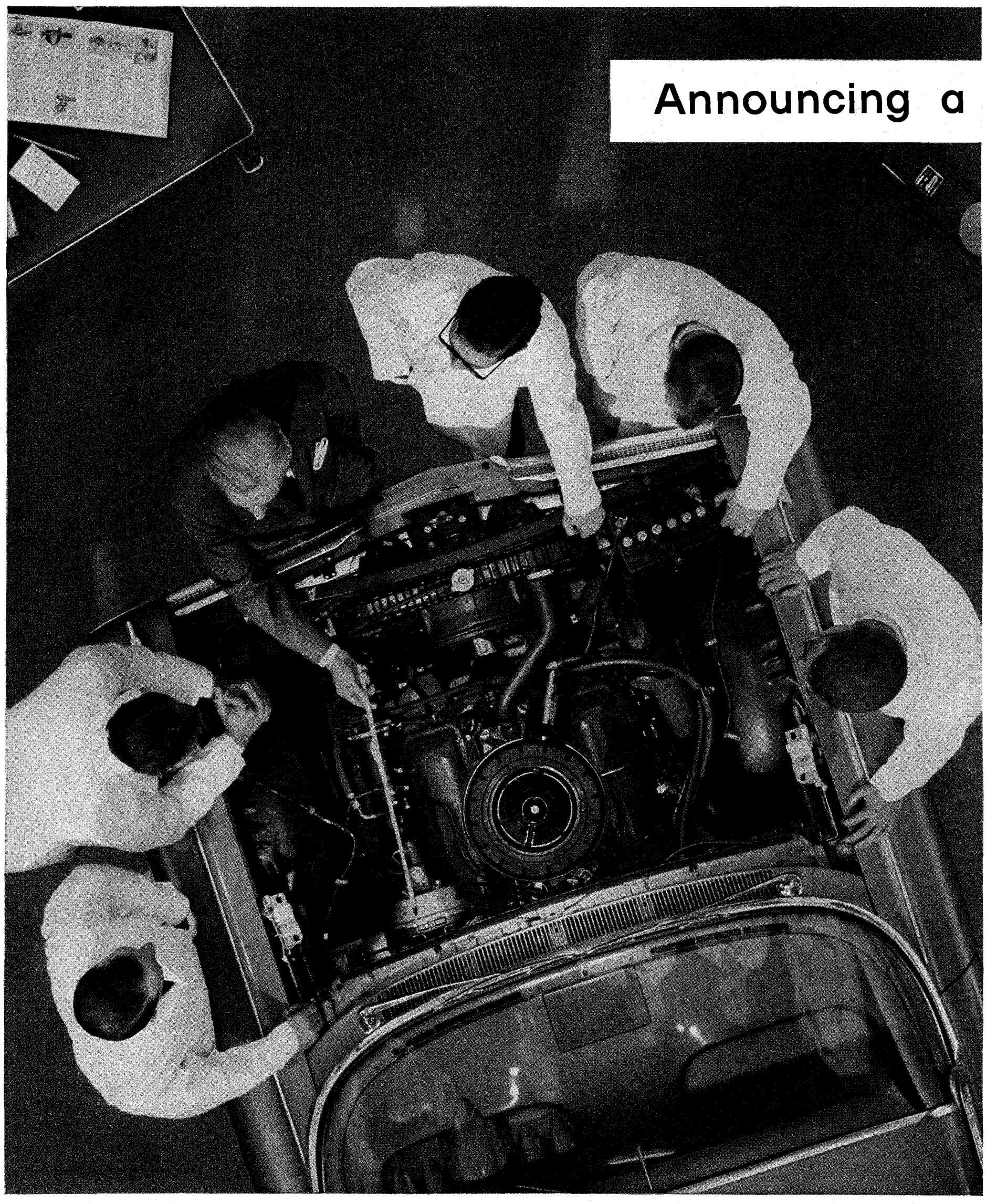
Announcing a



AT GENERAL MOTORS SERVICE TRAINING CENTERS throughout the United States and Canada, General Motors Dealer Mechanics are trained in the most efficient methods of maintaining the original performance of your GM vehicle.

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modern concept in educated service...

Guardian Maintenance

FOR CADILLAC, BUICK, OLDSMOBILE, PONTIAC, CHEVROLET AND GMC OWNERS

Here's the modern concept in car and truck service! It's Guardian Maintenance . . . a nation-wide program of quality service available to you at your General Motors dealer. Guardian Maintenance is designed for the protection of your General Motors car or truck through every season of the year.

This *educated* service is your best assurance of the availability of modern scientific tools and equipment and factory-approved parts. Wherever you drive in the United States or Canada, you can count on your General Motors dealer to serve you better . . . see him now for a complete Safety Check!

GM DEALER MECHANICS receive specialized training at one of the many GM Training Centers across the country. Such training is your best assurance of the educated service your GM car deserves.

FACTORY-APPROVED PARTS mean the right parts for your make . . . the same parts specified by the engineers who designed your GM car or truck. This pays off in longer, trouble-free motoring for you.

SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT and special tools in use at your GM dealer's mean fast, accurate work, saving you time, trouble and money by eliminating the hit-or-miss fashion of service by unskilled hands.

OWNER PROTECTION PLAN. Every buyer of a new 1959 Chevy, Pontiac, Olds, Buick or Cadillac receives the new Owner Protection Policy Booklet*—a convenient plan for systematic, authorized maintenance.

**Special Service Program for Chevrolet and GMC trucks.*

MAY-JUNE SAFETY SERVICE SPECIALS

- **BRAKES** Inspect brake system and adjust if required.
- **LUBRICATION** Complete chassis lubrication, service air cleaner, check fluid level in differential and transmission, change oil.
- **EXHAUST** Inspect exhaust manifold, muffler, tailpipe.

GUARDIAN MEMO: May is National Safety Month. Drive a *safe* car this summer. Ask for the Special Circle of Safety Check.

QUALITY SERVICE PAYS IN THE LONG RUN!

See your GENERAL MOTORS Dealer for Guardian Maintenance

CADILLAC • BUICK • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET • GMC

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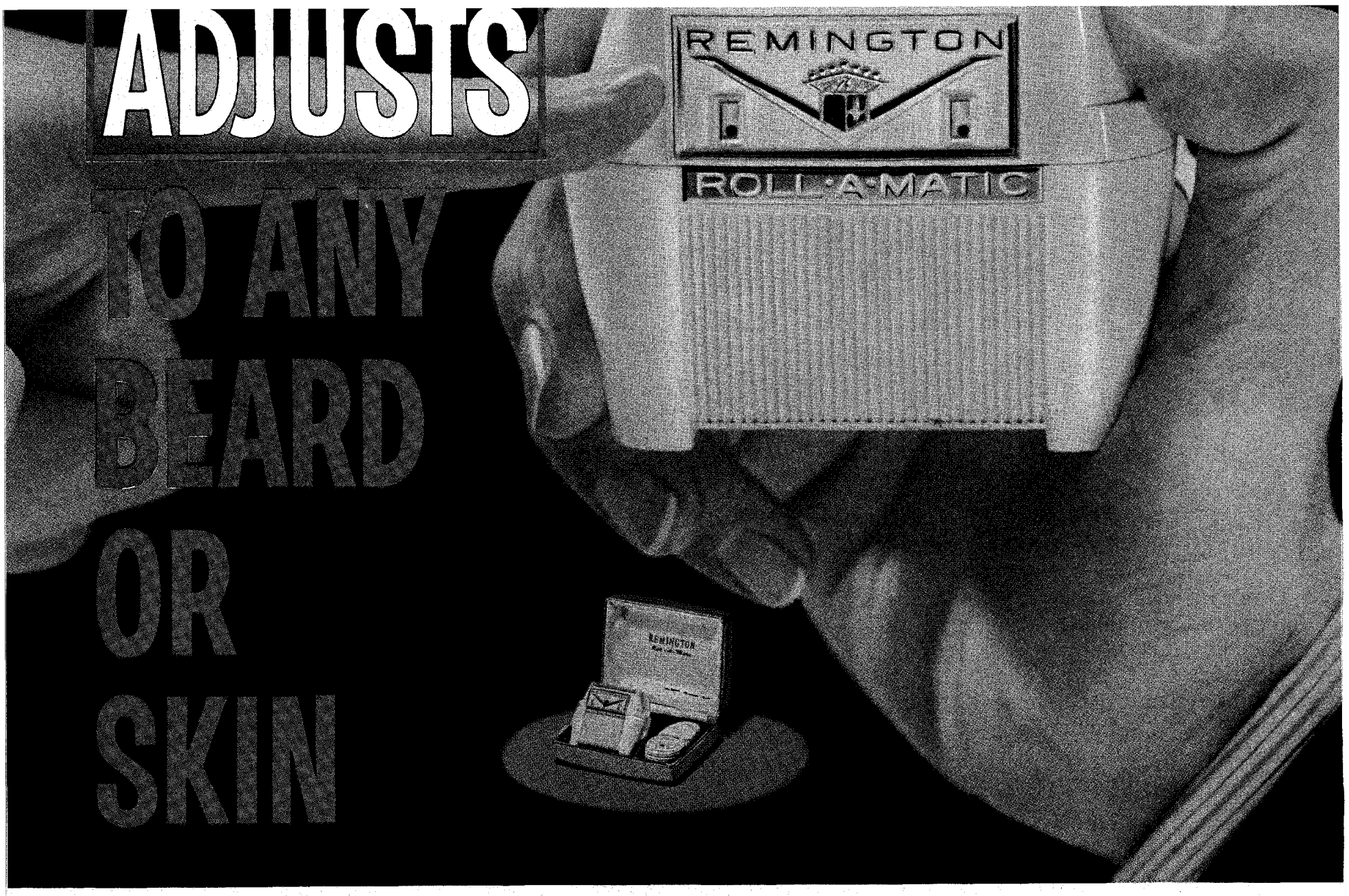
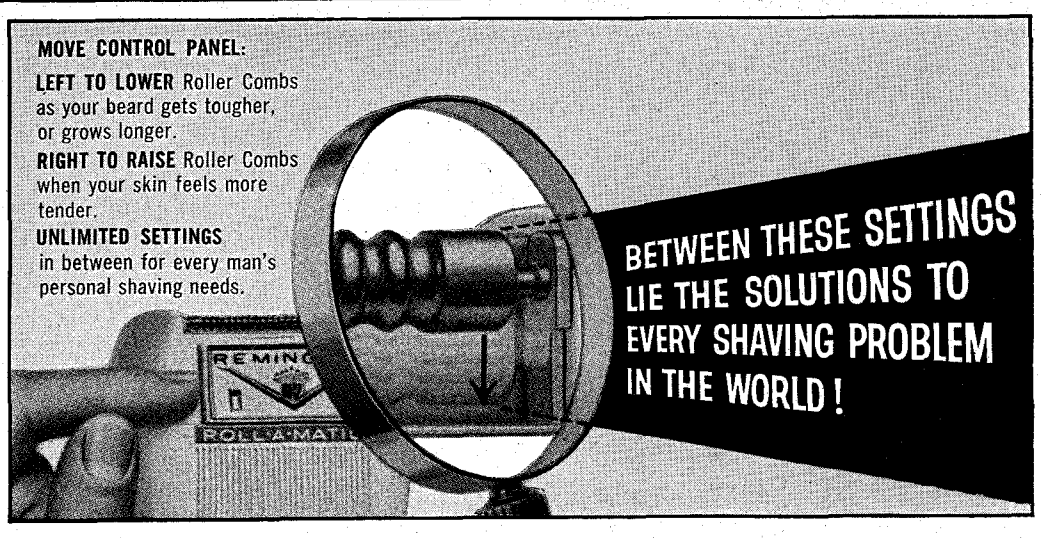
ADJUSTS TO ANY BEARD OR SKIN




MOVE CONTROL PANEL:
LEFT TO LOWER Roller Combs as your beard gets tougher, or grows longer.
RIGHT TO RAISE Roller Combs when your skin feels more tender.
UNLIMITED SETTINGS in between for every man's personal shaving needs.
BETWEEN THESE SETTINGS LIE THE SOLUTIONS TO EVERY SHAVING PROBLEM IN THE WORLD!

Roll-A-Matic shaving obsoletes them all! At last—a shaver *every* ma can tailor to his particular skin and beard for the first *truly* perfe shave! In the new Remington Roll-A-Matic Electric Shaver, exclusiv Roller Combs now *rise* when skin needs more comfort, *lower* f heavier growth, week-long beards, sideburns or mustache. Unlimite settings in between—one is precisely right for *your* beard or ski

Only Remington's exclusive Roller Combs roll skin down, comb whi kers up. That's why only man-sized Remington, with 6 diamond-hone cutters, can comfortably shave your Hidden Beard—whisker bas below ordinary shaving level. Shaves last hours longer!

Now, these Roller Combs adjust, making Roll-A-Matic shaving yo first truly problem-free shaving, whatever your beard or skin conditio So get the new Remington Roll-A-Matic Shaver today! All Remingto dealers, including drug, jewelry, department and appliance stores.

Product of *Remington Rand Electric Shaver*
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NEW ADJUSTABLE

REMINGTON® ROLL-A-MATIC TRADE MARK

ELECTRIC SHAVER

Over 40% more men now buy Remington than the second ranking electric shaver.

Watch TV's No. 1 show "Gunsmoke" on the CBS TV Networ

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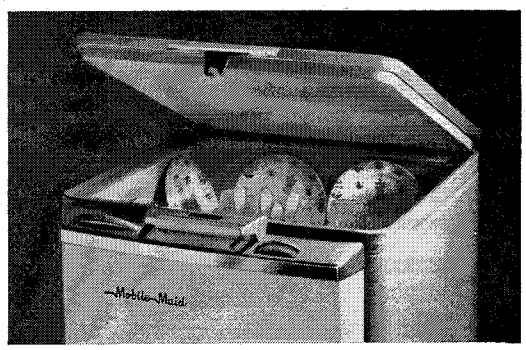
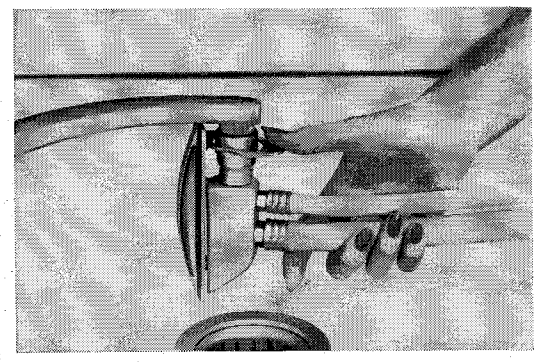
* SPARKLING IDEA FOR MOTHER'S DAY!



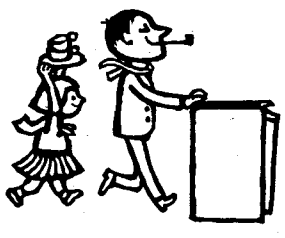
Fully automatic! Washes, rinses, dries service for ten. Vinyl-cushioned interior protects dishes. Textolite® top gives added work surface. 21 3/4" wide, 25 1/2" deep and 32 3/16" high.



No installation! Unicouple snaps on faucet adaptor for water and drain connections . . . hose stores in front. Retractable electric cord plugs into standard outlet . . . stores in back.

No messy hand-rinsing! Fabulous Flushaway Drain does it . . . automatically. Just remove large food scraps. Soft food particles are liquefied and flushed away—*before* washing begins.

Roll G-E Mobile Maid® into her home...



Roll dishpan drudgery out of her life!

Smartest Mother's Day gift on wheels! Not just another appliance, but a happy end to one of Mother's dreariest tasks . . . a gift of precious hours for fun and relaxation.

And it all begins the very same day Mother gets her new Mobile Maid. For this dishwasher needs no installation. Mother can easily roll it from table to sink to storage.

So make this a Mother's Day to remember. Give her a General Electric Mobile Maid. Built-in undercounter models also available. General Electric Company, Dishwasher and Disposall Department, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE CHOOSE G-E DISHWASHERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Science finds Corn Oil rich in "L-plus" factor!

...so important to good health

Of all leading U.S. Brands only Mazola® is Pure Corn Oil

New discoveries about corn oil are giving doctors a new approach to an old problem... that of controlling blood cholesterol levels... which is considered particularly important in both the prevention and treatment of heart disease.

When Mazola Corn Oil is included in daily meals, control of blood cholesterol can frequently be accomplished without drastic restrictions in the diet.

Every well-balanced diet includes carbohydrates, proteins and fats, along with adequate amounts of vitamins and minerals. Many nutritionists now suggest that one-third to one-half of the fat we eat should be the unsaturated ("L-plus"—rich) vegetable oil-type, particularly when cholesterol control is a problem.

Mazola Corn Oil, rich in the "L-plus" factor, is excellent for this purpose. Your everyday meals can readily contain an adequate amount of Mazola Corn Oil. Just use Mazola on salads, in cooking and frying ... as a shortening. Mazola is *good*—and good *for* you!

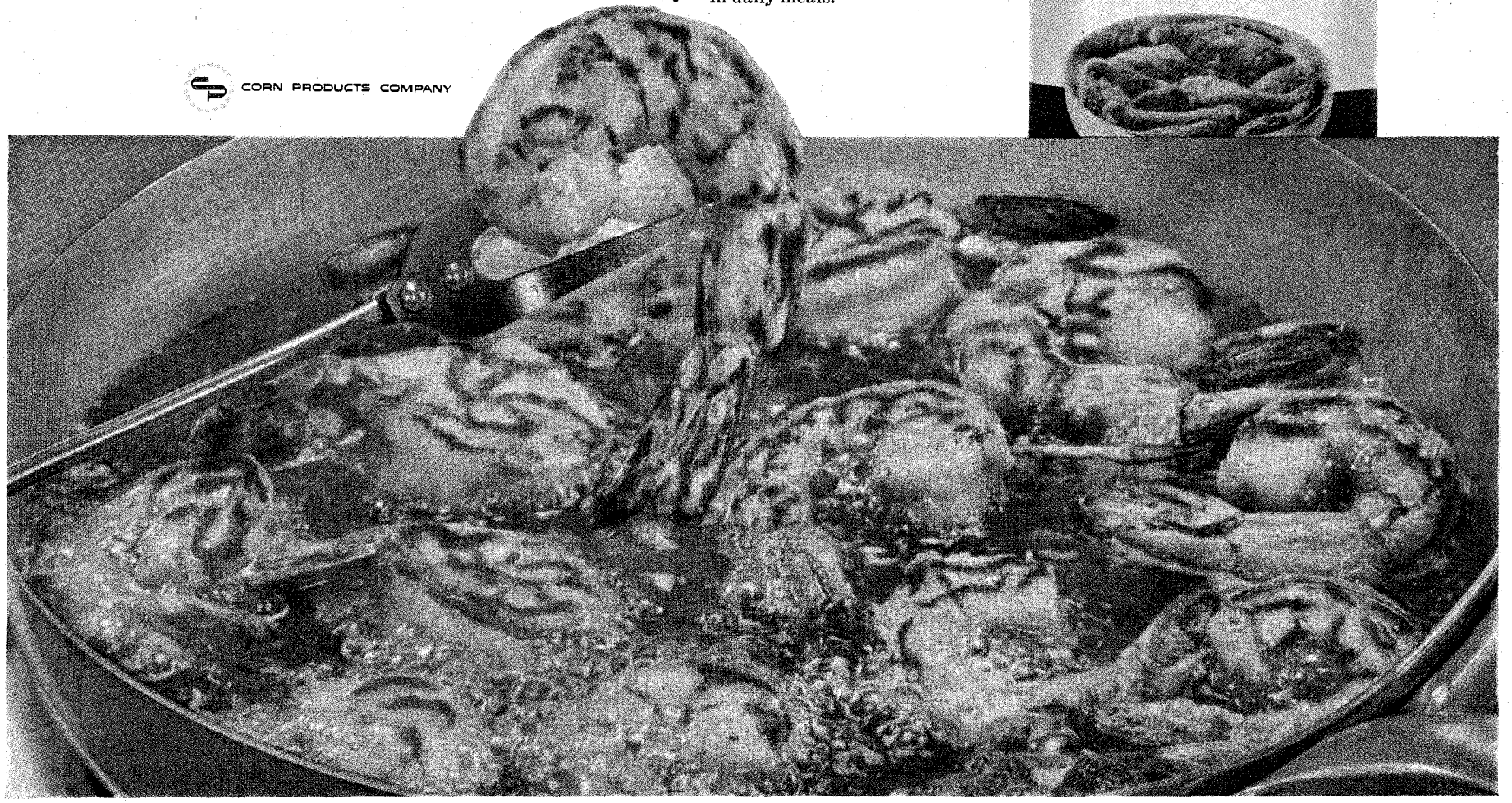
What is the "L-plus" factor?

The desirable effect of corn oil in *de*creasing the amount of cholesterol in the blood has now been demonstrated repeatedly.

Doctors believe that the natural substances present in corn oil bring about this desirable effect. For brevity, we call the combination of these substances (including Linoleates) the "L-plus" factor. Mazola Corn Oil has a very high "L-plus" factor content.

Since the body cannot make the complete "L-plus" factor, it should be provided regularly in daily meals.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY



MAZOLA CORN OIL PREFERRED FOR ALL FRYING

Mazola heats quickly without smoking ... makes fried foods crispier outside ... seals juices inside.

TO PAN FRY: Pour Mazola (anywhere from one tablespoon to enough to cover the bottom of the pan) into the skillet. The amount depends on the food to be fried. Heat over medium heat. Add a small amount of food. If the food sizzles, it is hot enough to fry.

SHALLOW FRYING: Almost anything you fry may be shallow fried. To shallow fry, pour Mazola into skillet to a 1-inch depth. Heat over medium heat to 375°F. To test use a thermometer or with an electric skillet, pre-set control. Turn occasionally, remove when golden brown.

DEEP FRYING: Use one quart Mazola in a 3-quart frying kettle. Heat Mazola to 375°F. Add food slowly. Do not overcrowd. Fry to golden brown. After frying cool Mazola; strain into dry container. Store in cool place. When used for next frying, add some fresh Mazola.

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Prosperity Hits Paradise

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

There's a big boom in our newest state—accompanied by some unusual growing pains. But a lot of South Sea charm lingers on.

During a recent trip to the mainland, William F. Quinn, the dynamic and affable young governor of the Territory of Hawaii, dropped into a bank in St. Louis, identified himself and asked if he might cash a check.

"Sure you can," said the teller. "What medium of exchange do you use out there?"

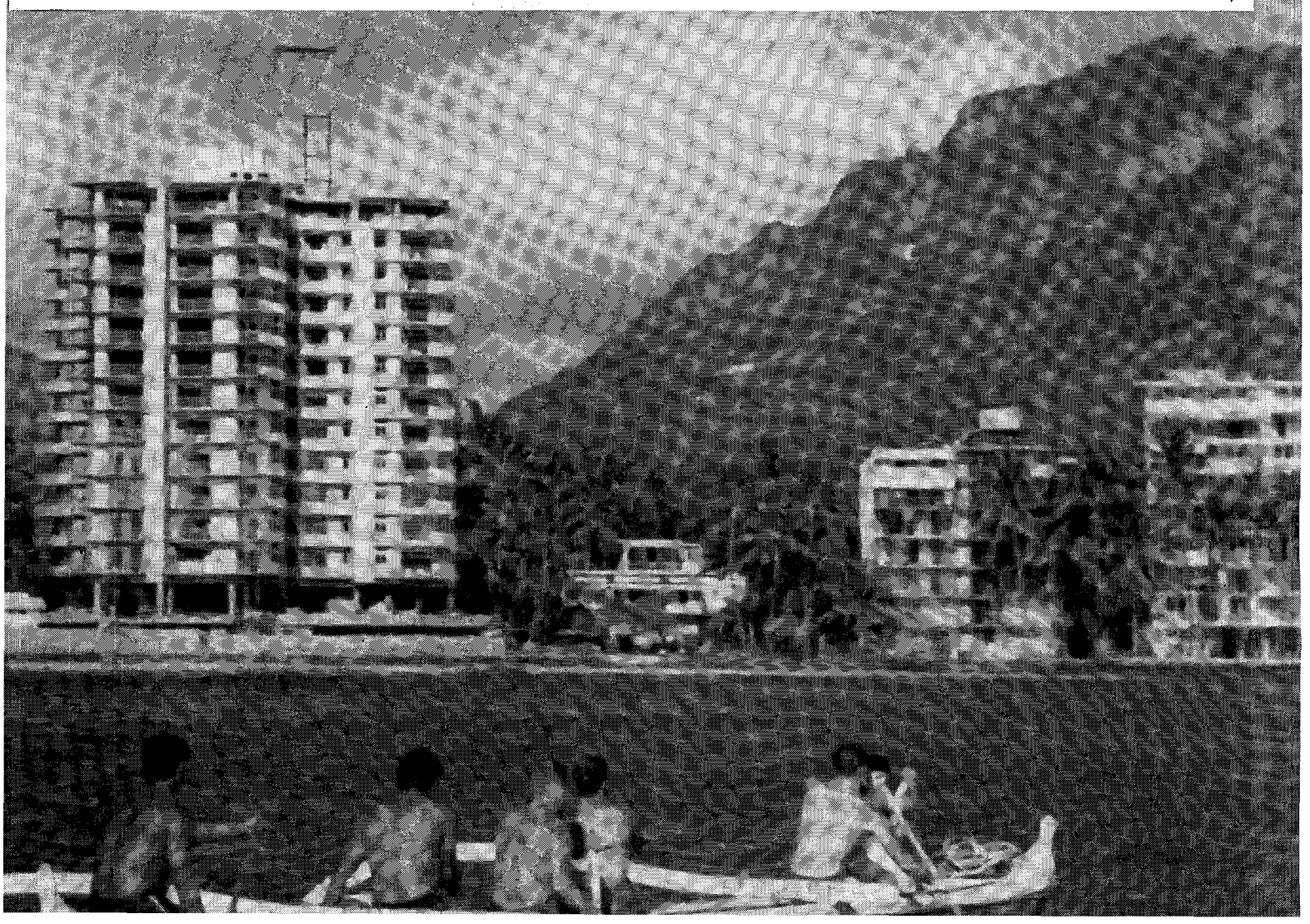
Somewhat taken aback, the governor replied that the islanders had used United States dollars for the past sixty years.

"They do!" exclaimed the banker, incredulously. "What language do the people speak?"

At this point, Governor Quinn's affability wore a bit thin. He explained that the Hawaiian Islanders spoke the same tongue as Missourians—basically at least—and that Hawaii had been American since 1898, when her people voluntarily swapped their sovereignty for proferred statehood.

Even after he had returned to the islands, the incident still rankled. "Mainlanders seem to think we run a little-grass-shack economy out here," he exploded. This misconception is particularly galling to Hawaiians in view of the fact that they paid $183,000,000 in Federal taxes last year—more than some states—and with no senators or representatives in Washington, D. C., to help spend this money, however little that might ease the pain of taxpaying. Like other Hawaiian Islanders, the

New apartment buildings, such as the ones below, are changing the face of Waikiki.



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governor is often nonplused by the odd ideas still lingering in the minds of many Americans regarding our fiftieth state. Despite years of educational effort to sell "Hawaii, U.S.A.," for instance, the governor still has been getting letters addressed to him "care American Consul, Honolulu."

In all fairness, however, this confusion on the mainland is understandable to anybody but a Hawaiian Islander. Hawaii is a paradise of anomalies.

In the islands many words—English as well as Hawaiian and the linguistic mishmash known as pidgin—carry double meanings. When islanders speak of Hawaii, for example, they mean the whole territory, though Hawaii properly is the name only of the southernmost county, the Big Island. And when they say "the Hawaiians," they mean the Polynesian part of the population; residents of the territory collectively are "islanders." At last count the total population numbered 580,000, of whom 17 per cent were native Polynesian, 20 per cent Caucasian, 6.5 per cent Chinese, 37 per cent Japanese, and 12 per cent Filipino, with smaller groups from Puerto Rico, the Azores, Samoa, Korea. The resulting citizenry is an exotic mixture of Polynesian languor, Asiatic industry, Yankee enterprise.

Party in suburban Honolulu. Bill Daniels (foreground) is Hawaiian-Chinese-Caucasian. Mrs. Nao Wenkam (right), of Japanese ancestry, is a research scientist.

The islands themselves—five principal ones and a string of smaller members stretching away to the northwest—make up a sort of geographical believe-it-or-not. These dots of land in the mid-Pacific are all that is visible of a submerged mountain range which, if transplanted to the mainland, would stretch from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Mexico City. Yet their aggregate land area is only 6435 square miles—about the size of Connecticut and Rhode Island together. And because much of this area is composed of rugged volcanic mountain peaks, only about a tenth of the total is useful for growing sugar cane, pineapples and coffee—the main livelihood of the islanders before World War II.

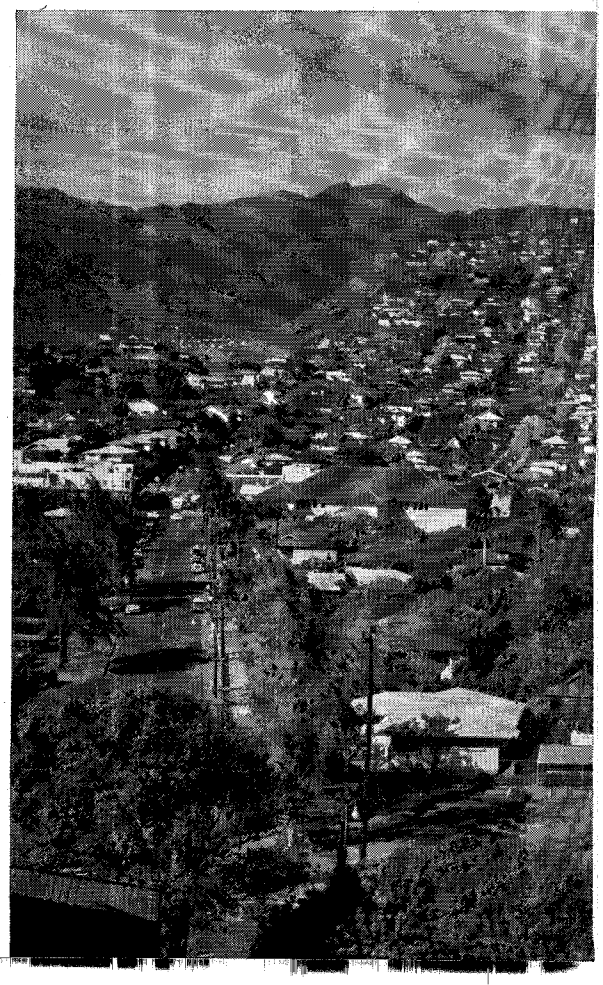
The confusion about just what picture statesiders should hold of Hawaii is further compounded by the fact that, since the war, the islands' personality has been developing in two different—and in some respects contradictory—ways.

The "grass-shack," or tourist, development has been spectacular. Last year vacationers dropped nearly $80,000,000 in the islands, to become Hawaii's third largest source of livelihood, exceeded only by defense spending, now running at the rate of about $300,000,000 a year, and agriculture, which earns more than $200,000,000 annually. What's more, the Hawaii Visitors Bureau expects that, in another decade, tourism will become the islands' leading industry. To hasten this day, the H.V.B. spends $1,500,000 a year promoting Hawaii as a happy-go-lucky land of smiling hula girls, surfers riding the foamy crests of Waikiki waves, and sun-tanned visitors discovering that they too can strum the ukulele to the accompaniment of trade winds rustling the languid palms.

But there is little languor these days on the magic crescent of sand known as The Beach at Waikiki, or in Honolulu itself. In fact, the million servicemen who remember the wartime city, sprawling between the barbed-wire beaches and the green, jungle-covered mountains, would hardly know the place today. Even postwar tourists who haven't been back to the islands in the past ten years or so would rub their eyes and take a second blink at present-day Waikiki's skyline before accepting it as real. For the other side of Hawaii's recent development has been a business and industrial boom that bids fair to crowd tourists right off the island of Oahu.

This, the "state-to-be" side of the islands' development, has brought with it a degree of hustle altogether alien to the traditional picture of Hawaii. In fact, the islanders have taken to talking as big as Texans about their high standard of living, their thriving industries, their efficient (Continued on Page 70)

The islanders' traditional *muumuu* (worn by girl facing camera) is still sometimes seen even in downtown Honolulu.



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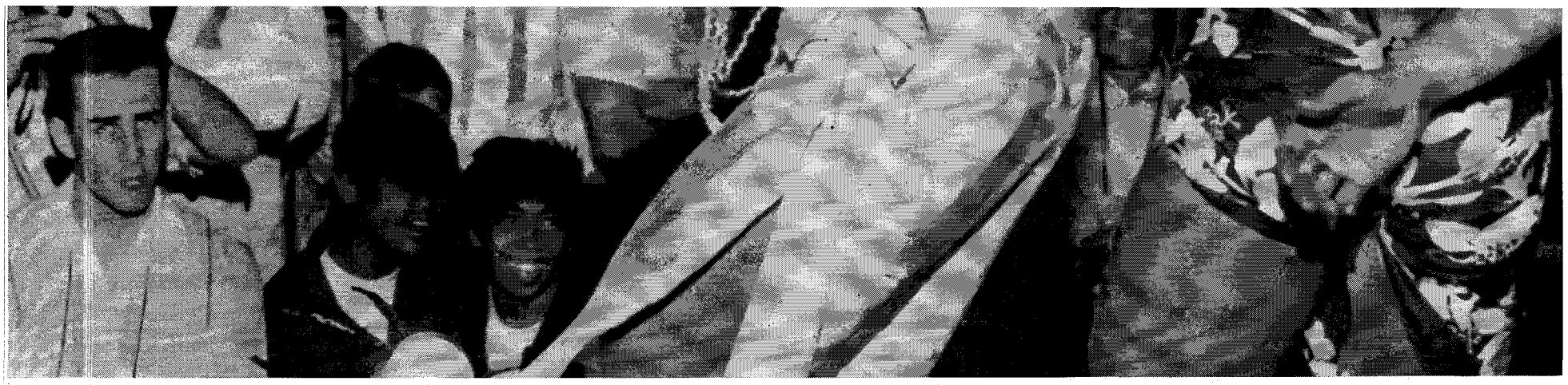
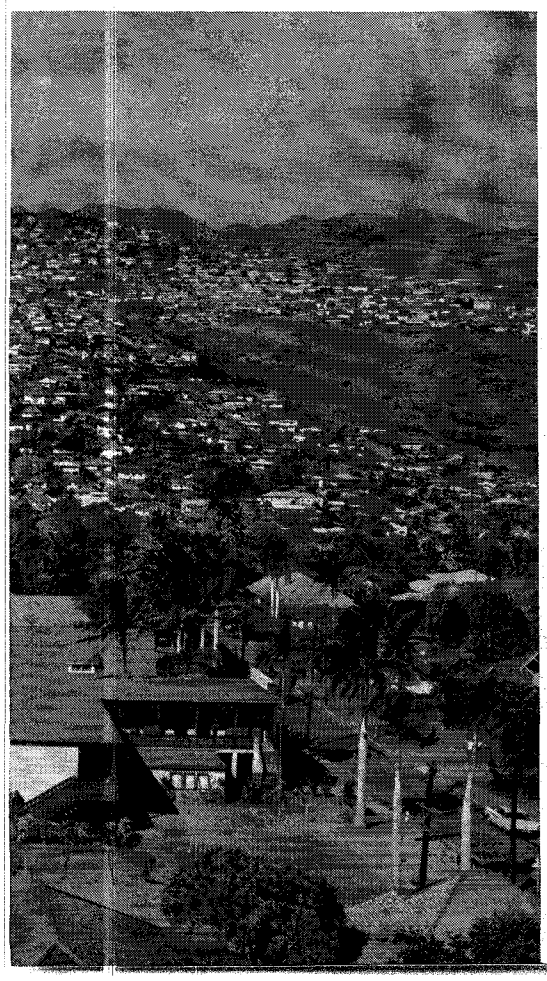
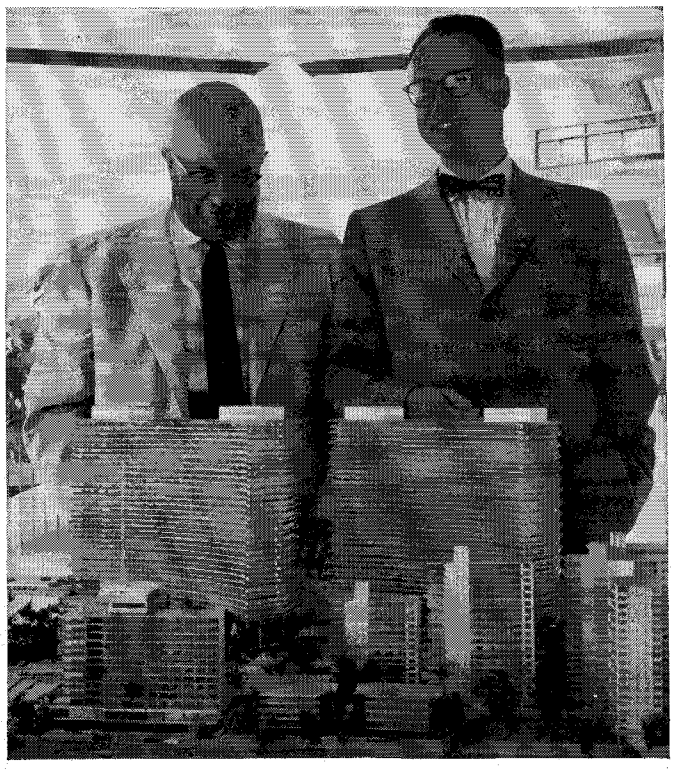


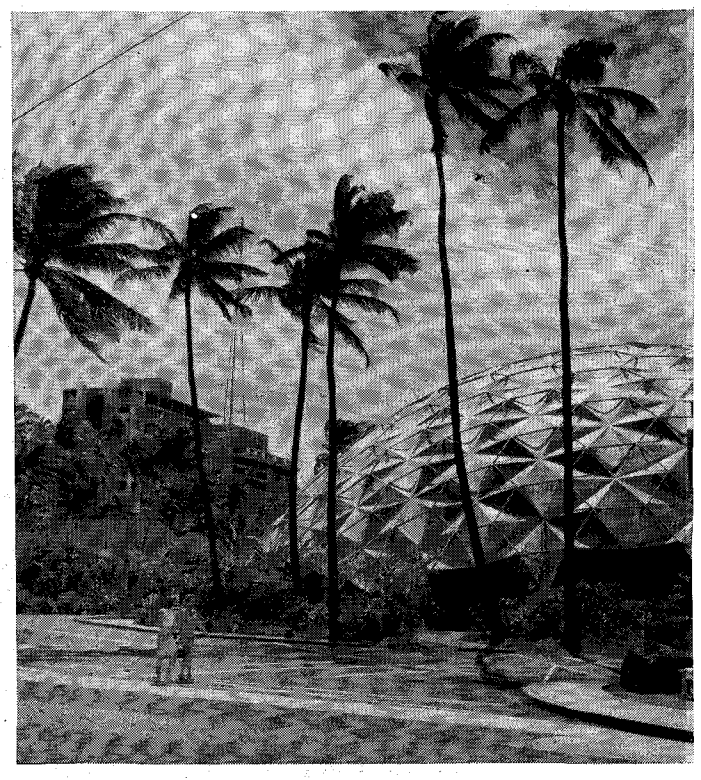
Victory hula: Hawaiian performers helped an elated Honolulu crowd celebrate when Congress passed the statehood bill for the territory.



Left: The Honolulu residential area called Wilhelmina Rise is one of the many tracts of new homes mushrooming everywhere.



Industrialist Henry J. Kaiser (above left) with Hawaii's Gov. William Quinn. The model shows the $100,000,000 addition Kaiser plans to make to his Hawaiian Village resort.



This aluminum dome houses an auditorium at Kaiser's Hawaiian Village. Some islanders complain that he is turning the Waikiki area into "a miniature Miami Beach."

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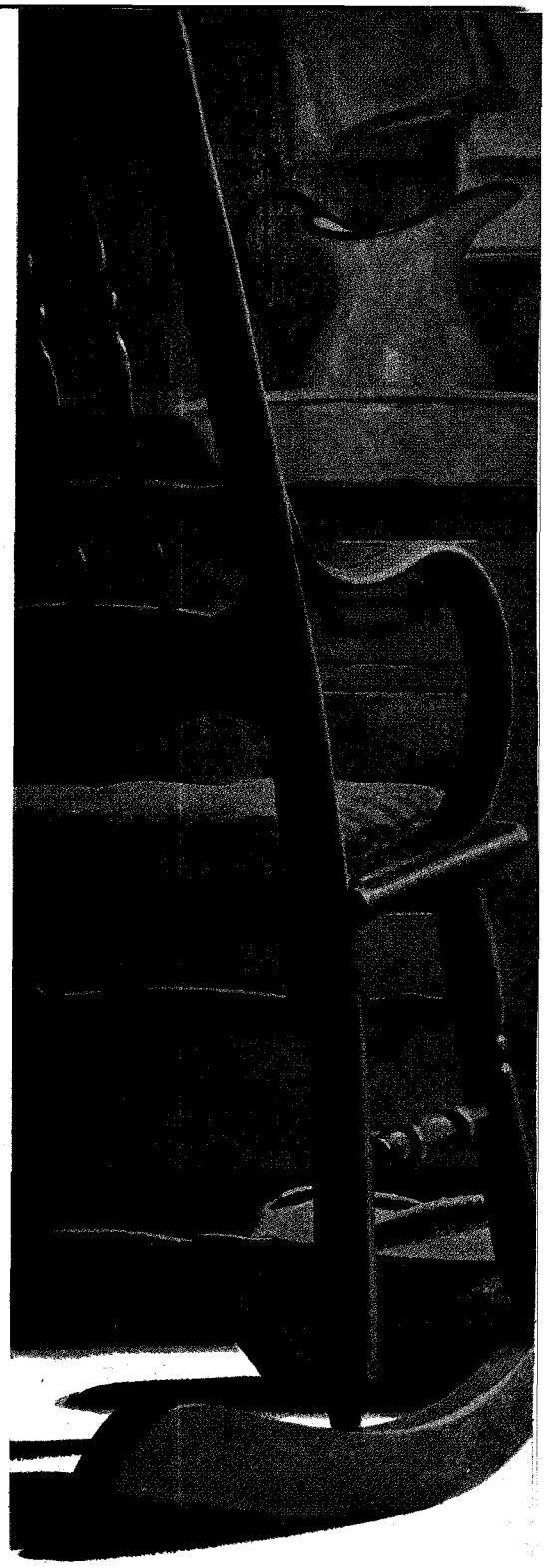
The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

A beautiful girl invites herself to spend the night in a lonely mountain cabin, occupied only by a murdered man. . . . Beginning a new Perry Mason mystery.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER



Gladys Doyle had started her secretarial duties with Mauvis Niles Meade in January. Now, on the sixth day of February, she realized that after a full month of close association, she knew virtually nothing about the person for whom she was working.

There had been letters, of course, and visitors. But a secretary-companion, hostess and general assistant to a person who had written a book which had been a runaway best seller certainly should have known more of the private life of the author by that time. Miss Meade kept herself barricaded behind a wall of steady reserve which Gladys found completely baffling.

On taking up residence in the Los Angeles penthouse apartment, Mauvis Niles Meade had advertised for an efficient, experienced, tactful, good-looking secretary, hostess and companion.

Gladys Doyle had secured the position. Miss Meade had explained it was a twenty-four-hour-a-day job, had given Gladys a beautiful corner bedroom in the penthouse apartment, and work had started the next day.

The work had consisted largely of writing short letters, terse telegrams, answering the telephone, making appointments for publicity interviews and serving as a general watchdog to keep Miss Meade from being disturbed when she didn't want to be "available."

The literary gossip was that Miss Meade was busily engaged, writing another book. If she was writing such a book, Gladys Doyle certainly saw no evidence of it.

Not a great deal was known about Mauvis Meade's background. Because of the nature of her best-selling book, Chop the Man Down, it would hardly have been tactful to make too searching inquiries.

The book dealt with a small-town girl who went to the big city, who was buffeted around by fate, who took a "fix" at the behest of a sophisticated weekend companion, who became "hooked," and who faced the usual economic and moral problems confronting a young woman who finds it necessary to finance an expensive dope habit.

Then, suddenly, her beauty got her involved with an unscrupulous "businessman" who became infatuated with her. This infatuation turned to love—a love so strong and deep-seated that he saw to it that not only was she cured of the dope habit but also that word was passed around the underworld that a death sentence awaited anyone who ever again supplied her with dope.

Mason raised his eyebrows and said, "You were alone with him?"

The heroine's radiant beauty next attracted a local politician who had considerable influence. That influence began to make itself manifest in an unexpected manner.

While some of the backgrounds of the "businessman" and the "politician" seemed highly colored by a juvenile imagination, the flashes of grim reality were indicative of firsthand information on the part of the author. The backgrounds of the romantic recesses from business and politics were such as to arouse varying reader reactions. No one questioned the authenticity of Miss Meade's backgrounds in that portion of the book.

Now, on this Friday, Gladys Doyle, answering Miss Meade's summons, carrying her shorthand notebook and pencil, found Miss Meade stretched out on a chaise longue, a cigarette in the long, carved ivory holder.

"How much expense money have you, Gladys?"

"About fifty dollars."

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Gladys had a vague recollection of kneeling, of blood, of a lifeless arm.

Mauvis Meade opened her purse, took out a roll of bills the size of her wrist, peeled off three one-hundred-dollar bills and extended them to Gladys. "You'll need more. Take this."

Gladys took the three hundred dollars, made a notation in the notebook, waited expectantly.

"I want you to keep a date for me."

"A date?"

"A date," Miss Meade repeated. "Sometimes I wish I'd never sold those darned motion-picture rights."

In view of the fact that it was rumored she had received a cool two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for those motion-picture rights, Gladys could think of nothing to say.

"The man's name is Edgar Carlisle," Miss Meade said. "You'll have to get in touch with him at the Summit Inn. I told him I was going to be there skiing this weekend, but I don't feel like it.

"Take the station wagon and your skis—I have a suite reserved at the Summit Inn. It's held for me every weekend, whether I use it or not, and paid for by monthly check, so don't bother with hotel bills. Just sign chits for anything you want.

"Carlisle will call the suite tonight, after you get up there. Explain to him that it's impossible for me to be there, that you're my assistant. Find out what it is he wants—generally it's something to do with publicity in connection with the picture release."

"How much will I tell him?" Gladys asked.

"Use your judgment," Miss Meade said. "Anything in connection with publicity that will help the sale of the book is all right. As far as the picture is concerned, I tried to hold out for a percentage. They wouldn't stand for it. They made a cash price and let it go at that. I'm not going to break my neck doing a lot of fool things to publicize the picture. I'm willing to be reasonable, but that's all.

"You're going to have to be tactful and diplomatic and smart. Change Carlisle's proposition around so it will call for a minimum of work on my part, will publicize the picture, but will also help the sale of the book—and there's one more thing, Gladys."

"What?"

"This man is young and, from the way he talks over the phone, I think he's a wolf."

"And I'm to be distant and cool in a personal way, but attentive in a business way?"

"Good heavens!" Mauvis Meade said. "I don't care what you do. I was just trying to point out the attractive side of the chore.

"Now here's another thing, Gladys. Coming back down the main road Sunday afternoon—and you'll stay until Sunday—the traffic is almost bumper to bumper. It's a mountain road, and driving it will wear you out. There's a short cut you can take coming down. It's a road that's surfaced until you are seven miles from the inn. Then you've got ten miles of dirt road, but it's not bad. It brings you in on the other highway—there's a little map in that desk drawer. Hand it to me, will you?"

Gladys went to the desk, opened the desk drawer, found a folded piece of paper and brought it over to Miss Meade.

"Don't try to go up on this road," Mauvis warned. "It's dirt part of the way and muddy after this last storm. Coming down it is easy; going up is different. The road is steep in places.

"You have your notebook. Take these directions—leave Summit Inn on the main highway, go into the main part of town. Two blocks past the post office turn to the right, then after five blocks, turn left. This is a narrow, surfaced road which (Continued on Page 104)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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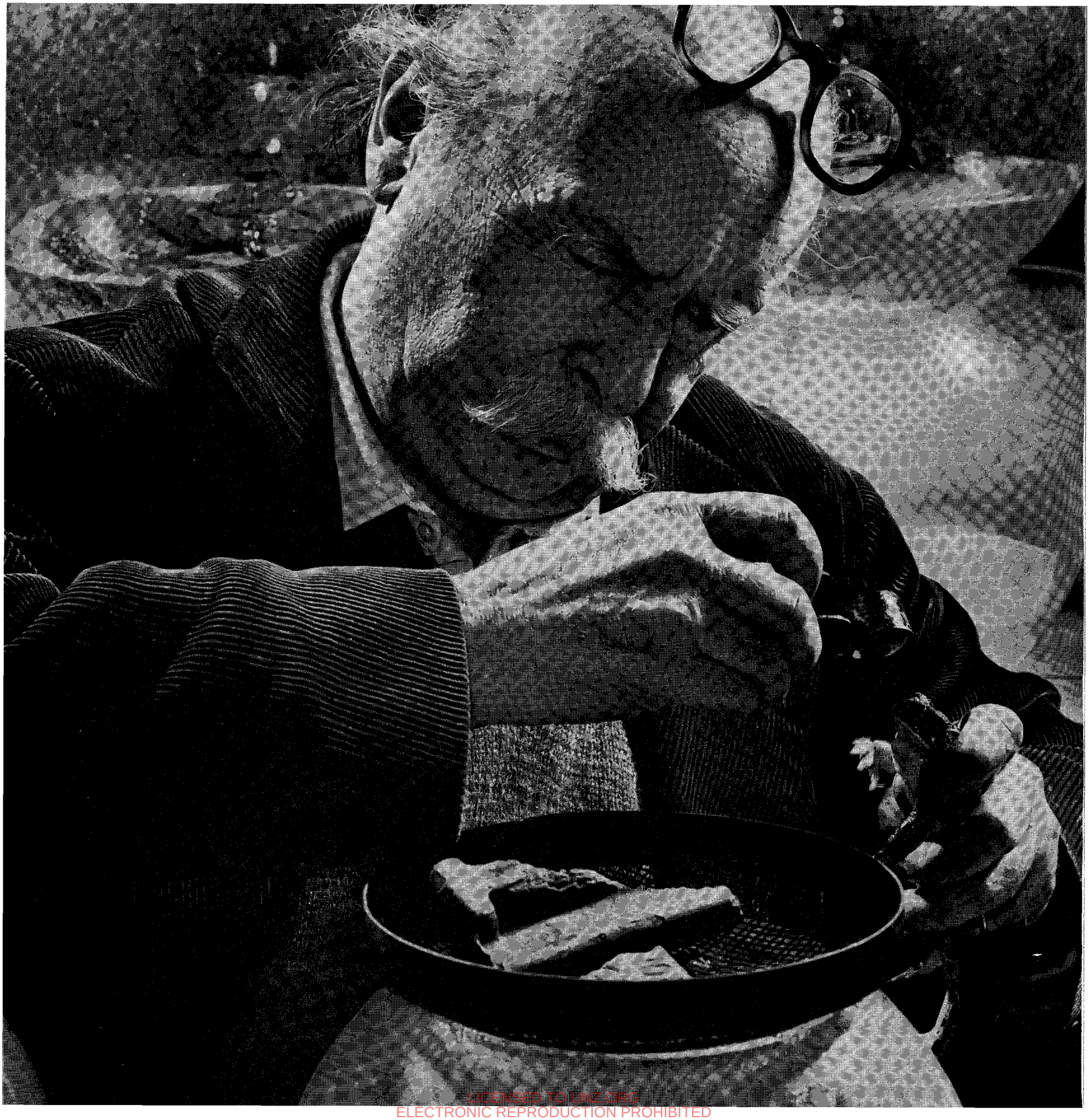

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Can Man Be Modified?

By JEAN ROSTAND

Contrary to popular belief, man has long since ceased to evolve. The human being of the twentieth century does not differ essentially from the human being who lived in the caves of the Quaternary Age, some 100,000 years ago, whose bony traces and rudimentary tools have been exhumed by the paleontologists. The whole of that part of man's history which has gone by since those faraway ages has not—or has scarcely—altered the morphological and physiological outfit of our species. The enormous difference which nonetheless exists between the ancient flint chipper and his modern heir is entirely the work of civilization—that is, of the culture gradually accumulated and transmitted by social tradition.

Already at the origin of the species, man was equal to what he was destined to become. He carried within him, potentially, all the things that were destined gradually to expand and fructify in industry, in technical skill, in science, in art, in philosophy and in religion. So much so that if, by some miracle, it were possible to fetch a newborn child of that past age into our own time and to bring him up and educate him as one of ours, he would become a man exactly like us: a man whom nothing, either in his appearance or in his conduct or in his private thoughts, would single out as a stranger among us, as a ghost from the past.

This certainly gives us the measure of the considerable importance which the social factor has in human evolution; but it must not make us forget that it was the biological factor that played the decisive part at the beginning of the adventure. The fact that, starting from a certain moment in his history and thanks to the combined play of intelligence and group instincts, man has been able to become what he now is, is due first and foremost to the occurrence of a small change in his physical organism. We do not know the exact nature and causes of this change, but we do know that hardly had it established itself in human heredity before the great game had been implicitly played—all the rest being merely the consequences and the working out. From that moment, because of that small alteration in his animal nature, man was bound to break forever with the past. From the superior mammal which he was, he became something

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

About the Author

One of France's leading biologists, as well as a man of letters, Jean Rostand has won, in the former capacity, the Prix de l'Académie des Sciences (among many others), and in the latter, the Grand Prix Littéraire de la Ville de Paris. For almost half of his sixty-four years he has studied artificial insemination in frogs. "In my frogs," he says, "I see the entire universe." His prolific literary work reflects a great heritage. His father was the romantic playwright Edmond Rostand, who wrote the ever-popular Cyrano de Bergerac. Doctor Rostand's most recent work, Can Man Be Modified?—of which this article is an excerpt—will be published May twenty-first by Basic Books. Photograph by Eugene Kammerman

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The million-dollar missile plunged from the cargo hold.

Runaway Prop

No. 1 engine was threatening to destroy them. Their only chance was to jettison.

By FRANK HARVEY

It was still dark when Capt. Frank Comisky and his aircraft commander, Lt. Col. Harry Sims, approached their Douglas C-133A transport plane on the ramp at Dover Air Force Base, in Delaware. The rear cargo doors stood open. A Thor intermediate-range ballistic missile, locked on its rubber-tired transport dolly, was lashed in the cavelike belly, giving off dull aluminum glints as Sgt. Nick Spina, the loadmaster, crawled around checking the tie-downs. Overhead, the sky was clear. Operations had advised that the weather would be perfect for the flight to Europe: a big blue Bermuda High sitting over most of the Atlantic, a sweet twenty-knot tail wind at altitude, and the sea itself as smooth as a sheet of glass. "Looks like a milk run today," Lieutenant Colonel Sims said in his West Virginia drawl.

"Yes, sir," Comisky said. *They're all milk runs*, he thought, *if a man's used to scrambling jet fighters at night in blowing snow*. He glanced at Sims. The aircraft commander was a little wizened guy, slightly potbellied, whose nickname was Pappy. He'd spent most of his adult life in transport planes—12,000 flying hours, to be exact—if, indeed, you could call it flying when you had an auto-pilot, navigator, engineer, and a couple of airmen to bring you coffee and doughnuts.

"I've got to stop and check the weight-and-balance sheet with Sergeant Spina," Lieutenant Colonel Sims said to Comisky. "You go ahead. I'll see you in the cockpit."

"Roger, sir," Comisky said.

Maybe Sims wouldn't be any great shakes as a fighter pilot, Comisky thought, but he sure was a demon when it came to checking out an airplane. From the way he bird-dogged that big C-133 you'd think it was going to crash in flames if the center of gravity was off by a quarter of an inch. You couldn't crash this monster if you tried, Comisky thought. Not with those big eighteen-foot fans putting out 24,000 horsepower. If you felt like it, you could hook onto the Officers' Club and pull the joint out by the roots. "Flying a (Continued on Page 67)

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

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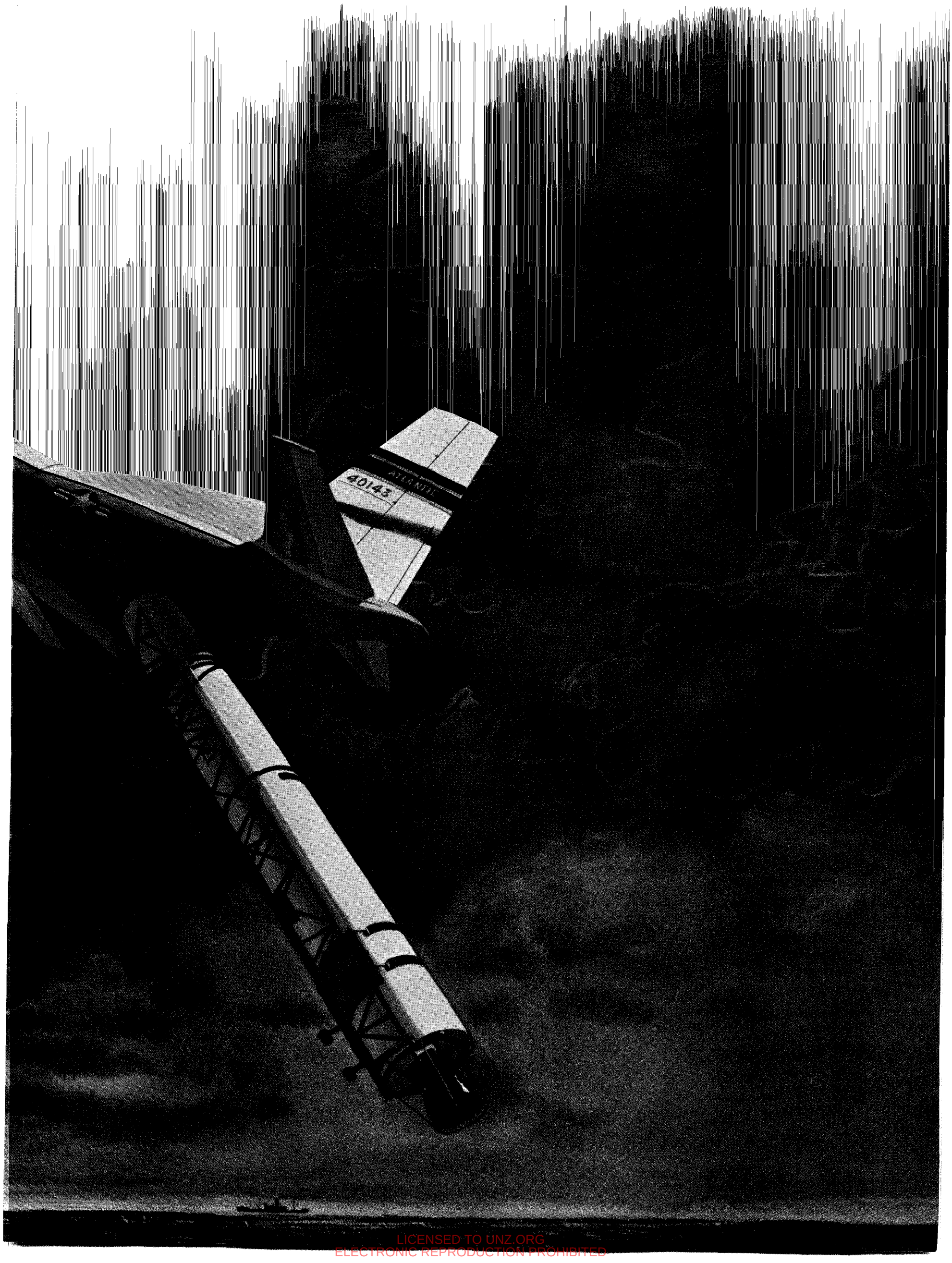

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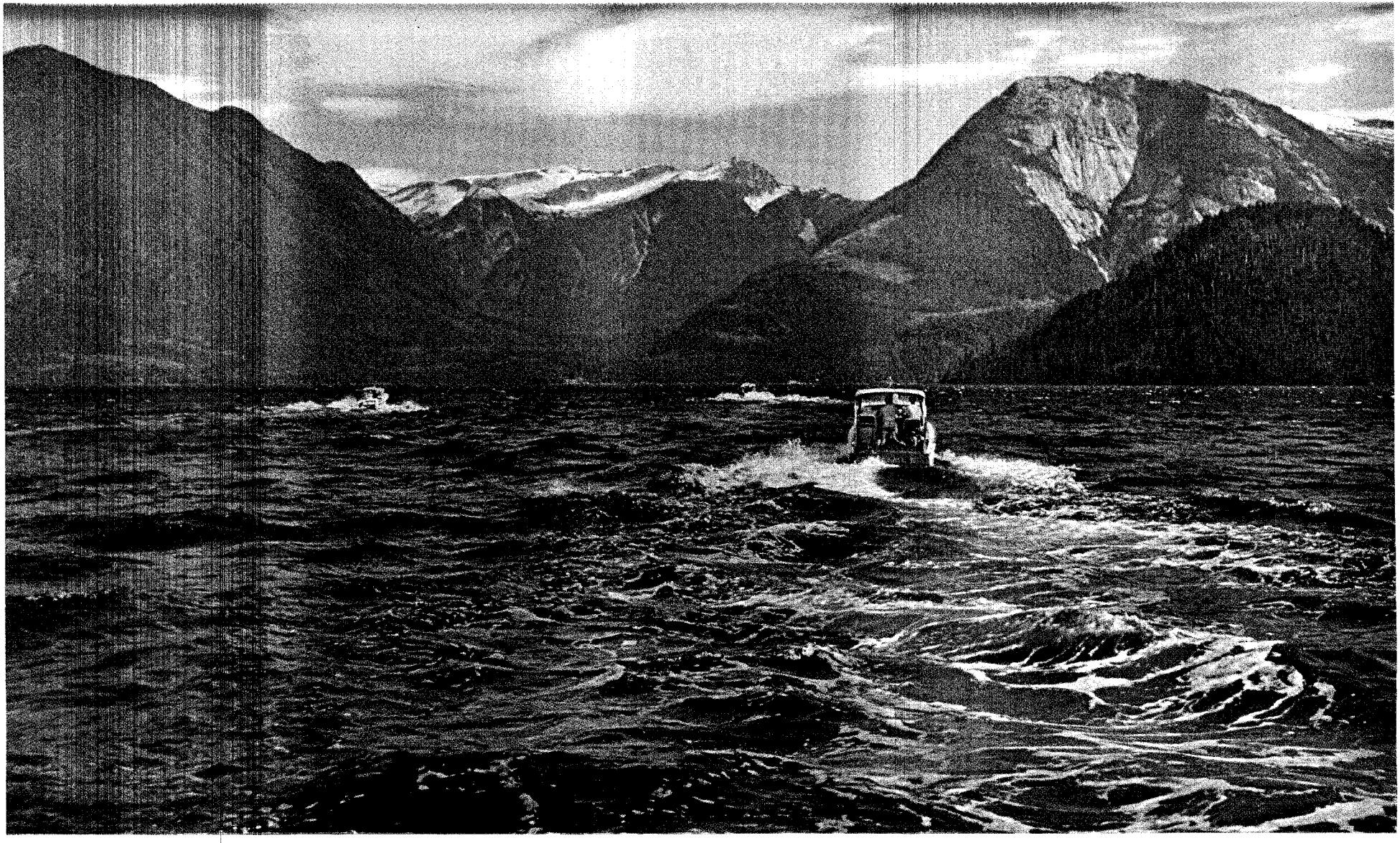

The author's cruiser (right) and two other vessels of his flotilla head for a pass between islands formed by the peaks of sunken mountains.

Yachtsmen who crave uncrowded waterways are finding the spectacular islands and fiords of the British Columbia coast exciting—and sometimes alarming—cruising grounds.

We Explored the Drowned Mountains

By William L. Worden

Chatterbox Falls on Princess Louisa fiord. The land drops so steeply here the water is 100 feet deep a few feet from the beach.

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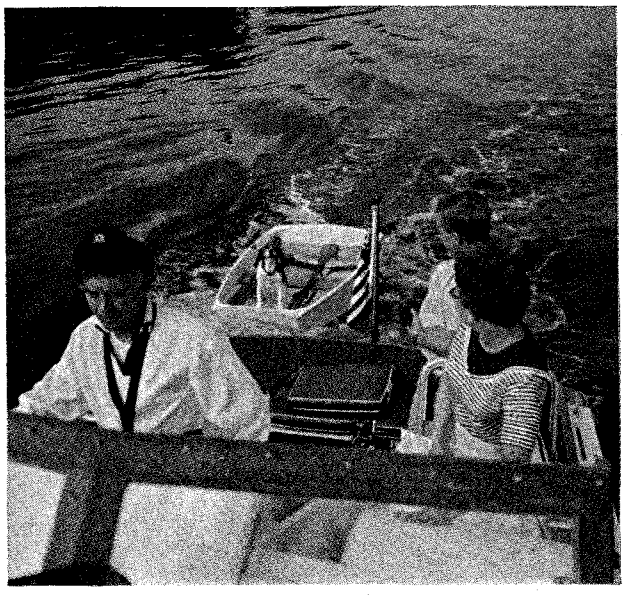
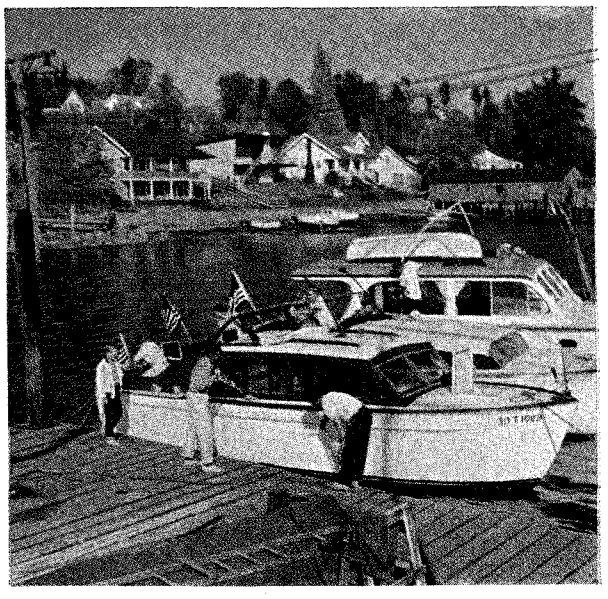
Author Worden, his wife, Evelyn, and their son, Nik, plot a course on a Canadian cruising chart.



When the Wordens are under way in the Free Lance, their beagle, Pat, sometimes rides in the dinghy.



At Gig Harbor on Puget Sound, the author hoses down his boat. He used 500 gallons of gas on the trip.

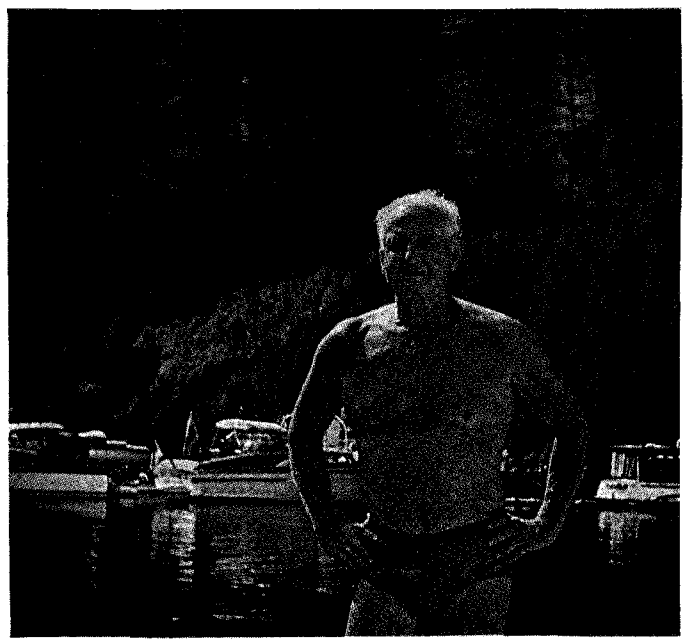
The girl was young, pretty and dressed in the last clean clothes she had aboard an elderly sloop that was tied to a village dock in the islands of British Columbia, well north of the United States border and a long way by water from any real town. For days, she and her two companions had been eating out of tin cans. Although she was short of funds, she'd splurged in the small village store—one medium-sized steak for three girls afloat.

Steak is a rare commodity in the far-out villages of the islands, and proper refrigeration is rarer still. This steak had been kept a mite too long and a mite too warm. By the measures of the country, it wasn't really gone, just a trifle slick. But the sailing lady knew a trick: Wash a slick steak in the salt chuck, scrubbing with a stiff brush, and it's definitely improved. So she hunkered down on the end of the dock, dunked her steak in the tide and scrubbed.

Suddenly the steak slipped. Without a moment's hesitation, the girl dived, clothes and all. The steak was six or eight feet down, but she did get to it. When she came up, she was soaked—but she had the fresh meat. This woman recognized what really was important.

This story is a favorite of veteran pleasure-boaters in British Columbia waters, the island-dotted passages which wind between a thousand spectacular headlands from Victoria to Queen Charlotte Strait. This is paradise for boatmen of the Pacific Coast, and every year Canada is overrun by increasing thousands of United States water tourists headed north in everything from floating bathtubs to powered palaces 150 feet long.

The 800 islands and rocks, give or take a few, and the scores of rocky fiords never have been completely explored by any one yachtsman. This is a warm-water area, beloved of swimmers, clams, oysters, kelpfish and teenagers courting a handsome tan. Three-hundred-mile-long Vancouver Island shelters from the open Pacific Ocean a thousand beautiful places, mountain ranges so sunken that their peaks now form rocky, forest-strewn islands, and their valleys are inlets twisting from open water to the feet of waterfalls dropping from snowfields. Much (Continued on Page 91)

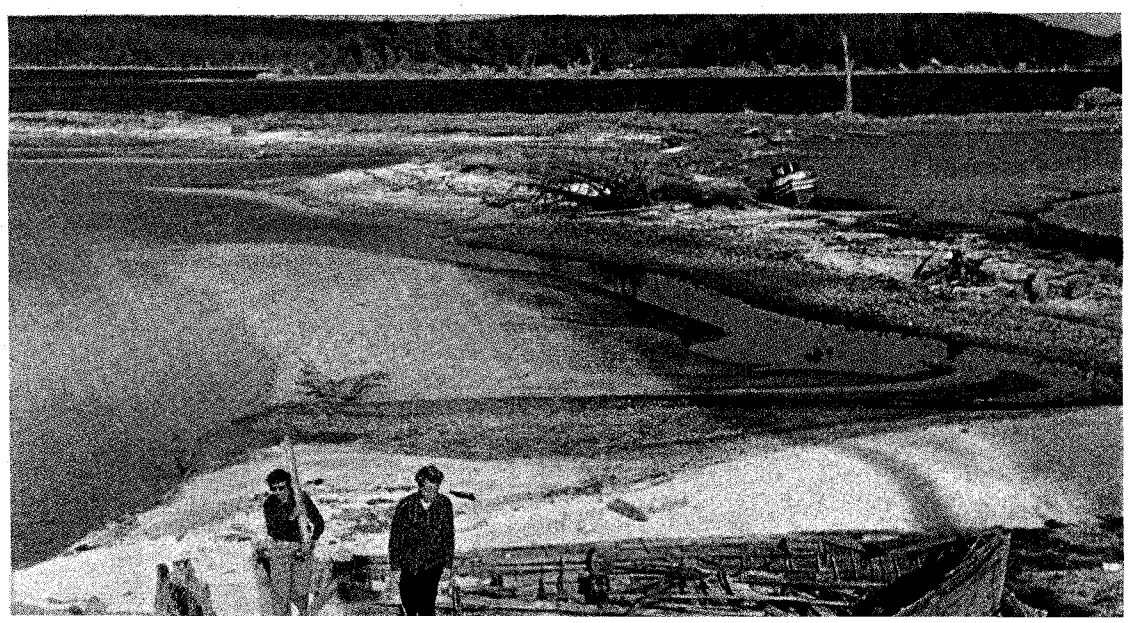


J. F. MacDonald, an American, spends his summers on a houseboat near Chatterbox Falls. He deeded his landholdings there to a yachting association.

Photographs by Kenneth G. Ollar

Digging for dinner at Von Donop cove: Clams and oysters in abundance are there for the gathering on many of the seldom-visited island beaches.

Gathering driftwood on a deserted beach. Many shores display wrecks. Even the best available navigational charts are not always reliable, and a spare propeller can come in handy.



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He could see himself clearly, standing in front of the big man, a slight figure inviting destruction.

The Last Gunman

The dude and the marshal had only one thing in common—they both loved the same girl.

By DONALD HAMILTON

The big man got on the train at Abilene. He came down the aisle with a pair of saddlebags over his shoulder and stopped by Paul Clyde's seat.

"Mind if I sit down, sir?" he asked politely.

"Not at all," Clyde said, a little surprised at the courtesy of the fellow, since he looked rather like a man who'd sit where he darn well pleased.

The stranger stowed his saddlebags under the seat and settled himself comfortably. He leaned back, drew his big hat over his eyes and promptly fell asleep.

Clyde turned to watch the plains outside the window, wondering if there was any chance, in this year 1882, of seeing a buffalo, or perhaps an Indian tribe on the move. The big man awoke late in the day, sat up, yawned, rubbed a hand over his mouth and leaned forward to look out the window. As he did so, a lurch of the train threw him against Clyde.

"My apologies, sir," he said; "this roadbed gets worse all the time. I figure they must have laid the rails direct on the prairie grass. I heard you mention Prairie Junction to the conductor."

"Yes, that's my destination."

"My stop too. I live there." The big man held out his hand. "Name's Bannerman. Hank Bannerman."

"I'm Paul Clyde, from Boston." Clyde managed to keep from wincing as his fingers were crushed by the other's powerful grip. Retrieving his hand, he said, "Perhaps you can tell me something about the town. All I know is that it must be big enough to have a bank, since I'm to work there."

Bannerman gave him a measuring look, obviously adding up his pale skin, well-cut Eastern clothes and slight stature, and arriving at some sum which he did not reveal, saying only, "A banker, eh?"

"Hardly that. Just the man at the little window."

The big man grinned. "It's about time George Jarvis got somebody into that place who can count."

"Oh, you know Mr. Jarvis?"

Bannerman's smile cooled somewhat. "Yeh, I know Mr. Jarvis," he said in a dry tone. "Well, you'll find Prairie Junction a peaceful and pleasant place nowadays, Mr. Clyde. It was a tough town once, but the country's grown up and the cattle trail's moved still farther west, taking most of (Continued on Page 76)

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Fulbright and Democratic Chairman Paul Butler (right). It was at this meeting that the senator said there were too many "quarterbacks" advising the President.

By BEVERLY SMITH, Jr. *Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*

EGGHEAD FROM THE OZARKS

As head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, William Fulbright is one of the most powerful men in Congress. His decisions may affect the course of history. . . .

The senator has often feuded with the Secretary of State. But he recently praised Dulles (right) for courage, gallantry and an "austere sense of duty."

Toward the close of the 1920's in Vienna, that favorite center of diplomatic intrigue in Eastern Europe, American correspondents used to forgather at the Café Louvre to swap information. An attentive kibitzer admitted to these sessions was young Bill Fulbright. He was a likable companion, athletic and boyish-looking, easygoing in manner, his soft Arkansas drawl intact after three years of graduate study at Oxford.

He was not a newspaperman, but, having specialized in history, was fascinated by the seamy nether side of international maneuver in Vienna. Here was stuff not found in the textbooks. His chief preceptor in such matters was M. W. Fodor, experienced correspondent of the old Philadelphia Public Ledger. Fulbright accompanied Fodor as a volunteer helper on many reportorial assignments and on travels ranging from Central Europe down through the Balkans. Through Fodor he met many of the top politicos of the area. He also encountered some of the shadier underlings—specialists in propaganda and infiltration—who worked for Stalin, for Mussolini or for a still-obscure demagogue named Hitler.

When he went home to Arkansas in 1929 young Bill Fulbright was certainly no international "expert." But he had sniffed the devil's broth which, ten years later, was to boil over into World War II. The experience gave him a special interest in foreign affairs which he has followed up through the years, whether he was working as a teacher of law, a farmer, a businessman, a university president or a lawmaker.

In Congress this has manifested itself in legislation—particularly that creating the Fulbright exchange scholarships—which has made his name known throughout the world.

Now this same Fulbright—Sen. J. William—has taken over as the new chairman of the powerful Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Thus his long interest in world affairs has been clothed with a responsibility which, in the present (Continued on Page 115)

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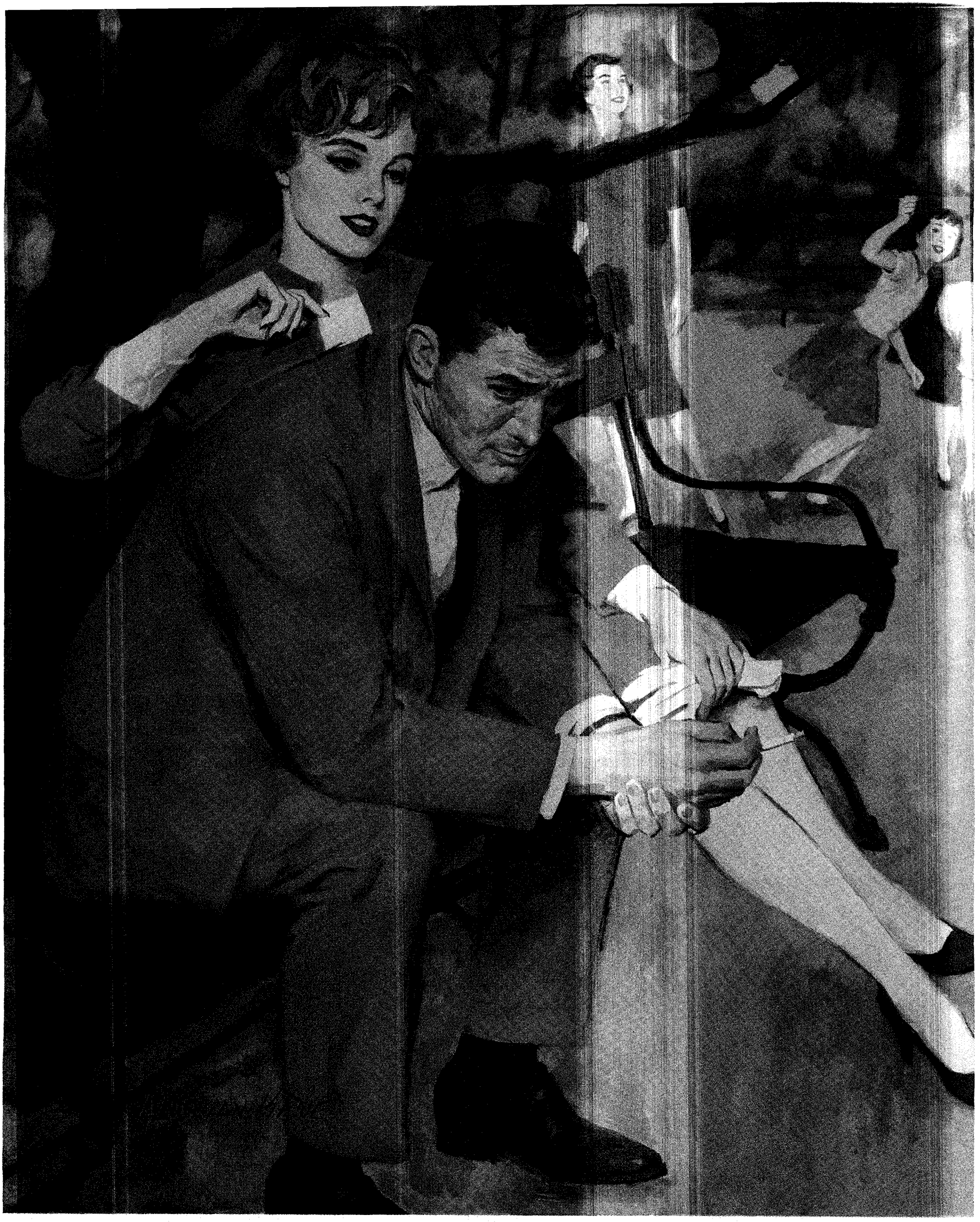

"I'd like to tell you about Jake and me," she said.

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He couldn't let himself love her.
He thought she was a

HAND-ME-DOWN GIRL

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Tommy Bartlett telephoned Jake from the airport. Jake's secretary asked, "Who is calling?" And almost at once, Jake was there, the warmth and animation of his voice bringing a vivid picture of Jake himself, as though they were speaking over a telephone of the future, equipped with vision as well as audition. Tommy found himself beaming into the instrument.

"Well, you old whatnot!" said Jake. "Where are you?"

Tommy told him. "Thought I'd check before I went to the apartment," he added. "In case you'd gotten married or something during my absence."

"Not married," Jake retorted. "A touch of something, but the decks are cleared. The key's under the doormat."

"I've got my key," said Tommy, and Jake laughed.

"I have to see a man at four, but I'll be in by five-thirty. Put the kettle on."

"I'll bake a cake," said Tommy.

New York looked wonderful after five months' absence. Flowers bloomed in window boxes and trees shimmered with clean spring leaves. Nursemaids sat on benches behind the iron fence of Gramercy Park, and a jauntily attired actor with a daffodil in his buttonhole got out of a taxi in front of The Players club.

Tommy ran up the two flights of stairs in the brownstone house where he and Jake had shared an apartment since their graduation from college, dropped his valise, inserted his key in the lock and opened the door.

A girl with hair the color of cinnamon was sitting on the living-room floor putting things into a suitcase and sobbing. She looked up at him through gray-blue eyes brimming with tears, gave a gasp, and two tears overflowed and ran slowly down her cheeks. She said, "Hello," and covered her face with her hands.

"Hello," said Tommy. The decks, obviously, were not as cleared as Jake had thought.

The girl said, "I'm sorry. I'll be all right in a minute. You're Tommy Bartlett, aren't you?" Her voice was low, jerky from her uneven breathing and the trembling of her soft mouth.

"Would you like me to go away and come back later?"

"No," she answered. "I'm leaving in a minute." She folded a peach-colored slip, put it into the suitcase and began to cry again. "I'll really—be all right—in a minute."

Tommy looked at her helplessly. She managed to be extremely pretty, even crying. "Let me make you a drink," he said. "Pull yourself together."

Her lips quivered into a smile. "Do you think that will do it?" she inquired. She put a pair of brocaded slippers into a silk envelope, closed the suitcase. "I'm afraid that I'm being very silly," she added.

Tommy went into the kitchenette, found the whisky and soda in their usual place, and made two highballs. He needed one himself. When he carried them to the living room, she was sitting in a chair, powdering her nose. She was a small girl, dressed in a neat navy-blue suit with a white blouse. She took the glass and looked at him over the rim as she drank, her eyes child-like and grateful. For a good ten years, Tommy had known a lot of Jake's girls, and this one was different from all of them. She was not Jake's type.

"Don't tell Jake," she was saying. "That I was crying, I mean." She took another sip of the drink. "Maybe (Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Morgan Kane

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My Very Fair Lady

By Richard Maney

The press agent for history's most successful musical hit reveals some of the backstage crises which have afflicted his show.

The author. Before the show opened in New York, he promised to "crawl over broken bottles" if it didn't run for two years. It is in its fourth.

In the course of thirty-five years as a press agent, it has been my pleasure—or at any rate my job—to beat the drums for some 240 stage plays, musical shows and assorted theatrical ventures. I am paid to foment publicity which flatters the attractions whose cause I plead and to fan that publicity once it starts to glow. It isn't always an easy assignment—five times out of six the law of averages defeats me.

Sixty of the shows for which I have huffed and puffed and plotted turned up their toes within two weeks of their New York christening. Only forty had profitable runs. Agitating for a flop can be as frustrating as yodeling in an echo chamber. Newsmen hesitate to boost mishaps that have been clobbered by the critics and boycotted by the public, lest they be charged with compounding a nuisance. Even subpoenas and the promise of free transportation to and from the theater would not have recruited an audience for some of these specimens.

But with the opening of My Fair Lady, now in its fourth year on Broadway, my professional position took an unprecedented turn. Drama, feature and photo editors whom I had so often wooed in the past suddenly began to besiege me. Radio and television mahatmas, syndicated columnists, wire-service foremen and other arbiters of time and space, often in the past suspicious of my advances, courted me openly. Bidding for opportunities to glorify the show, to inflate the reputation of its cast and creators, reached such a pitch that, for the first time in my career, I could indulge in discrimination. It was a novel and exhilarating state of affairs.

My Fair Lady is a press agent's dream because, from the start, it has generated its own

Below, the Chicago company in the Epsom Downs scene. Diane Todd as Eliza shocks spectators by yelling at her horse in Cockney. Michael Evans (in soft hat) plays Higgins.

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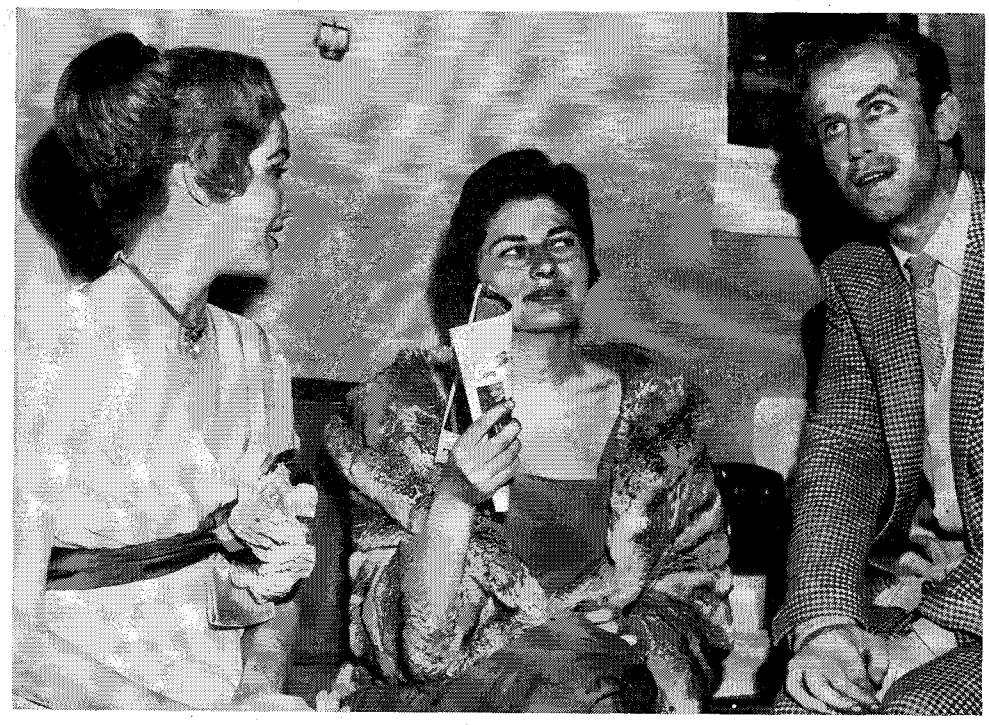
In 1957 actress Ingrid Bergman (center), during her first visit to the U.S. in eight years, paid a call on Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews, the stars of the original cast.



Princess Soraya of Iran (center) with replacement leads Sally Ann Howes and Edward Mulhare. His feud with Actors Equity helped boost ticket sales.

publicity. This is very pleasant for me because Herman Levin, the producer, pays me a weekly salary as long as the show runs.

Never has a show received so many spontaneous plugs and so many unsolicited headlines. When, for example, President Eisenhower saw the last forty minutes of the musical on October 22, 1957 (following a speech at the Waldorf), news of his visit made every newspaper in the country. Why? It was the first show Ike had seen since he'd been in the White House. Grist to my mill, too, were the visits of Nehru, who missed half the first act, Harry Truman, Richard Nixon, Chief Justice Warren, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, Adlai Stevenson, Princess Soraya of Iran, Madame Pandit, the Prince of Iraq, and King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah of Nepal. On her only visit to America in eight years—to receive an award from the New York Film Critics—Ingrid (Continued on Page 110)

Mamie Eisenhower (right) with her sister, Mrs. G. Gordon Moore, and Presidential pilot Col. William Draper outside the Mark Hellinger Theater. Ike caught the last 40 minutes after making a speech nearby.

Box-office lines at the Los Angeles Coliseum.
Its numerous ticket-selling booths (below, rear) were needed to handle the crowds, although the show was performed in a downtown auditorium.

After more than 1300 New York performances, theatergoers are still flocking to the Hellinger's box office, and the end is not yet in sight.

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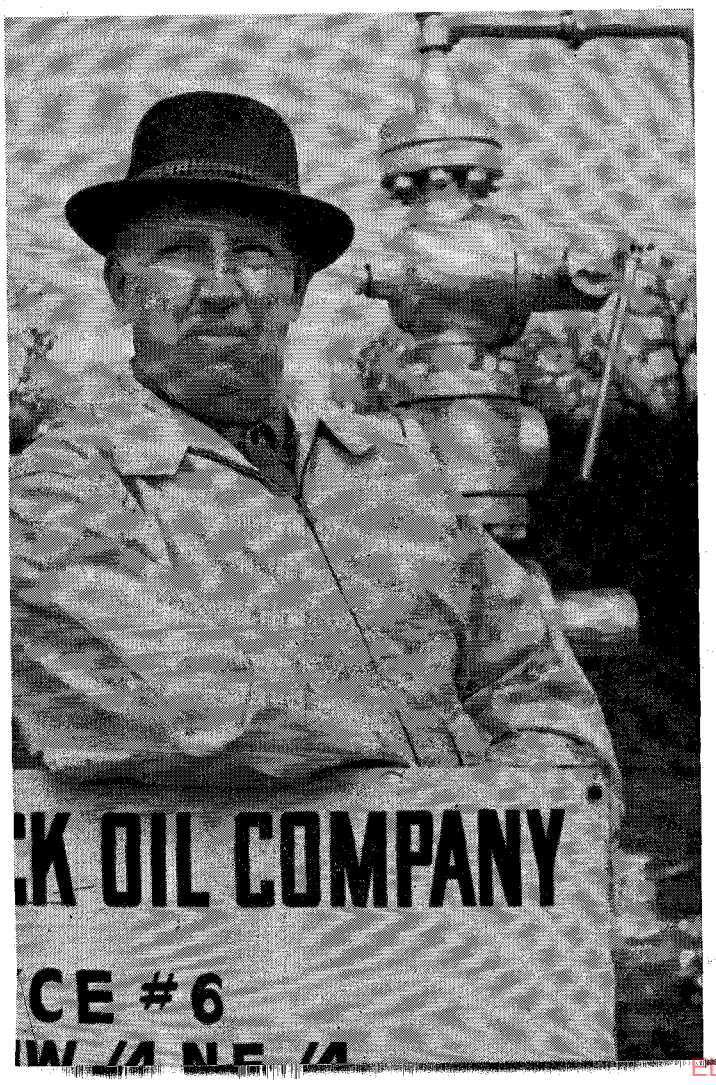
Kinley (arm raised) bellowing orders on the scene of the oil-well blowout at Ahwaz, Iran. Before he extinguished it, the blaze was costing a million dollars a day.

He Fights the Wildest Fires

By STANLEY FRANK



"I get a knot in the pit of my belly every time I go into a tight spot," says Kinley. "One mistake can kill you."

For twenty-eight years, Myron Kinley has traveled the world, battling the disaster oilmen fear most. His job has almost killed him, but has also made him a millionaire.

The burning oil well had been a screeching, 500-foot blowtorch for weeks, consuming as much as $250,000 of petroleum a day while the drilling crew stood by helpless to cut off the subterranean gas jet feeding the fire. Now a sixty-year-old man, limping heavily on a crippled leg, approached the inferno behind an iron shield. In his partially paralyzed right arm he carried a 100-pound charge of nitroglycerin wrapped in asbestos to prevent a premature explosion by the intense heat. Protected only by water sprayed on him from distant hoses, he crept within eight feet of the blaze, placed the nitro, then took cover. The charge was detonated, and instantaneously the pillar of flames vanished as though it had been snuffed out by a supernatural hand. Myron Kinley had tamed another wild well.

Kinley has thus flirted with sudden death more than 450 times since 1921 while practicing his trade as the most unusual—and highest paid—fireman in the world. His global beat has taken him to every continent to fight oil and gas-well fires that annually destroy untold millions of dollars' worth of equipment and raw material. There once were dozens of free-lance specialists in the field, but today Kinley is the man almost invariably summoned for major emergencies. Practically all competitors have been killed, maimed, or driven out of the business by his reputation.

"I've never met Kinley, but I always carry his Houston phone number in my wallet," says E. V. Watts, manager of exploitation for the Socony Mobil Oil Company. "I never know when someone will call from Libya or Turkey and yell, 'All hell has busted loose here! Send Kinley on the next plane.' He's the one indispensable man in the entire industry."

A millionaire with six grandchildren is an improbable type to be risking his neck in daredevil heroics, and (Continued on Page 85)

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BARBARA

By ROBERT A. KNOWLTON

How much do parents ever really know about their daughters?

It was half past three by the time Alan Bingham got back to his office. He couldn't remember ever being so tired in what was, after all, only the middle of the afternoon.

"Miss Eberly!" he called, and before he had time to sit down his secretary had opened the door of the anteroom.

"How was the hearing?" she asked.

"Wearisome," he said. "You know Judge Mitchell. Everything has to be explained to him twice."

He gave her his gray homburg and silk-lined raincoat. "The girl's parents are coming to see me in half an hour," he said. "Send them right in. I'm going to tell them a few unpleasant facts."

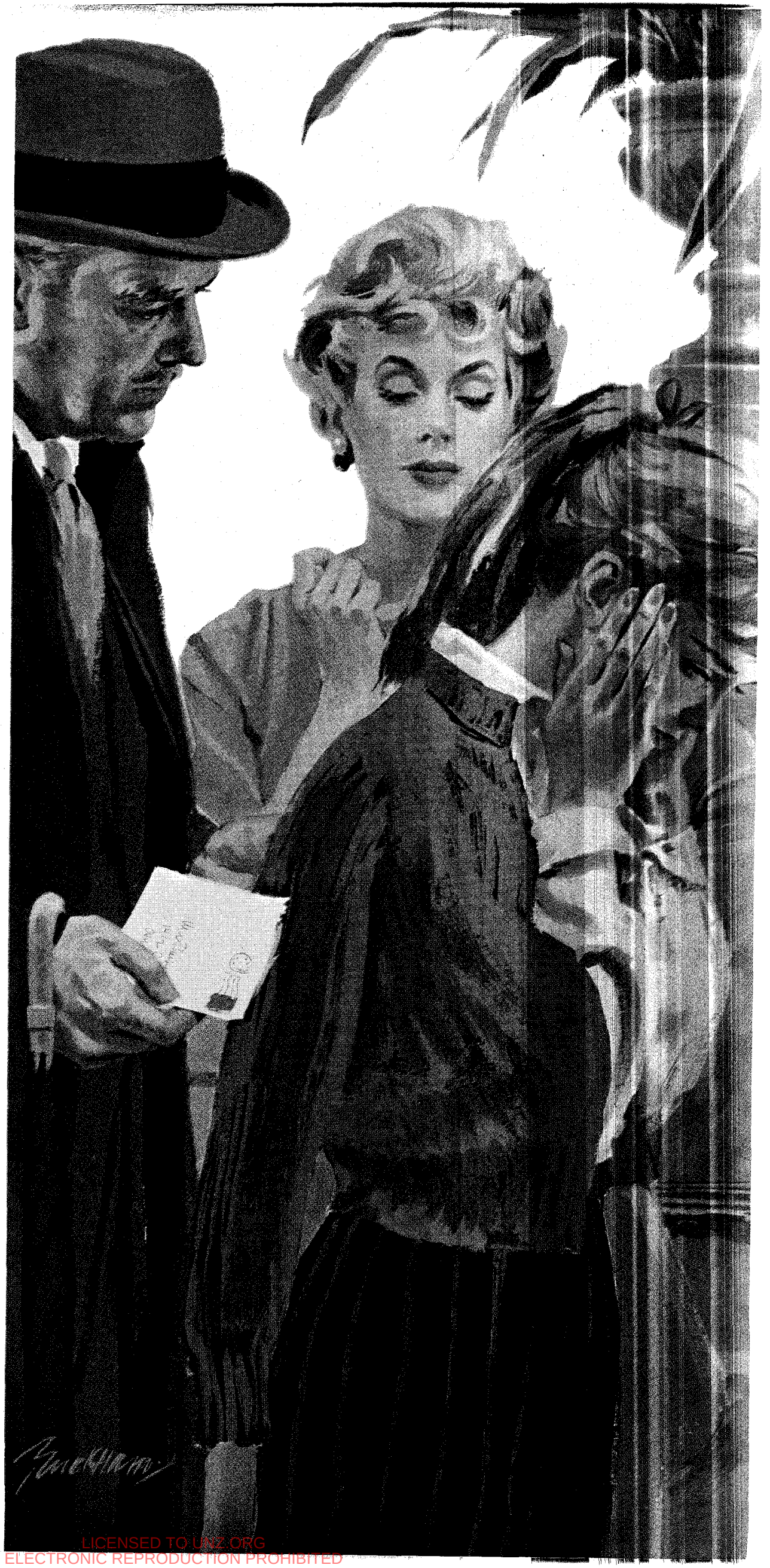
"How did she do?" Miss Eberly asked. "On the stand, I mean."

"As you'd expect. Sophisticated, I suppose you'd call it. Smart, well dressed, ready with all the answers. And then at the end breaking down, crying, as scared and helpless as a two-day kitten." He sat heavily in his leather desk chair and opened his briefcase. "Probably a perfectly nice kid, when you scrape away all that make-up."

Miss Eberly slid a handful of papers across the polished walnut desk. "The Carter will is here," she said. "If you want to read it over, we'll have it signed and witnessed tomorrow morning. And here's that indenture of trust you were talking about. . . . Will she get her annulment, Mr. Bingham?"

"Who? Oh, that child in court today. Yes, she'll get it, all right, but it won't do her any good. Six months, and she'll be married again to someone equally worthless, and in another year she'll be back in the courts."

The telephone rang. "These emotional cases always exhaust me," he said. "Take the message, will you? Say I'm tied up." (Continued on Page 100)



"Your mother found this letter in your bureau drawer," Alan said.

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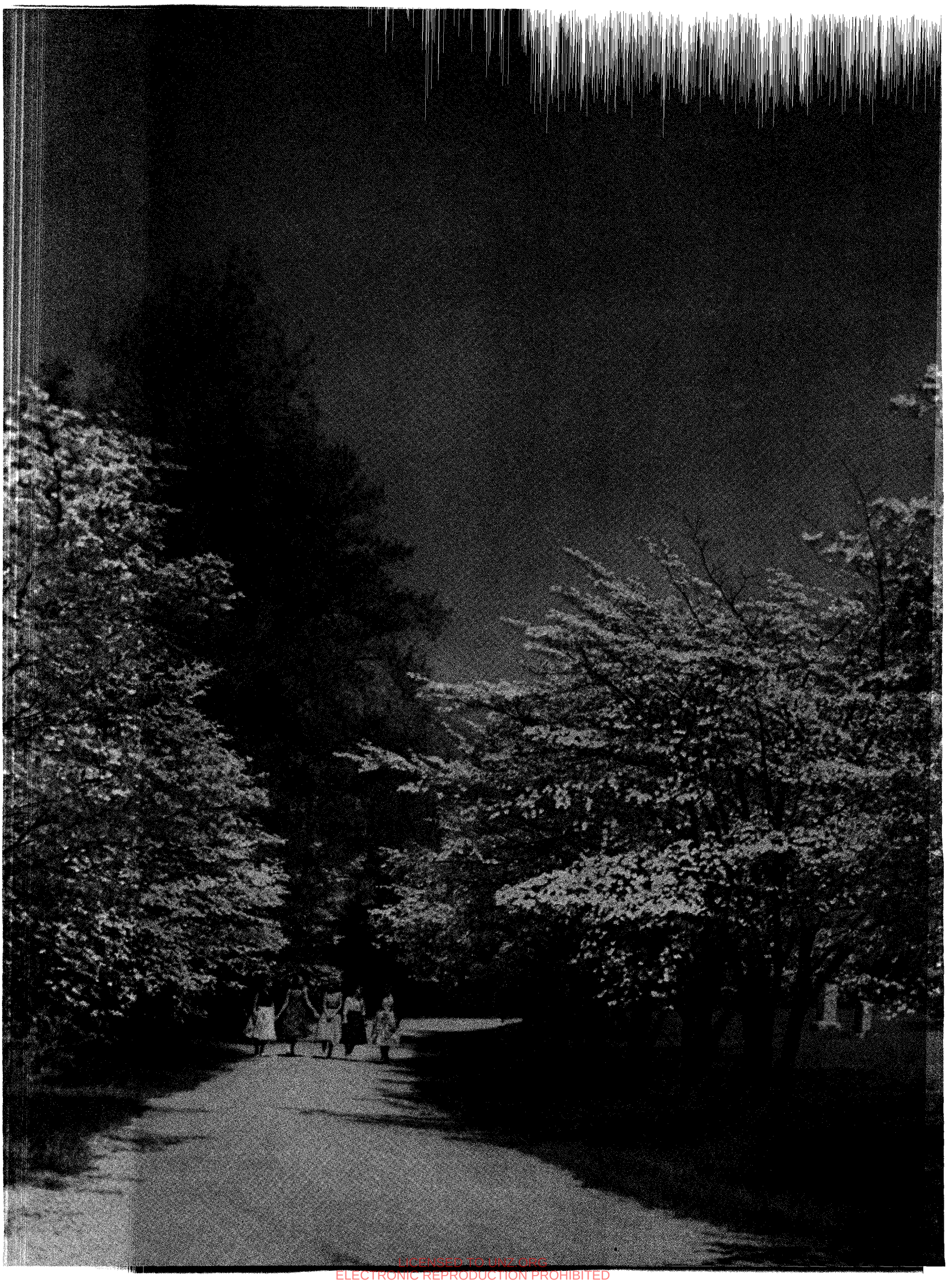

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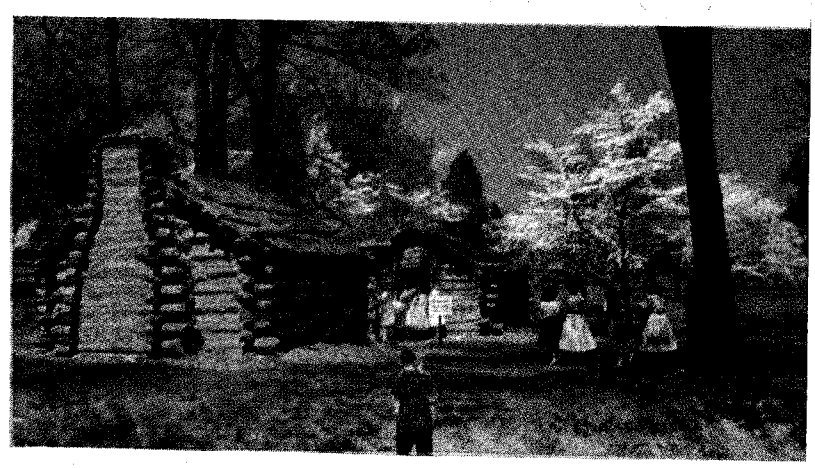
The Face of AMERICA

In Memory of a Winter

If these massed pink and white dogwood blossoms remind the spring tourist of bloodstained snow, he has caught their spiritual significance. For this is Valley Forge, one of the world's most sacred shrines to human freedom. It was here that General Washington and his ragged, shivering Continentals, still bleeding from disastrous defeats at the Brandywine and Germantown, took bitter refuge for the winter of 1777–1778. For them it was a winter of illness, hunger and frostbite. Twenty miles to eastward Philadelphia's Tory families were lavishly entertaining General Howe's British officers at balls and dinners. It was the most brilliant winter season the city had ever seen. Howe's soldiers, well-fed and warmly dressed, roistered in the taverns and bet their shillings at cockfights. Valley Forge is now a 1500-acre state park whose trees include an estimated 55,000 dogwoods. The park also includes reproductions of Revolutionary soldiers' huts, such as the two in the small photograph below which belonged to Brigadier General William Maxwell's New Jersey brigade. ●Photographs by Frank Ross



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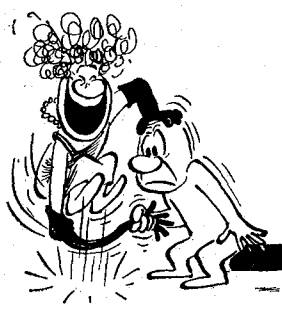


Post Scripts

Letters I Took Rather Lightly

Gentlemen: Through the years Edwards & Company has maintained a reputation of acurate and ——

Dear Alumnus: In an effort to bring about higher scholastic standards and greater academic achievement, State University's athletic department has decided to ——

Dear Customer: Money is important! Sure it is! But what's far more important to us is that warm feeling that comes with the realization that you think highly of us ——

Dear Sir: Would an annual net income of $50,000 interest you to the extent that you'd be willing to spend a quarter to obtain our amazing new booklet entitled ——

Dear Friend: Once in a lifetime a chosen few are given that rare opportunity to ——

Dear Sir: Let me ask you this question: Does $UCCE$$ ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

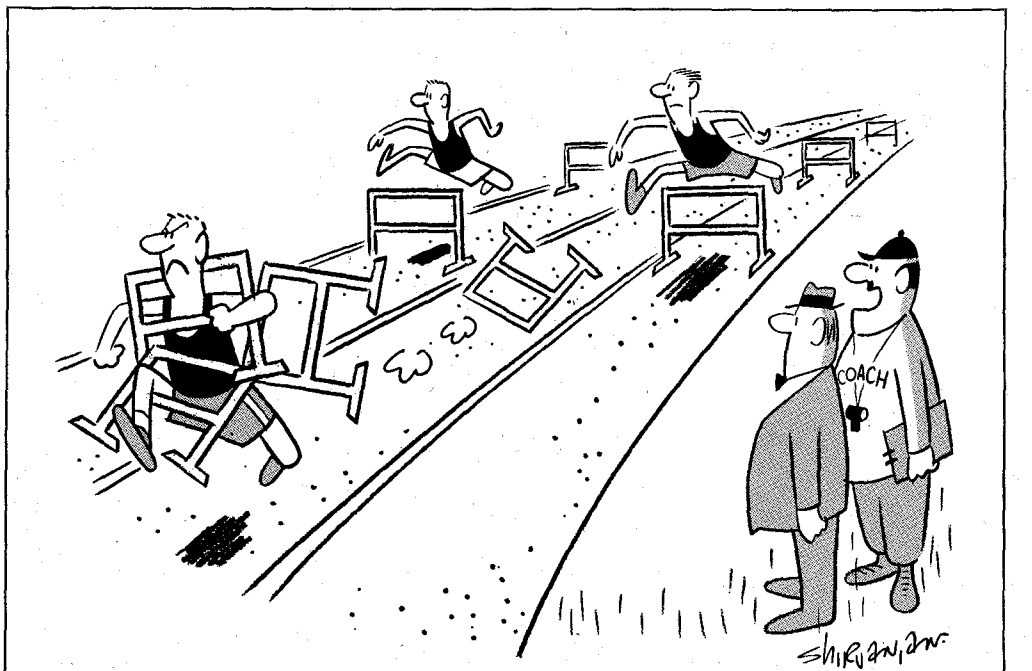
She Never Misses

Pamela Wilson
Grade 4
April 10, 1959
Spelling 100
1. puppies
2. hundred
3. Wednesday
4. birthday
5. sincerely
6. niece
7. exactly
8. bracelet
9. picture
10. beautiful

April 15, 1959
Dear Aunt Helen,
Thanks for the lovely charm bracelett. Its ecpactly what I wanted for my brithday.
Lady had six puppies on Wenesday. they are beatufile. Two boys and four girls. Ill send you a pictuer.
I got a hundred on my spelling paper last week.
Sinserley,
Your neice,
Pamela W.

BY KAY NELSON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Great competitor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lunch Hour

The office girls, the office girls,
Eat in the park and feed the squirls
And talk of clothes, avoirdupois,
And most of all of office bois.

The office boys, the office boys,
Eat with the other male employs;
They talk of cars and games and guns
And girls. But not the office wuns.

PHILENE HAMMER

Racing News on the Local Scene

"Mr. Charles (Bulldog) Windrip?"

"That's me."

"Mr. Windrip, the sporting world was shocked today by news of your defeat as champion of the storied East Middleneck Grand Prix, one of America's great road races. What happened in that grinding eight-mile run from the suburbs into the city?"

"Well, we just come around Dead Man's Corner—that left turn off Fengel Street onto Peachstone Boulevard."

"Everyone knows your record on that tough three-way signal."

"It's easy. You bluff a lane at a time, listen for brake squeals and go. Well, 'Tail-hanger' Murphy was on my back in his Dry Cleaner Special, and in the stretch he honks to pass."

"You followed the traditions of racing?"

"Sure. I honk back and slow down even with the sedan on my right. That blocks Murphy's panel truck completely."

"A classic maneuver."

"Just then we hit the Maple Street stop. I coast through, with Murphy behind, but the sedan driver loses his head."

"What does he do?"

"He stops. Leaves a hole on my right you could drive a truck through."

"And Murphy, great competitor that he is ——"

"Drives a truck through it. Naturally, I pull right to cut him off. That's when he passes me on the left."

"On the left? Really, isn't that ——?"

"There's no rule against it—just tradition. Anyway, there's not much I can do. In a night race, I'd turn my brights up. As it is, I just yell at him and blow my horn."

"A champion even in defeat."

"Oh, I'll get the title back in tomorrow's race."

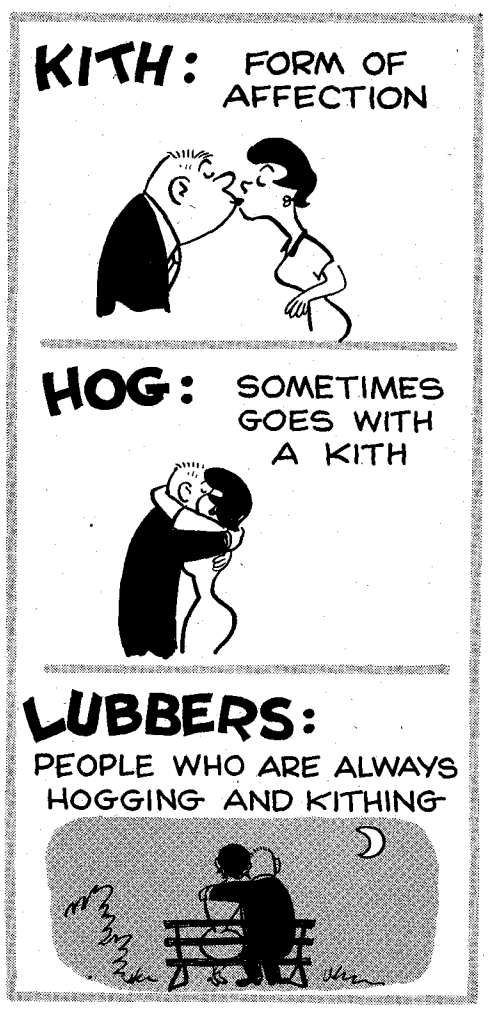
"You seem very certain."

"No question. Tomorrow's Tuesday. Tuesdays Murphy's wife rides into town with him. The kid doesn't have a chance."

"A terrible handicap. I feel I can say—thanks, champ."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BY BIL KEANE

Seeing the Bright Side

Though clobbered by trouble, grief and woe,
I cling to the philosophical theme:
Someday I'll look back on this, I know,
And laugh till my strait jacket splits a seam!

PENNY PENNINGTON

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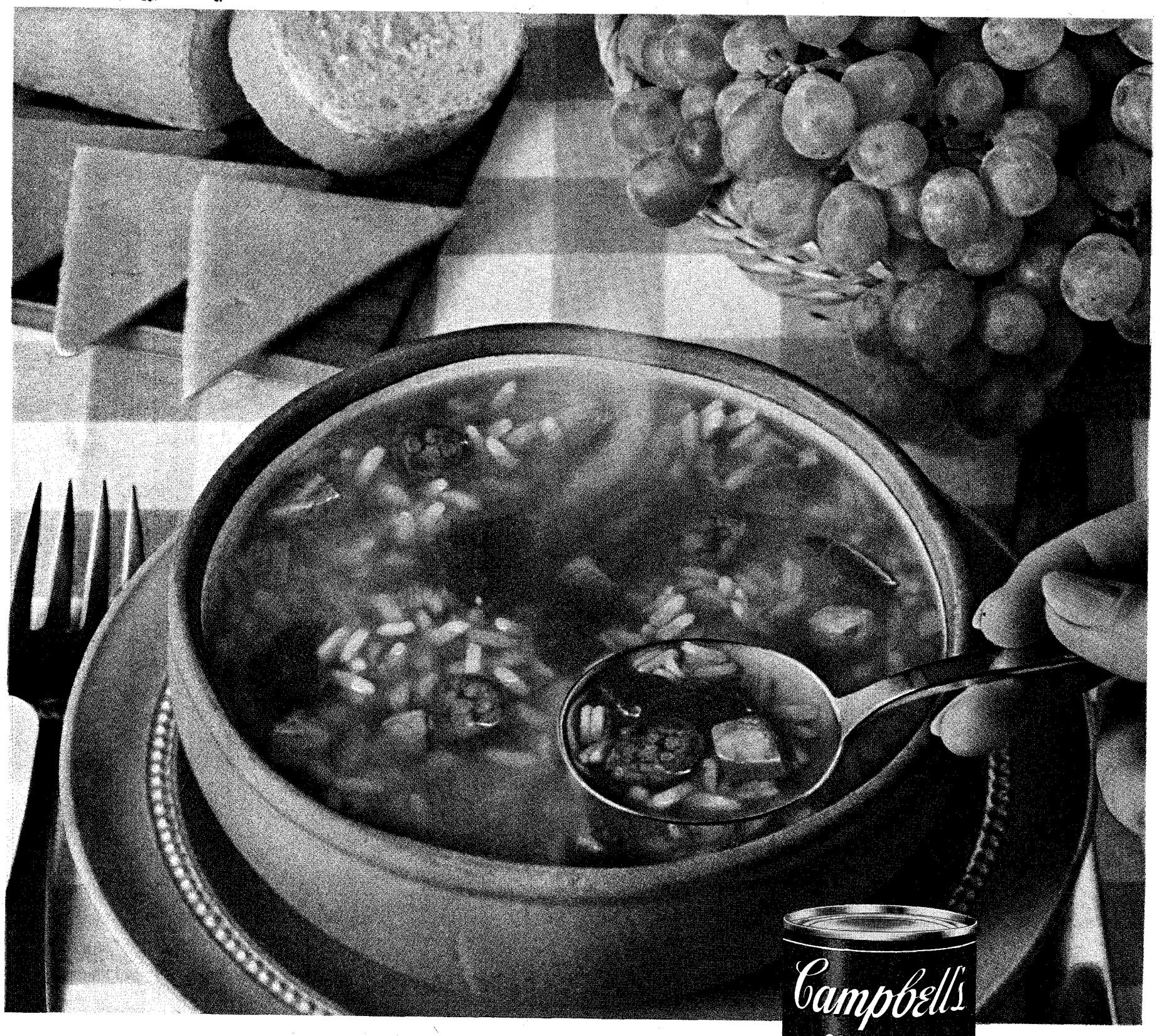
Tomatoes, chicken, okra, rice
Make this soup taste very nice!

Try *Campbell's* CHICKEN GUMBO today



HAVE A BIG STEAMING BOWLFUL OF THIS CREOLE FAVORITE... IT'S DELICIOUS! Taste that happy blend of sun-ripened Campbell tomatoes, succulent chicken, tender okra and fluffy long-grain rice! M'm! Good! Real, Deep-South Chicken Gumbo — delectable to the last spoonful! Enjoy a bowlful of Campbell's Chicken Gumbo soon. It's ready in 4 minutes, costs less than 7¢ a serving. And it makes a pleasure of the healthy habit...

ONCE A DAY...EVERY DAY—SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

Campbell's Chicken Gumbo gives you Vitamins, Proteins... Minerals, too!

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Why women love these he-man cars: Their extra "muscle" makes driving so much easier. They drive by pushbuttons. Their power steering takes only 1/5 the effort of others. The brakes have extra stopping muscle. *You get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!*

A DRIVE will bring out the difference great engineering makes

Drive one of the *Can Do* Cars of The *Forward* Look.

The quality cars from Chrysler Corporation.

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

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THE DARK ROAD

Between them and safety lay electrified barbed wire, a river and the border patrols.

By JAMES CROSS

"I have saved you twice," Herr Stumpf, the local Communist leader, told Harry Benton. "Now I am going to help you get back to where you came from. And when we arrive, you will tell the Americans how nice I have been."

Benton had no choice but to accept Stumpf's dubious offer to guide him across the heavily guarded East German border, for the Communist police were closing in. Benton's prearranged escape plans had fallen through when Pastor Daubigny had refused to give him a secret Russian notebook on germ warfare.

Unless he could deliver the notebook into the hands of Army undercover officer Lou Feldman, Benton knew that he would have little chance of clearing himself of a murder charge. So he forced Stumpf also to agree to take Daubigny and his niece, Magda, across the border.

IV

It was about time, Harry Benton thought. He did not know how close to the border they were because the roads had been rough and tortuous since they had left the *Autobahn*, and the former precise road markers, one to a kilometer, had largely disappeared. But they must be getting pretty close; it must be about time to abandon the car. And the car itself, as if aware of its approaching abandonment, was coughing and missing badly.

They had driven westward about two hours on the *Autobahn*, meeting only with the lights of a few trucks. They had taken an exit, unmarked, but apparently known to Stumpf, and had switched from one country road to another, zigzagging wildly off direct course, but always in the end gaining a few miles to the southwest, creeping closer and closer to the guarded border crossings.

In the back seat, Pastor Daubigny and the girl Magda were huddled in sleep. Harry Benton felt his own fatigue creeping over him, crawling up his body from his feet to his eyes, pulling down his eyelids momentarily as he dozed for a second or two and then woke with a start. *Cross the border*, he thought, *I couldn't walk across the street.*

The road was very bumpy now and narrow, with high thick hedges on either side. They were crawling at ten miles an hour. Then they were not moving at all. The dimmed headlights were turned off now, but in the sick light of the false dawn, Harry Benton could see a barred gate, and beyond it the dark formless shapes that might be house and farm buildings.

Stumpf was out of the car now. Harry Benton got ready to move fast, but the man was not running off.

"Where are we?" Benton asked.

"At a farm. Very near the border. It is the farm of an old friend of mine. From here we must go on foot."

"What about the car?"

"My friend will dispose of it. Or if it is safe to do so, he will keep it or sell it. It will be his commission."

"How close are we to the border?"

"A few kilometers," Stumpf said. "I do not really know. It depends how deep the protective zone is. The border itself is not so far. There is a village west of where we are and this is the last village but one. We can talk with my friend and find out." (Continued on Page 51)

Before the Vopo could shoot, Benton caught his gun wrist.

© 1959 by James Cross

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Hand-Me-Down Girl (Continued from Page 33)

it does pull a person together," she admitted. "I can't honestly say that I like it, though."

"The whisky, or being pulled together?" he asked.

She laughed, and then became serious again.

"There's no real reason to tell him you saw me at all," she added. "He—wouldn't be interested."

"O.K.," said Tommy.

She put down the half-full glass. "Thank you," she said politely. She picked up the suitcase. "Good-by."

"Can't I get you a taxi?"

She shook her head. "I haven't far to go."

She went out, closing the door quietly, her feet light on the stair treads, and Tommy got up and looked out the window and watched her small figure disappear down the sidewalk.

He wished that he hadn't seen her, wished that she had packed her things and departed before he arrived. Jake couldn't help being so attractive to women. Young and old, they threw themselves at him. Jake couldn't help hurting one of them now and then. He never intended to, never wanted to. Tommy made himself another highball. This girl was not Jake's type, he thought again, angrily. Jake liked his women to be sophisticated and chic. There had never been any rivalry between him and Jake; they had never once gone overboard for the same girl.

The door opened and Jake Sefton came in. Because, in their boyhood, he had been taller and broader than Tommy, Tommy still thought of him as physically superior. He was undeniably handsomer, his eyes sapphire-blue behind their thick lashes, his nose and chin classical, his mouth mobile. Tommy looked like his Maine forebears, hair a darker brown than Jake's, eyes the paler blue of seafaring men, mouth less expressive and flexible.

Jake hugged him. Jake could do many things without self-consciousness or constraint. He said, "You look great, Tommy! Lord, it's good to see you! I've missed you."

Tommy had missed Jake, but he couldn't tell him so. He whacked him happily on the shoulders and grinned.

"I broke a dinner engagement with a ravishing blonde," Jake said. "I want to hear all about Bolivia, and the little Bolivars."

Jake had always been able to make Tommy talk, to draw him out, and Tommy talked now, talked well of the engineering job he had completed successfully, of the high, thin-aired village where he had lived, of people and places.

"And me, slaving over a hot stove in Wall Street!" said Jake. "Why didn't I learn to do something exciting?"

Jake's family were New Yorkers; it had been inevitable from prep-school days that he would go into his father's brokerage office. It might have been inevitable for Tommy Bartlett to go into lobstering, except for the friendship of the Sefton family. Tommy's mother had been a schoolteacher; she listened attentively to Mr. Sefton's offer of help with her son's education and accepted a portion of it. Tommy, she said, could earn money; he could study hard enough to get a scholarship. What money Jake's father advanced had long since been repaid.

"What about you?" Tommy asked. "Still free and foot-loose?"

"Foot-loose and free," said Jake. "I had a narrow squeak last month. One way or another, it happened that a charming young female accepted an invitation from me to spend a week in Havana, and darned if she didn't end up interpreting the interlude as a proposal of marriage."

Tommy said nothing, but his expression was suddenly very like the daguerreotype of his grandfather who had been a deacon. He had forgotten the small weeping girl until this instant, the girl who so obviously was not Jake's type, not the kind of girl who spends a week in Havana with a man.

Jake was grinning at him. Tommy's occasional disapproval was always unspoken, as well as unheeded.

"How's Dolly?" Tommy asked.

"As much of a screwball as ever," Dolly's brother answered. "She came to New York for a weekend a while ago, and I've been mailing her forgotten articles ever since. Textbooks, compromising letters—she got a chance to ride back to Bennington with a Dartmouth lad and took off from a night club in full evening dress."

Tommy smiled, remembering the Maine summer when he was twenty-one and Dolly sixteen, and she had decided that he was the love of her life. He had finally persuaded her that she was mistaken, but he had slept badly for some weeks. Dolly was pretty self-confident too.

"Let's go eat," said Jake.

"Fine idea," said Tommy.

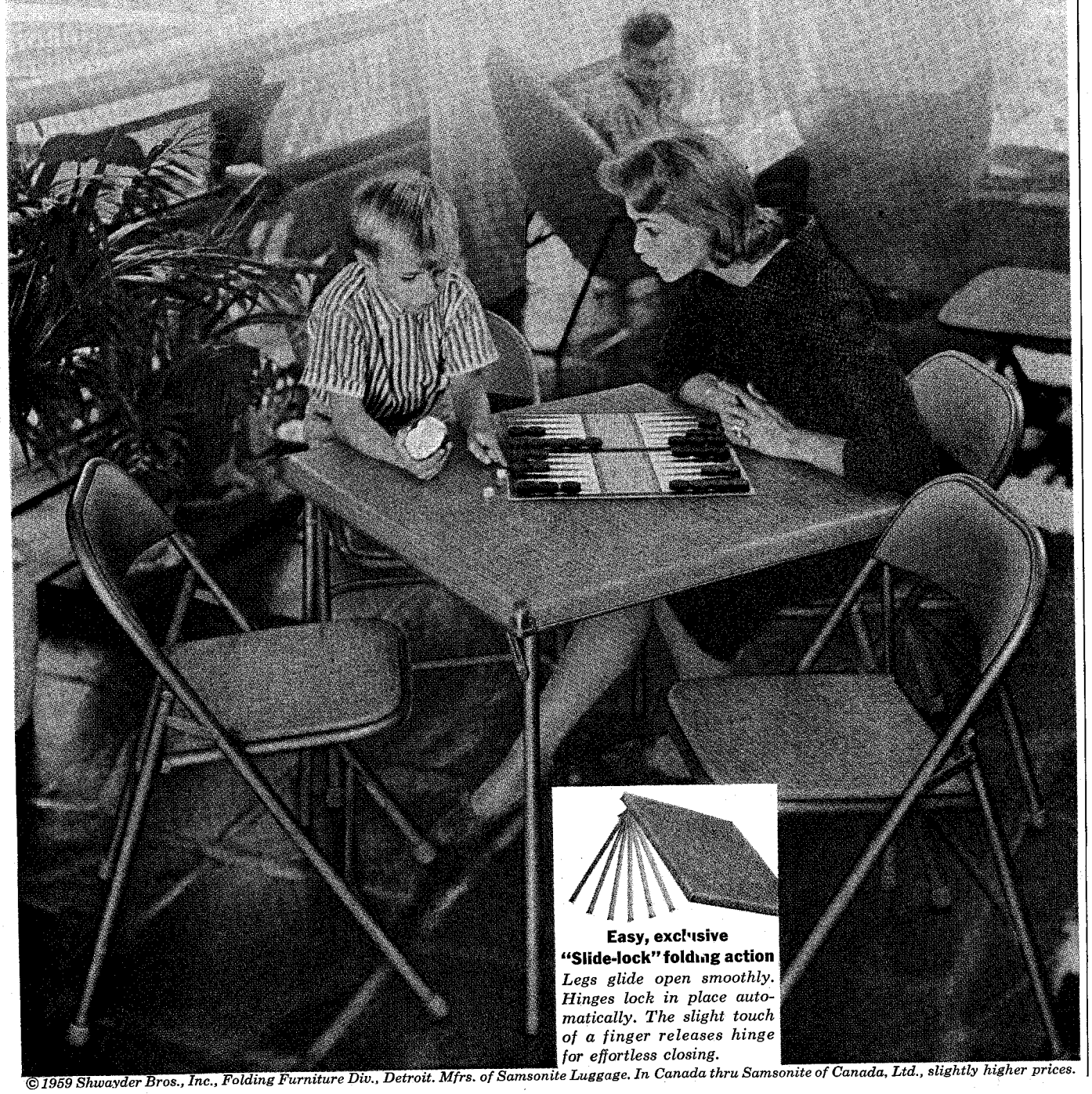
He checked in at the office of the mining-engineering firm for whom he worked the next day and received more praise for the Bolivian job than a Maine man can take without discomfort. He could write

Such a smart Mother's Day gift... lucky Mom! She received Samsonite portable furniture. She'll use it on the porch, in the den, in the living room. Versatile? Very! Exclusive "Slide-locks" let you fold and unfold legs without fumbling. Smart vinyl covering sheds stains...stays bright. So don't give Mom "just a present," give her the gift that goes over big..... **Samsonite** *portable furniture*

TABLE: *vinyl-covered steel tops, protective edge-binding, tubular steel legs, chip-resistant, snag-free finish. Shown in Metallic Tan.* **$8.95**

MATCHING CHAIRS: *padded seat, curved backrest. Wipe-clean vinyl seat upholstery. Tubular steel frame, plastic feet won't slip or skid.* **$7.95**

Tables also in 4 other colors. Chairs in 5 additional colors.



Easy, exclusive "Slide-lock" folding action

Legs glide open smoothly. Hinges lock in place automatically. The slight touch of a finger releases hinge for effortless closing.

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his own ticket, he was told, but they could use him in the New York office for as long a time as his feet did not itch.

"I can use a little of New York," he replied. The May air was exhilarating; all the things that he had missed were spread out invitingly, including pretty American girls, trim and slim and quick-moving. Several of the men who had followed his orders in Bolivia had had their wives with them, and Tommy's thoughts had turned more than once to the state of matrimony. If he could find a girl who'd like to go places with him, be places with him. . . .

He ran smack into the girl with the cinnamon hair on Twentieth Street, that afternoon. She was still wearing the navy-blue linen suit, and she was not crying, though her face clouded as she recognized him. Tommy said, "Hello," and she said, "Hello," and they stood uncertainly, not knowing what to do about it. Her tears of the day before had somehow made them more than casual acquaintances.

"What a lovely day!" she said, and suddenly Tommy either knew what to do or did it without knowing.

"Why don't we sit in the park?" he suggested.

She laughed. "Are you one of the elite who has a key? I live two blocks east, and I'm one of the underprivileged."

Tommy Bartlett not only had the key which residents of Gramercy Park are given but he also had it on his key ring. He had had it on his key ring in Bolivia.

"I've never been in England," said the girl, "but this park always reminds me of Peter Pan." She added, "And it's a little like a park I know in Maine."

"What part of Maine?" asked Tommy. Her gray-blue eyes darted to his face, bright with amusement.

"What part do you come from?" she retorted.

They exchanged backgrounds. "I don't know your name," he said. It was Susan Peirce.

"You know," she said, "you're rather like Jake. Or maybe he's like you."

Tommy did not want to talk about Jake with Susan Peirce. He did not want to think about Jake in connection with Susan. His mouth became a straight line, but she did not notice because she was staring at one of the flower beds.

"You've known him a long time, haven't you?" she asked.

He said, "Yes."

"I met him this winter," she said. "I suppose I fell in love with him the minute I saw him. He was so—so nice to me. It wasn't his fault that I thought ——"

"It's never Jake's fault," Tommy interrupted her flatly, and her eyes looked at him reproachfully.

"You're his friend," she said. "You shouldn't mind my wanting to talk about him. I suppose I'll get over thinking about him, someday." Her mouth stirred, in a half-smile. "Pull myself together, as you suggested yesterday."

He threw his cigarette on the path before the bench, ground it with his heel.

"What was he like when he was a little boy?" she asked.

Tommy scowled. Jake had been handsome even when he had two front teeth out. He had been confident, assured, outgoing. Tommy had missed him every winter, watched eagerly for the first signs of summer occupancy in the big white house on the point. "My best friend, Jake Sefton," he used to say. He ought to know how this girl felt about Jake.

"He was a good kid," he told her. "He did everything a little bit better than anyone else—swimming, sailing, baseball, tennis—but he never made you feel it. He was richer than anyone else, but you never thought about that either. He was bigger than I was, and he grew faster, so I inherited all his outgrown clothes, and I never minded it. I liked wearing Jake's clothes."

Susan Peirce smiled at him. "You went to college together, too, didn't you?"

They had roomed together for the four years, shared the same apartment in New York, amicably and companionably, for three. Susan was watching him, waiting for him to go on, her lips slightly parted. *Damn Jake Sefton,* thought Tommy, in sudden fury.

He walked the two blocks east with her to the rather shabby house where she lived. Her handclasp was firm, her eyes direct and friendly. She did not look more than nineteen, he thought. Too young to fall in love with Jake. . . .

Jake had a dinner engagement. Tommy heated a can of chili. He did not feel like going out; he had lost contact with people during the five months away. One girl whom he had rather liked had moved; another had married. He had never had a serious girl, never been really in love. He tried to read, but his thoughts kept straying.

He began a letter to his mother, but words would not come. He tore it up, walked out and went to a movie. Jake had not returned when he went to bed.

At breakfast, Jake tossed a pair of theater tickets to him. "Can you use these? I've gotten my social life double-exposed. The parents expect me for dinner—command performance." He laughed. "I suspect they have a nice young thing they want me to meet. I wish you'd tell mother, when you see her, that I'm too young for marriage. She always believes you."

"Thanks," said Tommy.

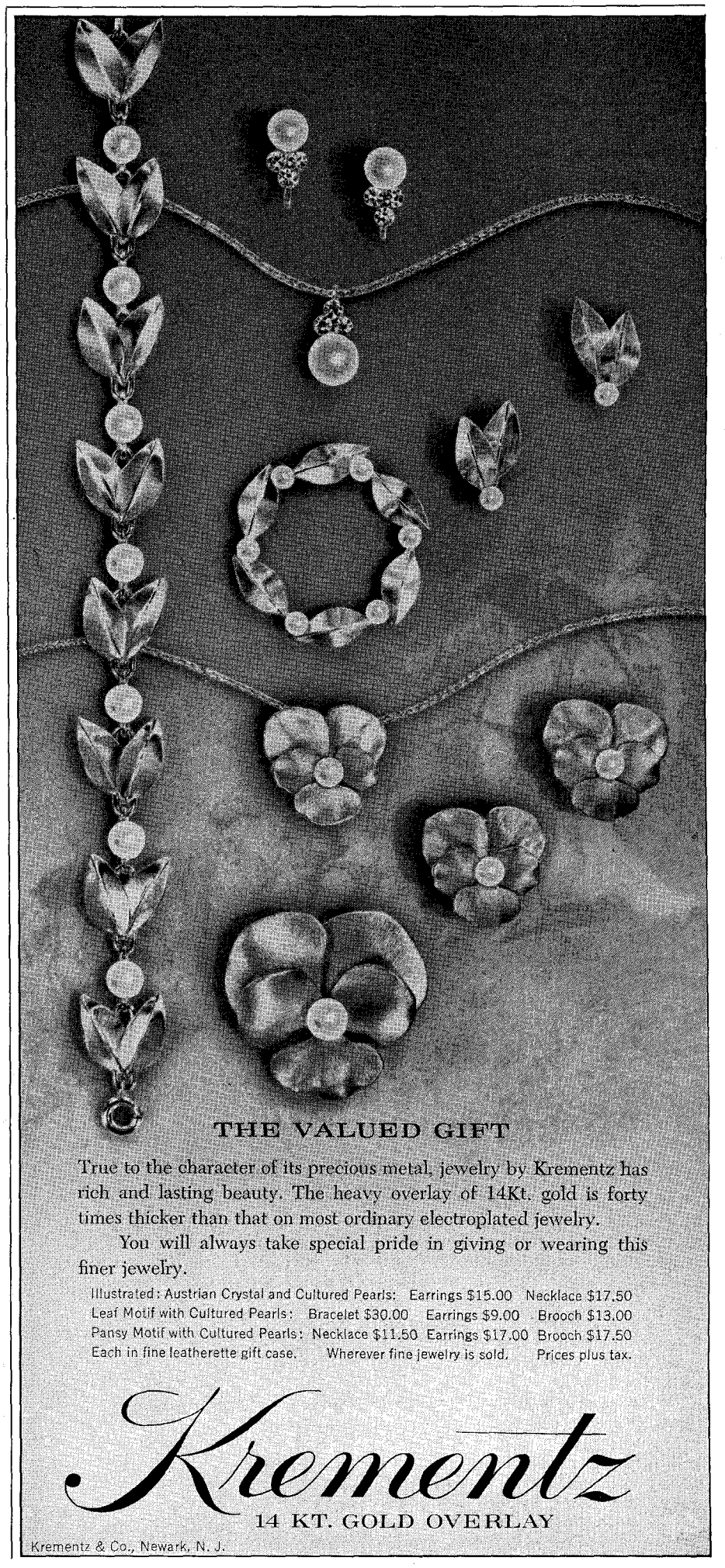
There was a pretty new secretary at his office, and Tommy considered asking her to the theater. He could probably find Clara Hoyt's new address by calling mutual friends. At six o'clock, he rang a doorbell with SUSAN PEIRCE neatly lettered below it. The latch clicked, and her voice called, "Hello?"

"It's Tommy Bartlett," he called back. "May I come up?"

"Of course," she said.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All fathers look alike the first few days."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The exterior of the building was shabby, but Susan's apartment was as neat as his mother's house. It gave him a pang of homesickness—the braided rugs, a pair of pewter candlesticks on the mantel over the fireplace, a water color of the Camden Hills. "Could you have dinner with me and go to the theater?" he asked.

"I'd love to," she answered. "Is there time for me to change my dress?" She frowned. "I can't give you a cocktail, but I have some cooking sherry, if you'd like it."

She was wearing the same blue suit. She disappeared into her bedroom, and when she returned, she stood shyly on the threshold like a little girl dressed for a party and waiting to be admired. Tommy's eyes admired her. The dress she had put on was honey-colored, and she had a necklace of amber beads around her throat. She had changed the way she arranged her hair, brushed it smoothly behind her small ears, and on her head she wore something that was a cross between a hat and a cluster of flowers. She held a pair of white gloves and a small white evening bag.

He had not given much thought to where they would dine, but she looked so pretty that he wanted to show her off and selected a rather expensive French restaurant—Jake's kind of restaurant. Her eyes were bright with pleasure when they sat down on the red banquette and their waiter brought the large menus.

"Will you have a cocktail, Susan?" asked Tommy.

"Would it be wrong if I had a crème de menthe frappé?" she asked, uncertainly.

The waiter repeated her order with a look of fatherly indulgence in his eyes. "The breast of guinea hen is very good this evening, mademoiselle," he told her.

Tommy felt happy. Most New York girls were either bored or pretended to be bored, and Susan's unconcealed excitement was gratifying. It was like taking a child to the circus. When the waiter set her dessert before her, a baked Alaska, he looked as pleased as she did.

The play was a comedy, and they both enjoyed it. After the final curtain, when they came out to the sidewalk and the warm night, he said, "Let's go somewhere and dance."

They danced and they talked. She had a job in a bookstore, and it was interesting and exciting. She had gone to college for one year—that was how she had met Jake, through Dolly, who had been in her class.

"Oh," said Tommy. Neither of them had mentioned Jake until this instant. The information that Susan was Dolly's friend made him angry with Jake all over again.

She was looking at him inquiringly, because his mouth had become grim, the laughter gone from his eyes. "Tell me about your work," she said. "You've just been in South America, haven't you?"

He nodded.

"I'd love to go there," she said. "I've never been to any foreign country. Just Cuba." Her eyes were bright. "That was wonderful!" she added. "Music and color and soft, velvet-black nights——"

Tommy looked past her at the blur of people seated at tables, people dancing. He tried to stop his imagination by holding his breath, as though he had hiccups, but it didn't work. Soft, velvet-black nights, and the irresistible Jake Sefton, with his damned fatal charm.

Susan said, "You look tired. I think we'd better go."

He was glad that Jake was in bed and asleep when he got home. He didn't want to talk with Jake tonight.

He awakened at seven-thirty, with the window curtains blowing in a soft south wind, and he didn't want to talk with Jake at breakfast. At eight, Jake opened his door. He had a napkin folded over one arm, a glass of orange juice in his hand.

"Shall I draw your bath, sir?" he inquired. "Shall you be wearing the gray suit or the puce?"

Tommy grinned, in spite of himself, and got up. When he came into the living room, dressed and shaved, Jake was drinking coffee.

"What is it about mothers that blinds them to the finer things of life?" he demanded rhetorically. "The *pièce de résistance* she provided last night still had braces on her teeth!" He laughed. "Very junior-league. But I maintained my attitude. I am too young for matrimony."

He could disapprove of Jake, thought Tommy; he could be angry with him, but not when they were together. Twenty years of friendship build a strong bond. After all, he reflected, Jake never forced his attentions on any girl. Susan Peirce had said, "I suppose I fell in love with him the minute I saw him." That was her lookout, her responsibility.

They walked up the street together, Jake to a downtown subway, Tommy to an uptown bus. He would, decided Tommy, stop thinking about Susan Peirce. He had seen her exactly three times, and it was not enough to imperil his friendship with Jake. He would not see her again.

Two days later, he found a note from her in the mailbox. She had had such a nice time the other night. She was having a few friends for a buffet supper on Thursday and would be very pleased if he would join them. He wrote and tore up two letters of refusal, wrote a third in acceptance.

There were four people in her small living room, (*Continued on Page 48*)

How Slow Spring Is!

By Anne Blackwell Payne

No sudden magic, no swift
sleight of hand,
Evokes the spring in the
twinkling of the eye;
Not between dusk and dawn
is the promised land
Outspread, uplifted, under
a cobalt sky.
How far it is—how long
from rags to riches!
What steep and arduous
climbing in the dark;
Thrusting and stretching,
taking a million stitches;
What warm, prodigious
blowing on a spark!
But when at length, with
maples past their burning,
The willow trees let down
their pale green hair,
And there's the stir of
prodigal wings returning,
And small sonatas tremble
on the air—
Then spring is yours to
spend before it goes,
Engulfed in summer,
strangled by a rose.

Products and Ideas that can pay off for you

KOPPERS

Here are some reports about Koppers products that should interest you; and some ideas, too—other people's ideas as well as ours—which have put Koppers products to good use. Maybe *you* can use some of these products and ideas to save money, improve a process, make a better package, increase sales or solve another industrial problem.

Dry ice lasts 3 days in Dylite Insulated Frozen Food Boxes

You're in a supermarket or dairy store, and there, right in the middle of the aisle, is a frozen food display box. It's in your way so you have to walk around it. You can't help seeing "Special—Pistachio Ice Cream" and you're trapped. You buy ice cream. Then you see that this freezer is unique. It can stand in the middle of the floor, forcing you to notice it because it needs no electrical wires. It works on plain dry ice. But dry ice evaporates. Must they fill it every day? No. The box is insulated with DYLITE®, an amazing foamed plastic developed by Koppers Plastics Division.

It's so amazing, in fact, that the dry ice lasts *three days* before it loses its freezing power. You learn, too, that DYLITE containers used for shipping frozen foods need only 40% as much dry ice as do conventional containers.

DYLITE is strong, too. Completely waterproof and lighter than cork. And it's low cost. It can be molded to any shape or size . . . the perfect insulation for everything from ice buckets to refrigerator and freezer cabinets. Could be DYLITE is what you've been looking for. Check the coupon for the full story.

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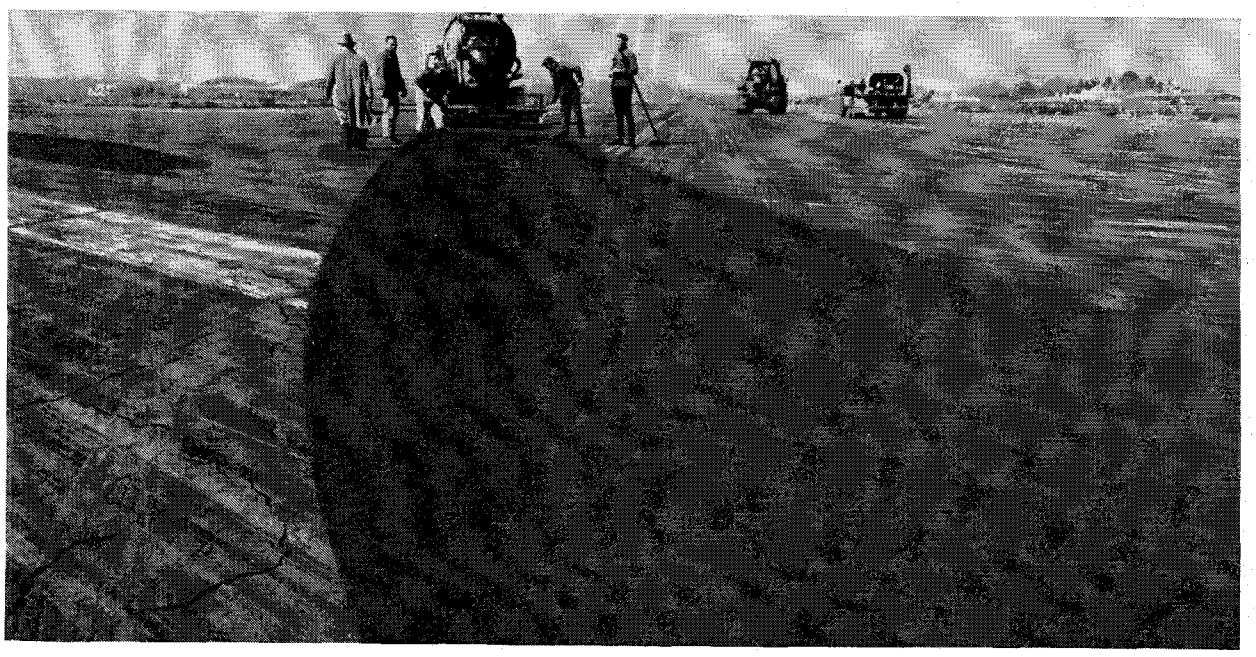
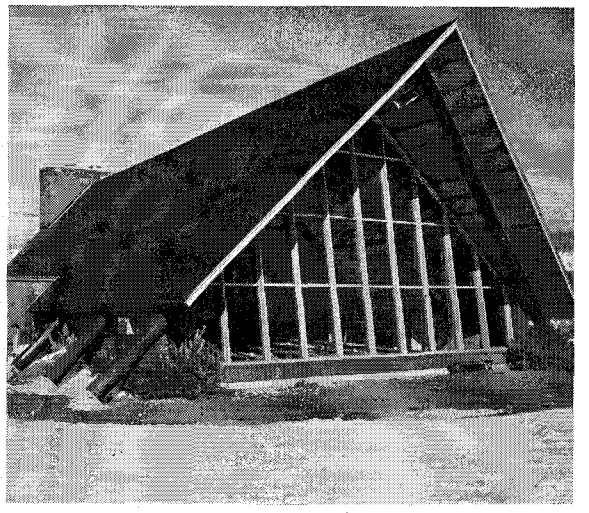


New "Fuelproof Sealer" makes old paving young again

The runway is weathered and worn from thousands of takeoffs and landings. "Sunlight, rain, snow and frost. That's what really does it," says the airport engineer. "Plus fuel spillage, which literally dissolves the bituminous paving." You step back as the applicator truck makes a pass, leaving behind it a velvety black 10-foot-wide strip of brand new runway surface. "But this is the answer," he gestures. "Koppers Pavement Sealer. We're sealing these runways at the rate of seven miles an hour. And in good weather the Sealer dries inside of two hours."

Koppers Pavement Sealer adds years of life to asphalt paving—preserves, protects and beautifies it. And because of its unique resistance to weather and petroleum products, it is ideal for airfield runways and aprons, parking lots, service stations, driveways, sidewalks, playgrounds and tennis courts. The Sealer can be applied with mechanical spraying equipment as it was in this case, or for smaller areas with a simple nylon-bristled push broom. And you don't have to heat it. Is pavement deterioration your problem? Then check the coupon below.

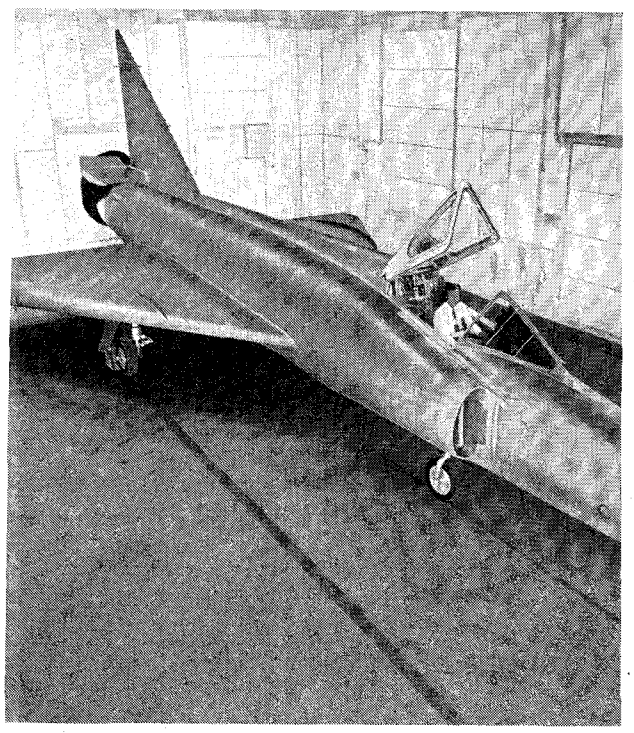


A modern Swiss Chalet from 12 Creosoted Poles

You sit inside this striking ski shelter at Greek Peak, N. Y., and you can watch the entire ski area through the wall of glass. Slanting up to the roof apex, serving as beams, are 12 massive creosoted poles. Black and handsome against the light brown of the ceiling boards, the creosoted poles are easily strong enough to support the large roof area, often heavy with snow. And because they are pressure-creosoted they'll last into the next century—with no maintenance.

Pole-type construction is one of the most inexpensive ways to build, costing up to half as much as conventional construction. It's excellent for warehouses, shelters, farm buildings, etc. These particular poles are yellow pine, pressure-treated at the Koppers Wood Preserving Division plant at Horseheads, N.Y. Had you considered pole-type construction? Return the coupon and find out more about it.

"Hush House" cuts jet roar to a whisper



A major problem of the jet age is noise—the tremendous, shattering roar of the jet engine. To better understand this problem, you visit the jet engine testing facilities of a large West Coast aircraft manufacturer. There, engineers and experts in the field of acoustics tell you that unmuffled jet noise can ruin communications, frazzle nerves, tear concentration to shreds, even undermine health or cause deafness.

Then how are these engines worked on? How are they tested (sometimes for hours on end) at a heavily populated installation like this?

The answer is a "hush house"—a precision-engineered acoustical test chamber which diverts and dissipates engine noise through a series of wave-shaped baffles in its air intake and exhaust stacks—and which stops noise from going through its walls and ceiling with thick acoustical panels. Even the thundering boom of an enclosed F-102A is reduced to a soft hum outside the cell.

The Sound Control Department of Koppers Metal Products Division designs and manufactures "hush houses" and a complete line of silencers and acoustical systems for all industry, including silencers for gas turbines and snort valves, machinery enclosures, silencers for air conditioning systems, and audiometric rooms for hospital and clinical tests. Is noise your problem? Why not check the coupon?

Vat-dye kit gives bright new life to faded fabrics

This is the "Sani-Vat" Dye Kit—a do-it-yourself process for hospitals, hotels and other institutions that want to give faded linens, uniforms, drapes and napery a colorful, new lease on life. With it you can vat-dye fabrics with *permanent* colors, using normal institutional laundry equipment. Far superior to any other type of fabric dye, vat dyes remain color-fast in spite of frequent washing, sunlight, bleaching, dry cleaning and hot pressing. The "Sani-Vat" Dye Kit was developed by Koppers Chemicals and Dyestuffs Division. Perhaps it can save you money. Check the coupon.

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WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
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WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

(*Continued from Page 46*) and delicious odors of cooking came from the kitchenette. It was a warm night, and Susan, opening the door with a wooden spoon in one hand, was flushed. She had a blue-and-white-checked apron over her dress and her hair tied with a blue ribbon, which made her look like a little girl. She introduced him to her friends and went back to the kitchen.

"Have you tasted Susan's blueberry gingerbread?" a young man named Nat Tyler inquired.

He had tasted his mother's often enough, and Tommy's mouth watered.

"It's her birthday," a dark-eyed girl whispered. "She doesn't know we know it, but we have a surprise for her."

"She's aging fast," Nat Tyler said. "Twenty years old today."

"I wish I'd known," said Tommy. "Do you suppose I have time to dash out and get her some flowers? There's a shop ——" He stopped, because Susan had returned to the room.

"Nat, the silly grocer forgot the butter. Would you be an angel ——"

Tommy went with him to the street.

"Have you known Susan long?" Nat asked, looking at him intently through his horn-rimmed glasses. Tommy said no. "She is, to coin a phrase, the salt of the earth," he stated, and took another speculative look at Tommy. "You'll undoubtedly observe before the evening is over that I am in love with her," he added. "Just like to make my position clear."

"I see," said Tommy. He wanted to smile, but didn't.

"Logic—" said Nat, and added, parenthetically, "I am an instructor in philosophy—compels me to admit that my position and Susan's are not necessarily identical. She formed an unfortunate attachment this winter for a man most simply and eloquently described as a heel, but in the past week she has seemed happier and more like herself."

Tommy smiled now, because he found that he liked Nat Tyler. He was glad, too, that Susan was happier and more like herself.

They returned to the party with the butter, which Nat took to the kitchen, and a long box of spring flowers, which Tommy concealed under the couch until the "Happy Birthday to Susan" should be sung. Susan's eyes sparkled when they sang it, and she exclaimed over her presents and buried her face in the flowers. By midnight the guests had gone, with the exception of Nat and himself. They conversed pleasantly and politely until Susan shattered their conversation by laughing, as a glass can be shattered by a musical note.

"Are you two trying to outstay each other?" she demanded.

Tommy rose. He was no professed suitor for Susan's hand.

"You go, too, Nat," she ordered. "It's late and I'm tired."

Outside in the warm night, Nat said, "Would you care for a glass of beer? There's a little German place ——"

They moved on to the little German place, where Nat Tyler continued to make his position clear. "I should like," he said, "to marry Susan. Presumptuous of me, perhaps, but I shall continue to try to persuade her."

Tommy was silent. His own position became less clear each time he saw Susan. She was his kind of girl, not only by background but by the present and the future. The kind of girl who would enjoy going with him to remote places, enjoy being with him. If it had been any man in the world but Jake ——

He and Nat shook hands and took their separate ways. Again, as he ascended his stairs, he found himself hoping that Jake would be asleep. Instead, Jake had not returned, and Tommy got into bed and lay awake for hours after Jake had come in.

Their breakfast conversation was limited; they were both sleepy. Jake was going to Long Island for the weekend. "See you Monday," he said.

Tommy told himself firmly that Fate had nothing to do with it, when he saw Susan half a block ahead of him on Twentieth Street Friday afternoon. The bookstore where she worked was uptown; they took the same subway downtown at about the same hour. Certainly it was not Fate which accelerated his footsteps until he caught up with her at the corner of Irving Place. The man selling balloons and pinwheels was not on the opposite corner for any predestined purpose.

Susan said "Hello" to him and waved her hand at the balloonman. "Wait a minute!" she called to him and dashed across the street in front of a taxi, while Tommy's heart turned over in his chest. She was paying for two pinwheels when he got across.

"I have never," she told him, "been able to resist a pinwheel. I stick them in the window box outside my window and they make lovely whirly clatters when the wind blows." She grinned. "Undoubtedly conditioned early in life by the Maine State Fair."

"It's too bad he doesn't sell hoops," said Tommy. "I could take you into the park and watch you play."

"Let's go in anyway," she said. "Or are you busy?"

They went in and sat down on a bench. "I liked your friends," he told her. "Tyler and I had a beer together after we left you."

"Nat's a lamb," she said. "I've got to do something about him, though. The dark-eyed girl last night—Beryl—I invited especially for him, but I can't seem to get him interested in any girl."

"Any other girl," Tommy corrected her. "He was quite specific about his feeling for you."

Her eyes were compassionate, but her voice was firm. "He'll have to get over it," she said. She added, "Can you imagine me married to Nat? After Jake?"

Tommy could feel his whole body stiffen, his mouth grow tight. He glanced at her, and she was looking at him intently.

"I'd like to tell you about Jake and me," she said. "You never seem to want me to talk about him."

"It's your business," he said brusquely.

"But he's your friend, and I'd like to explain things," she persisted stubbornly. "Sometimes you look so disapproving, and you shouldn't. I was the one who fell in love. I just (*Continued on Page 50*)

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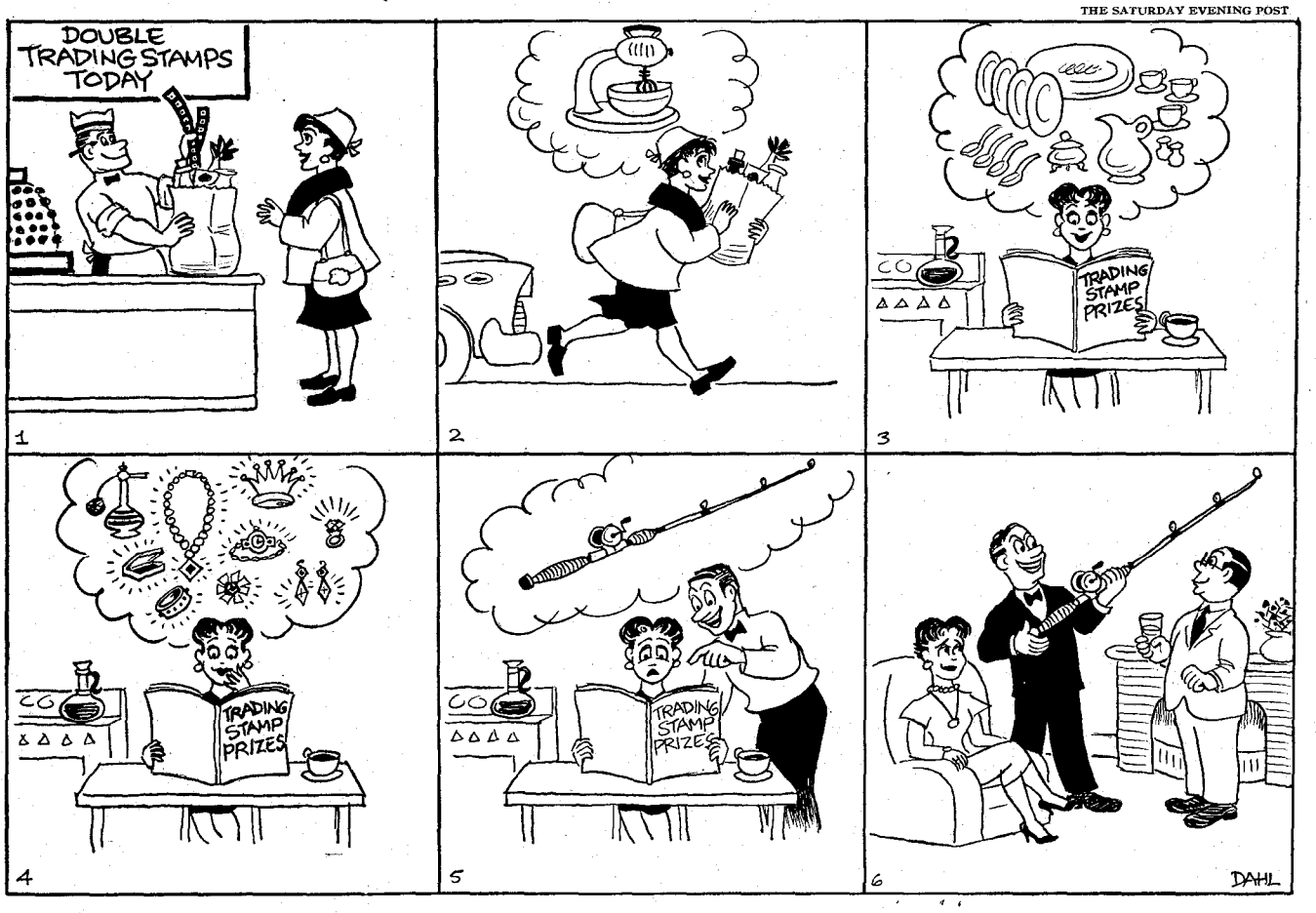
THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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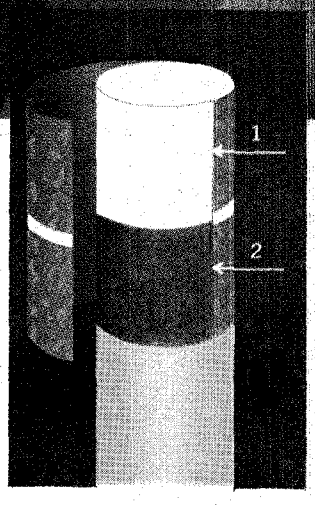

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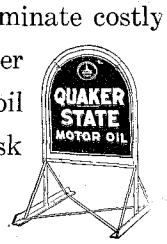

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

1859—100th Anniversary of Drake Oil Well and Founding of the Petroleum Industry—1959

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(*Continued from Page 48*) thought he was the most—of everything. He was the first, and I had silly dreams of his—oh, saying that I was the only woman in the world and our getting married." Her laughter sounded sincere, untroubled. "It seems rather childish to me now," she added.

Tommy wanted to say that a trip to Cuba was not childish, but he held his tongue.

"What I'm trying to tell you," she continued, "is that I'm all over my feeling for Jake and that he wasn't to blame in the least." Abruptly, she blushed and looked away from him. Her voice, when she went on, was constrained. "It's only because you and he have been friends so long that I didn't want you to think that he had acted badly. That's all." She got to her feet, decisively. "I must go," she said, and almost ran to the gate.

Tommy sat for a while on the bench, with children shouting and playing about him. Susan's sudden confusion, her embarrassment, could mean only one thing. She wanted him to know that her infatuation with Jake was ended, that she was ready to go on with her own life as though she had never seen Jake Sefton. Ships that pass in the night, he thought, morosely; a garment discarded, given away, dropped in the ashcan. He, too, jumped to his feet and strode away from the sound of the children.

The weekend seemed, to Tommy, to go on forever. The weather was unbearably perfect, but he did not go outside. His grandfather, the deacon, seemed to have the upper hand in guiding his thoughts, and the deacon could find no excuse for Susan's behavior. A hundred times Tommy made up his mind not to see her again, and a hundred times he saw her in his imagination, saw her not with Jake but with himself, traveling to the foreign lands she had never seen, excited and appreciative at all that she saw. She had the rare gaiety of a child, an unlimited capacity for enjoying life. Suddenly Tommy knew what Susan Peirce would be like at seventy, a quick-moving little woman like his grandmother, full of zest and humor. Remembering his grandmother brought the deacon and soft, velvet-black nights in Havana pressing again into the foreground of his thoughts.

Jake was in the apartment when Tommy returned from his office on Monday. He must have spent the whole weekend on a beach, because he was deeply tanned. His eyes were cobalt blue against the brown of his face.

He said, "Sometimes I don't think I'm quite bright. I let my tailor talk me into ordering a new dinner jacket this afternoon, and my old one is perfectly good. Could you use it?"

Tommy's face went white. "Thanks, I can buy my own clothes now," he said.

Jake stared at him. "Huh?" he inquired. "Tommy?"

"I don't have to take any more of your hand-me-downs," said Tommy distinctly.

Jake said, "Hey, fella, what is this?" and Tommy turned on his heel, slammed the door and went out to the street.

For two hours he walked blindly, heedless of his direction or surroundings. A policeman looked at him curiously. Around eight, he went into a restaurant and tried, unsuccessfully, to eat. He walked more miles. He hesitated outside a saloon and went past. Drink might thaw the coldness of his anger, fan it into flame. He was exhausted when he registered at a small hotel, but he could not sleep. He watched the dawn and, after a while, ordered breakfast.

He did not call his office. He had to make up his mind first what he was going to do. If he married Susan, he would never want to see Jake again. It was not a question of choice, his friend or the girl whom he, Tommy, should have met first. He could never see Susan without thinking of Jake. There was no solution.

He ordered another pot of coffee, more cigarettes. It was afternoon when he made up his mind. He would go back to the apartment before Jake returned, pack his things and pull out. He would call his firm and apply for an immediate job as far away from New York as they could send him.

Jake was slumped in a chair in the living room when Tommy opened the door. His smooth tan did not keep him from looking haggard; his eyes were red-rimmed and wretched. He said, "Tommy, in God's name, what's this all about? I've called your office—I darn near called the police." Twenty years of friendship lay behind the pain in Jake's eyes.

"I'm sorry," said Tommy. He was desperately sorry. "It wasn't the dinner jacket, of course. That was just a symbol. It's Susan."

"Who?" asked Jake. "Who's Susan?"

Tommy went cold again. "Love 'em and leave 'em?" he said. "Susan Peirce."

Jake blinked. "I haven't had any sleep," he said. "You mean that little friend of Dolly's?"

Tommy stared at Jake.

"Look, fella," Jake said. "I haven't the foggiest what this is all about."

Tommy sat down. "The day I got back she was here in the apartment," he said, "packing her suitcase and crying her eyes out."

"Packing her suitcase!" Jake echoed. "Good Lord—I remember. Dolly asked her to pick up the things she'd left behind when she took off for Vermont." His eyes met Tommy's. "What was she crying about?"

Looking straight into Jake's eyes, Tommy felt as though blocks of ice were breaking inside him. He began to laugh. "She was crying about you, Casanova," he said. "She told me that she was in love with you."

"With me?" Jake demanded. "Are you crazy? I hardly know the girl. She's Dolly's friend. I took them out a couple of times—I tried to be nice to her ——"

"He was so—so nice to me," Susan had said. When Jake was being nice, he was charming. When he was playing host, he was irresistible.

"I wish you'd let me in on the joke—if it is a joke," said Jake.

"It's a joke now," said Tommy. "Thank God." He could not show affection easily, as Jake could, but he got up and whacked Jake's shoulders a few times. "I've just nearly made the biggest mistake of my life," he said. "Do you remember that you told me about your trip to Cuba and the girl friend who took it too seriously? I put two and two together and made eleven. I assumed that the girl was Susan."

Jake's laughter was as sudden as Tommy's had been, the full laughter of release. "You could search New York with a microscope and not find two more different females than the young woman who accompanied me ——" He stopped and grinned. "She's had two husbands, Tommy. She knows her way around." He added, "I still don't understand what it is to you."

"I want to marry Susan," said Tommy. "If she'll have me."

Jake said, "Good Lord! I should have thought of it myself! She's perfect for you. She even comes from Maine, doesn't she?"

"Yup," said Tommy. "She even comes from Maine, and, believe it or not, she reminds me of my grandmother." He crossed to the telephone. "Will you excuse me while I call her up and ask her if she'd like to go to Bolivia?" THE END

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The Dark Road (Continued from Page 43)

He turned toward the gate. "It must be quick," he said. "We must get everything under cover before the day starts."

Harry Benton was out of the car now, blocking the way to the gate.

"This friend," he said slowly—"this friend of yours, Herr Party-member Stumpf, do we trust him? And how much?"

"I did not say he could be trusted. I said he would hide us today and get us to the border in the night. Consider, he has much to lose. For the Democratic People's Republic, he is a rich man. He is chairman of the collective and he has his own farm. His name is Willi Munter. But before that his name was something else, and there are skin grafts under his armpit where there used to be the tattoo marks by which the Police-duty men were identified. It was a very low number, for he was very high. Now, do you see why he will do what we wish?"

Benton shook his head dubiously. "It's not enough. He could turn us in and we could be shot trying to escape—before we could talk."

"It is a risk we must take, and the chances are with us. There is this to frighten him, and then there is the car to buy him. And if more is needed—well, you have dollars."

Stumpf looked up at the gate and the farmhouse, distinct now in the increasing light. He turned impatiently to Benton.

"We are committed now," he said. "Whatever choice there may have been we lost hours ago."

Harry Benton opened the heavy wooden gate, and stood beside it holding it wide as the car went through slowly. When the car was through, he shut it again and walked to the side of the house where the car had stopped. He stood beside the car watching Stumpf walk to the door and rap softly.

The two in the back seat of the car stirred slowly into wakefulness; Pastor Daubigny with an old man's awareness of cramped aching muscles, the girl Magda with a choked cry of surprise. Harry Benton leaned in through the open car door and put his finger to his lips.

"It's all right," he whispered; "we can rest here, and then go on tonight. It's not far."

They were all standing alongside the car when the door of the house opened and Stumpf returned with a tall cadaverous man in a torn blue shirt, faded greasy pants and knobbed shapeless boots. He had not shaved for several days.

"This is Herr Collective-Farm-Chairman Willi Munter," Stumpf said mockingly. "He has just bought a new car from us and he is now going to hide it in his barn."

He nudged the thin man in his bony ribs. "Under the straw, eh, Willi? Under the straw."

Munter said nothing, gazing at them with cold, pale, expressionless eyes. He jerked his thumb at the open door.

The room Stumpf led them to was a large untidy kitchen. There was a scarred table and rough wooden benches. At a wood-burning stove, a husky woman was beginning to fry potatoes with a few scraps of salt pork. A pot of bitter acorn coffee was beginning to boil. Stumpf did not introduce her, either then or later when she served them with the fried potatoes and the acorn coffee and black bread with the sickly orange-yellow jam. They ate in silence, too tired to talk. After a while the woman left for the fields, and that was the last they saw of her.

When the woman had closed the door behind her, Stumpf raised his head from his plate, holding his fork butt-end against the table.

"She will be in the fields until dark," he said, "and after that Munter will give her a bottle of schnapps to drink in the barn. There will be no trouble with her."

He paused a moment to fork fried potatoes into his mouth and wash them down with coffee.

"What will be done is this," he went on. "Munter will take us after dark under the hay in his farm wagon. He will be delivering to the dairy collective right up against the closed zone at the border. But before the dairy, the road goes through a little woods, and that is where we get off."

"How far is the border from there?" Daubigny asked. "I am not a great walker, and the girl ——"

"Wherever it is," Magda said quickly, "wherever it is, I can get there. Just to get away to the other side."

Harry Benton looked at her. Her face was flushed and her eyes were bright. It was like someone coming to life, he thought, like a bird trying its wings. If she went back again to the way she had been, it would be like watching her die.

Magda turned toward him. For a moment their eyes met, then she dropped hers quickly; but it was not the withdrawn fear of the past, not even the childlike devotion of two days ago. It was more the coltish embarrassment of the young pretty girl, half aware of her powers, half afraid to use them.

Harry Benton reached out and took her hand. This time she did not turn her face, but looked at him steadily and gravely.

"All the way," he said. "You'll make it."

Stumpf broke in impatiently.

"Less than ten kilometers," he said, "at the most. We have all night. It is not the distance. It is the obstacles. First, there is the ground—small streams, swampy places and brambles. It would be slow going even in daylight. We can lose direction. We have no compass."

"How do the streams run?" Benton asked. "If they run west we could follow them."

"Barbed wire," Daubigny said slowly.

"Look up there," Magda said excitedly, pointing to the wall. She ran over to the wall, and from a rough wooden peg unhooked the heavy pruning shears, holding them up for the others to see.

"We can cut it," she said.

"It could be electrified," Daubigny said.

Stumpf shook his head. "This is a quiet area. Perhaps no electricity at all, perhaps three or four minutes an hour just to make things a little harder. It is not a great risk. I worry more about the patrols and the dogs. We need a thunderstorm. To wash away the scent."

"There's no use chewing it," Harry Benton said. "We don't really have any choice. We have to keep moving."

There were two bedrooms in the house. In one of them, Magda was resting; in the other, Stumpf slept heavily and peacefully. He should sleep himself for a few hours, Harry Benton thought. He'd need it all tonight, all he had; but he sat there

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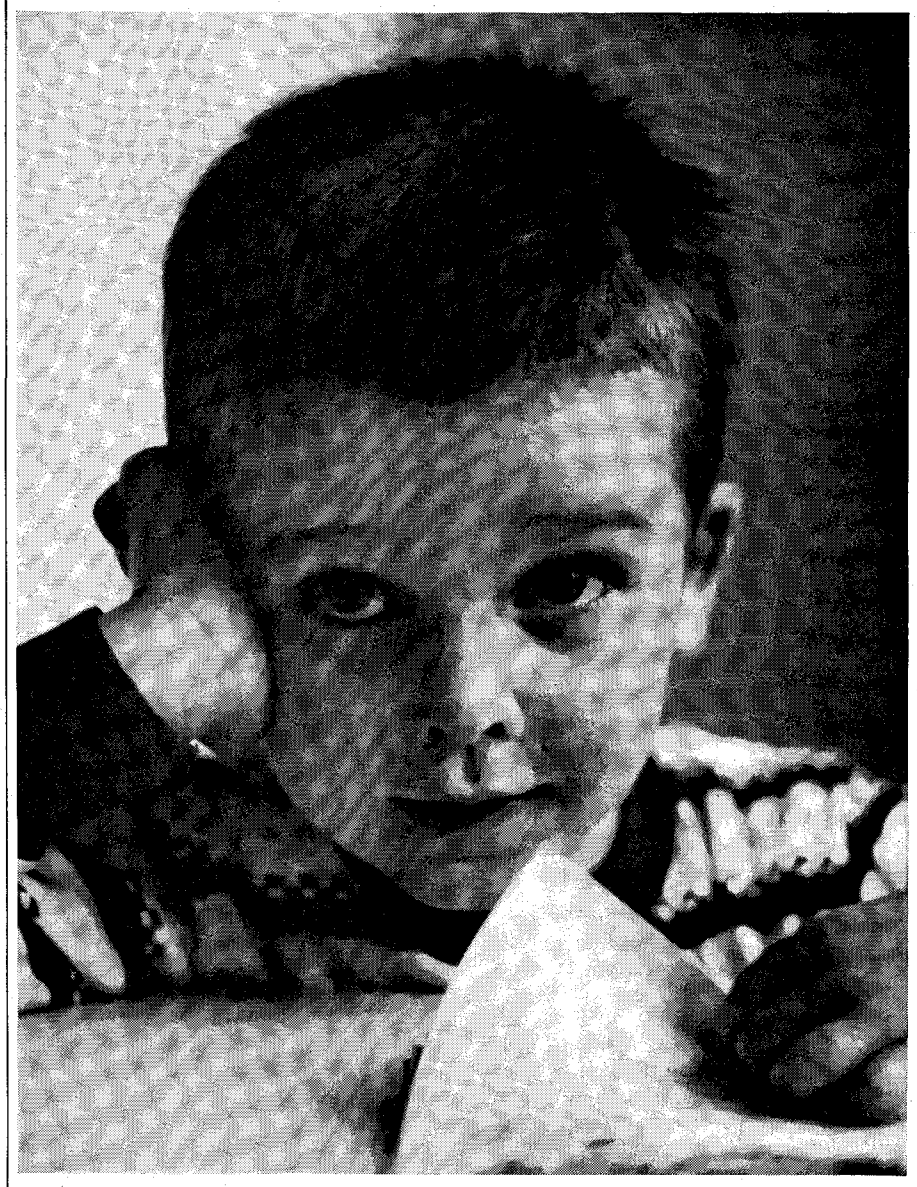
Every taxpayer should be allowed to list one additional dependent—the Government.

CHARLES RUFFING



"When's Daddy going to call from his trip?"

It's always a thrill to the family (and especially to the children!) when you phone home from a business trip. It makes you seem so close. And that's a good, warm feeling. For you, for them.

Next time *you're* on a trip, call home regularly. It costs so little and means so much.

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smoking nervously at the kitchen table. Across from him, Daubigny was sitting peacefully in a high-backed wooden chair, awake but relaxed with eyes half closed. He looked across at Benton.

"The girl," he said; "the girl Magda. She was well enough as she was; no better, but no worse. Now you have brought her back into the world. If she falls back again, this time it will be all the way, and forever. In the next few days, she will either be what she was meant to be or it will be all over with her. If you hurt her, she will go back all the way. Somehow you will have to trust her so she will know it, with your own life if necessary. And while you are doing this, you will have to support her without her knowing it. Until the time when she will be strong enough to be free."

Sermons, Harry Benton thought bitterly, sermons and amateur psychology. They were all piling things on him, they all wanted something from him. *I haven't got it*, he thought. *I haven't got enough; I can't give them what they want.* It was much easier with Stumpf; all that he wanted was money, and that was something that Harry Benton had to give.

Even Lou Feldman, he thought, he wanted something more than the notebook. And he thought angrily of Feldman sitting safely in Heidelberg while Harry Benton sweated it out in a dirty farmhouse.

He looked at Daubigny sourly. "That fake notebook," he said, "that's what messed up the whole operation. Where's the real one?"

"On the other side," Daubigny said; "we will speak of that on the other side."

"Look," Harry Benton said slowly, as if to a child, "can't you get it through your head, my people want that notebook. You can name your price. A million dollars, ten million. Security. Safety. Anything. Just name it, we have it. That's all I want, that's all I came for."

He was talking loudly now, and did not notice Stumpf standing in the doorway of the bedroom.

"A very interesting notebook," Stumpf said. "'Ten million dollars.' 'Anything you want.'"

"You'll get paid," Benton said; "you'll get yours when we're on the other side."

"But not a million dollars," Stumpf said tightly. "Nothing like that. That is for the actual possessor of what you want."

"Don't get any ideas," Harry Benton said. "You haven't got anything to sell on this side of the border. And if you had, it wouldn't work. You might make a deal, but once they had it you'd just disappear."

"That is quite correct," Stumpf said slowly and thoughtfully. "One could not do business from this side of the border. It would be necessary to be out of their hands. But from a neutral country, perhaps. From Switzerland ——" He turned and went back into the room he had left.

"You do not make it easy for yourself," Daubigny said. "I would not like your job."

"I've had worse," Benton told him.

He was going to say more, but Magda came into the room.

"What is it?" she asked. "I heard you talking so loudly."

"About tonight," Harry Benton said; "we were talking with Stumpf about tonight."

"Why do you not tell her the truth?" Daubigny asked. "She is involved in it, she has a right to know. Does she have less right than Stumpf?"

"All right," Benton said, "all right." He turned to Magda. "You're going to have to start growing up fast."

She looked at him gravely and nodded. "Tell me," she said. "Always tell me, Harry." She had called him by his name for the first time.

When he told her, it was very slowly and carefully. She did not interrupt or question him, but sat there quietly as if she were memorizing every word.

He had given her Daubigny's side as well as his own. He had tried to make it cold and impartial and had succeeded enough so that Daubigny occasionally nodded his head in agreement. When he had finished, he looked at Magda expectantly. It was too much, he thought; too much all at once. He should never have told her.

"You could knock him down and take it from him," Magda said fiercely. "Or if he had hidden it, you could hurt him and make him tell. That's what they do, isn't it?"

Benton looked at her in amazement; but she was smiling now, no longer fierce.

"No," she went on. "No, you couldn't. Poor Harry, you are not right for this work."

He looked at her sharply, but there was no mockery in her tone. She rose from her chair and walked over beside him. Then she leaned over and kissed him on his mouth. It was not the kiss of a child or even of a young girl.

Then she turned to Daubigny. "I do not know if you are right," she said, "but if I felt the way you do, I would destroy it."

"It is not so simple," Daubigny said. "Before, it would have been easy. But now I would have to destroy myself."

Benton started to speak, but the old man raised his hand to stop him.

"It is memorized," he said. "Not all of it, not all the mathematics. But the basic technique, that was simple enough, and the rest could be reproduced in a few weeks." He turned to Harry Benton. "There is no need of the notebook. It is merely a souvenir, now. Perhaps I have destroyed it already. Perhaps there are little bits of paper blowing all over the route we took."

He turned to Magda. "Perhaps I should have given it up in the beginning. We would still be living quietly in Kronstadt, not waiting to crawl over the border. And you would not have to know all these things. Even as it was, you were happier there."

"No," she said, "it was a prison. I'm happy now." She smiled at Harry Benton. "Sleep, now, Harry," she said. "In the room there. You will need it for tonight."

When he entered the bedroom, Benton thought he would never be able to sleep. But when he stretched on the rough straw mattress, he was asleep in seconds.

After a few minutes, Magda came quietly into the room. Harry Benton was sprawled out over the bed. She covered him with a rough blanket and, before she left the room, she bent down and kissed him softly.

There was not much light left when Harry Benton woke up. Magda was shaking his shoulder gently.

"There is not much time, Harry," she said. "We must eat first."

He went to the china washbasin in the corner which she had filled with fresh cold water, and splashed the water into his face. He had slept all day and as the sleep was washed out of his eyes, he felt better than he could remember feeling for a long time. He could go all night, he thought.

They went into the other room. There was black bread and sausage and weak, lukewarm beer; poor stuff, but to Harry Benton the best meal he had ever eaten.

He smiled at Magda. "You take good care of me," he said.

She smiled up at him, her whole face radiant.

A diamond necklace, he thought; *as if I had just given her a diamond necklace.* This one was something special; he'd have to take good care of her. He did not know when or how it had happened, perhaps while he slept, but somehow he had come to accept the responsibility that Daubigny had put on him. It was no longer a burden; it seemed to buoy him up.

"Where's everyone?" he asked.

"Stumpf has gone out to make the arrangements. Pastor Daubigny has eaten and now he is resting a little. It will be hard for him."

She looked at him gravely. "Do not let him be hurt, Harry. He is a good man."

"I wouldn't harm him. You know that."

"I do not mean that. I know you would not harm him yourself. But do not let him be harmed, not by anyone. Not for any reason."

"All right," he said; and then remembering, "But sometimes you don't have any choice."

"No, Harry, that is not true. There is always a choice. I have not lived much, but even I know that."

There must be an answer for her, but Harry Benton could not think of it; and while he was silent, the door opened and Stumpf and Willi Munter came in.

"Where's the old man?" Stumpf asked. "We're ready to start."

"I am ready," Daubigny said from the doorway of the bedroom.

The three men stuffed the remains of the bread and sausage in their pockets. Then the four of them walked slowly behind Munter in the growing darkness to the huge hay wagon. They burrowed down into the hay and Munter lashed a rough tarpaulin on top.

It was dark in the wagon, but the hay was loosely packed. Lying beside Magda, Harry Benton could feel the warm length of her body touching his. He slid his arm through the hay around her and drew her close. She came to him eagerly, and they lay there quietly in each other's arms. She turned her head and rubbed her cheek against his. The good one, he thought, not the scar; it still had to heal.

The hay wagon had stopped now. Harry Benton could hear the tarpaulin being lifted at the side and back, then Munter was shaking his arm.

"Out," he said, "quickly."

It was the first word he had heard Munter speak. The voice was harsh and rusty as if from disuse. Benton clambered over the side. He stood there ready to lift Magda, but she simply put a hand on his shoulder and jumped lightly to the ground. Stumpf and Daubigny were already out, standing under one of the big pine trees.

Willi Munter went over to Stumpf and said something quietly. Stumpf shook his head, then Munter drew him aside and the two men talked quickly in low tones. Finally Stumpf came over to Benton.

"He wants more," he said. "He wants dollars."

"All right," Benton said; "whatever he wants."

He peeled off half the bills in the roll and gave them to Stumpf. Stumpf brought them to Willi Munter and thrust them into his hand. Munter counted them slowly, then he nodded his head. He went to the back of the hay wagon and lashed the tarpaulin into place. Then he began to walk slowly toward the driver's seat alongside which Stumpf was standing. Stumpf had picked up a four-foot length of straight heavy branch and was looking at it thoughtfully.

"A good walking stick," he said slowly.

Willi Munter was alongside Stumpf now, circling him warily on his way to the driver's seat. But Stumpf made no move to stop him.

"Good-by, Willi," he said as Munter passed. (*Continued on Page 57*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Tired of rattling around alone in his home, bachelor Oliver proposed to Susie. The wedding date was set. A few days before the ceremony, Susie decided to tidy up Oliver's bachelor quarters. Without telling him, she removed a huge pile of junk and set fire to it in his back yard. Unfortunately the flames spread to neighbor Busbee's home and burned it to the ground. As Susie had no money, Busbee sued Oliver.

"Susie was acting for her fiancé in preparing his house as a home for the two of them after their marriage," Busbee argued. "Legally she was his agent. As she was negligent in controlling the fire she set, Oliver should pay."

"Susie acted entirely on her own, without telling me, when she cleaned that house and set that fire," Oliver responded. "I didn't even know what she was doing."

If you were the judge, would you make Oliver pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Oliver did not have to pay. The court ruled that a man's fiancée is not his agent in preparing a future home unless he specifically requests her to do so. Susie alone, the court said, was responsible.

Based upon a 1958 Georgia decision.

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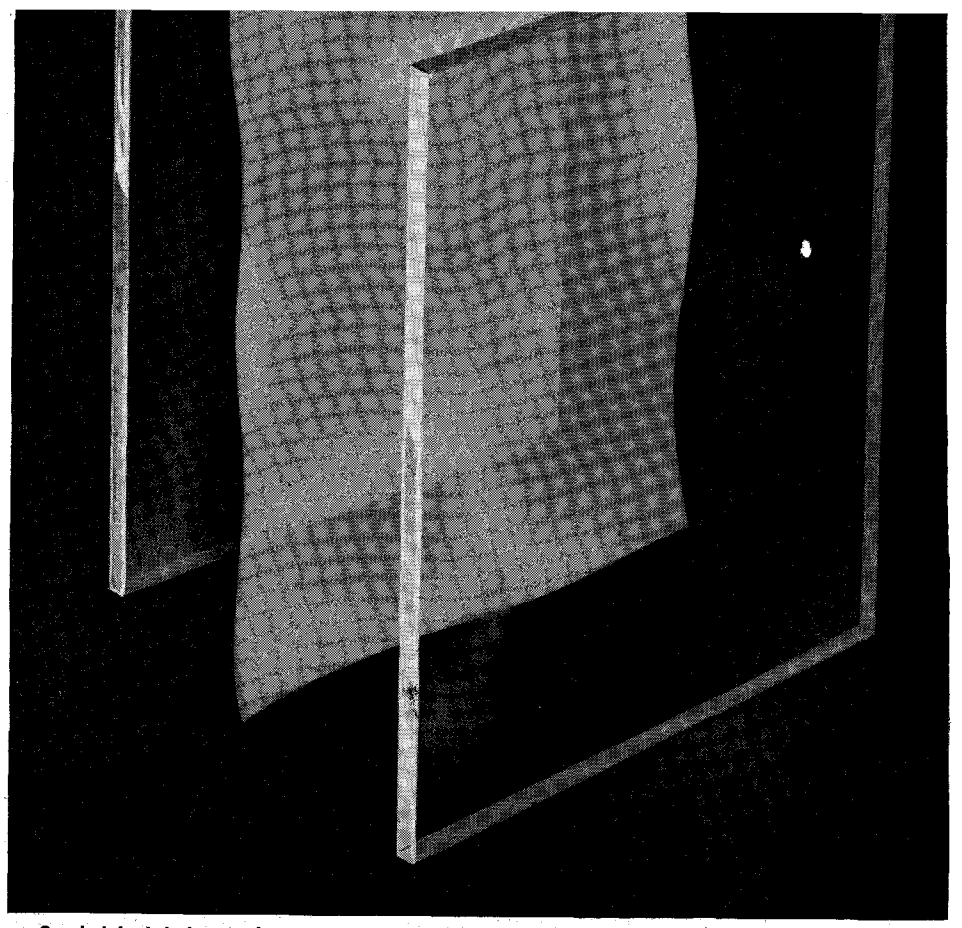
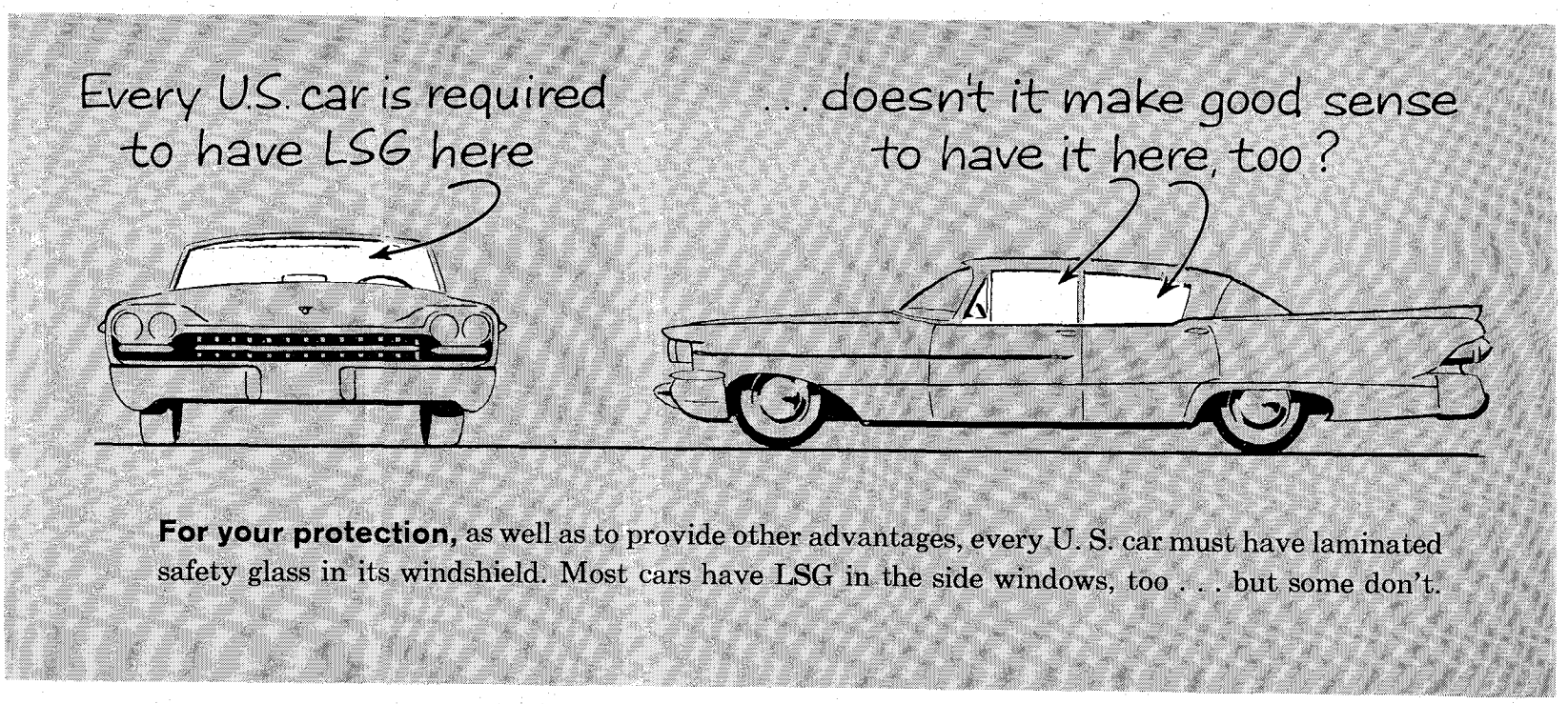


Sandwiched between two pieces of plate glass, under temperature and pressure, it becomes transparent. It is this plastic interlayer that provides you added protection.

Here's why laminated safety under impact...helps protect



For your protection, as well as to provide other advantages, every U. S. car must have laminated safety glass in its windshield. Most cars have LSG in the side windows, too . . . but some don't.

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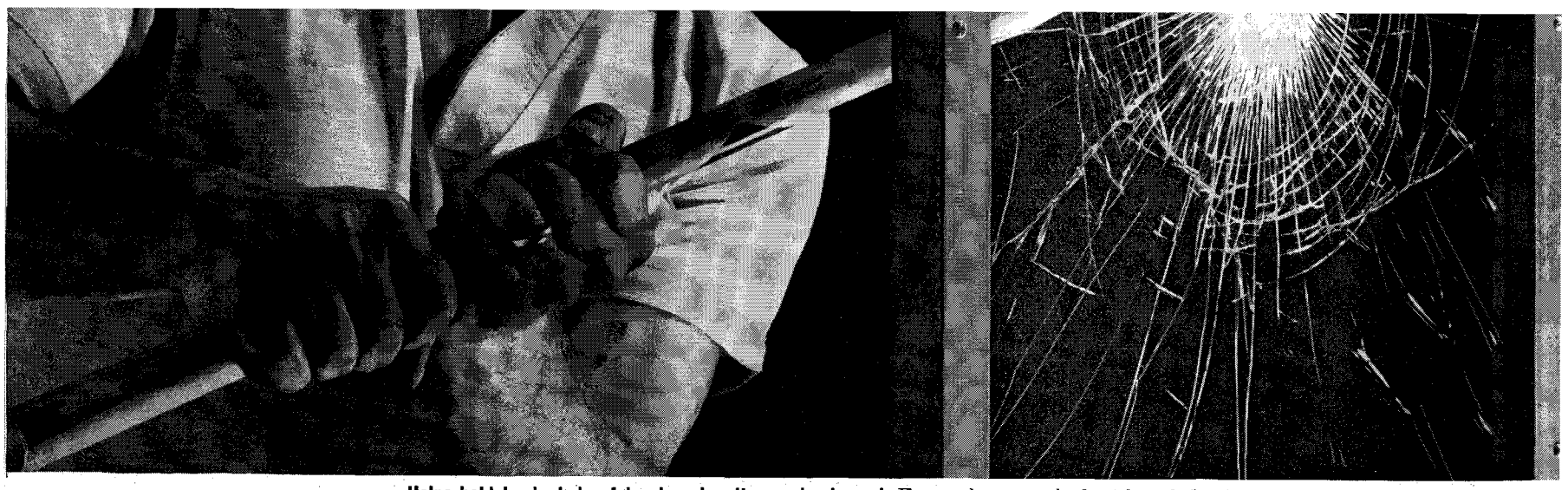
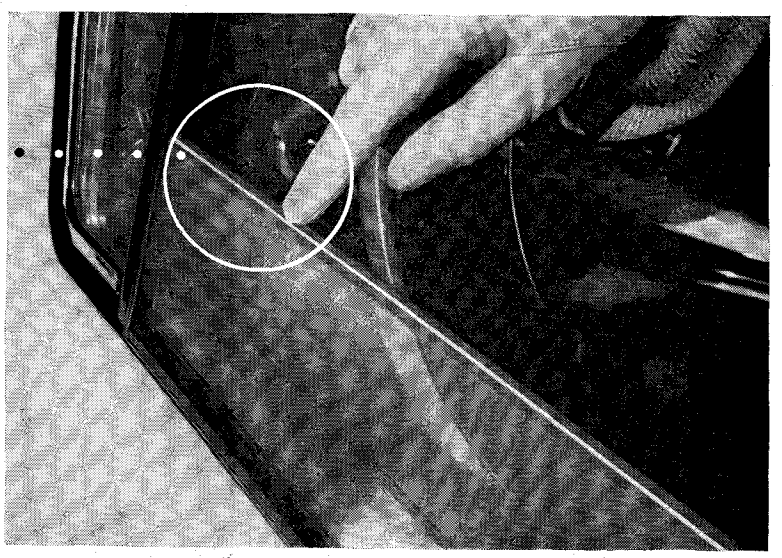


Helps hold laminated safety glass together under impact. Even when smashed with a sledge hammer, the tough plastic interlayer helps hold the shattered pieces of glass together, reducing the hazard of flying fragments.

glass holds together you from flying fragments

ook for this thin line . . . . .

o check whether *your* car has laminated safety glass in s side windows, look for the thin line along the edge. his is the plastic layer laminated between the two pieces f glass. It acts as a "safety cushion" under impact, educes the hazard of flying glass.



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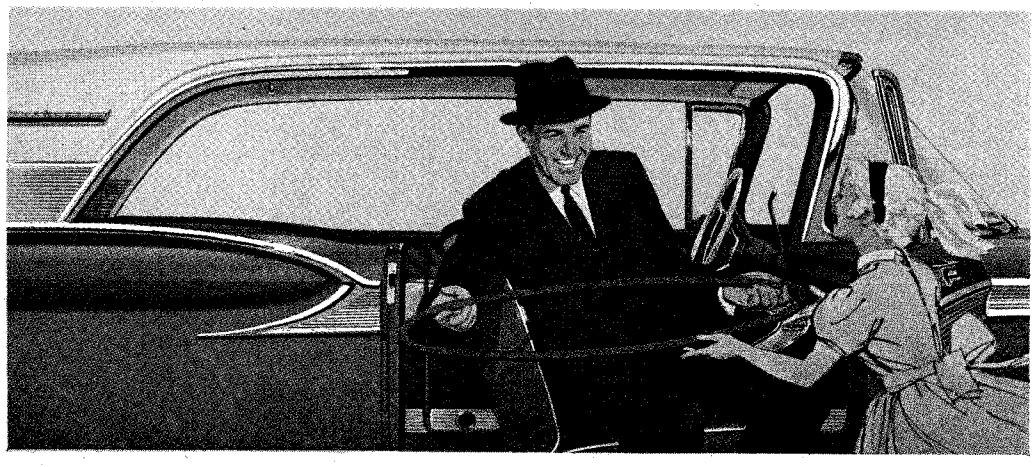
EXTRA DIVIDENDS FROM FORD: HULA-HOOP-WIDE DOORS . . . AND HEAD ROOM APLENTY



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59 FORDS

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED CARS

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(*Continued from Page 52*) Munter grunted something in reply, then half turned away from Stumpf to climb up to the seat. It was only an instant of turning, but in that instant Stumpf swung heavily with the club in his hand and caught him alongside the head. Munter made no sound. There was only the heavy thud of the wood against his skull and the softer thud as his body hit the ground.

It all happened very quickly; and before Harry Benton could even move, Stumpf had dropped heavily on the unconscious body. His hand slid into his belt, was raised and lowered. Benton heard the sound of the knife driving into the body. Then once more, and this time he was on Stumpf, wresting at the wrist which held the knife.

But there was no resistance. Stumpf allowed himself to be dragged off the body quietly. He got to his feet and stood looking at Harry Benton. Then he reached down into Munter's pocket and took back the roll of bills.

Magda was standing with her hand over her mouth. Daubigny leaned weakly against the pine tree.

"All right," Stumpf said, "he would have sold us in five minutes to the border guards; and we would not have been captured; we would have been shot dead."

"Why now?" Benton asked. "He could have done it easier during the day."

"He had not yet got the final payment," Stumpf said impatiently. "Are you all fools?"

"You think this won't alert them?" Benton asked savagely. "You think no one will find this?"

"You are still a fool," Stumpf answered. "This is the best part of it. He had many enemies here. They will suspect the village people. It will draw attention away from the border. Come on, we can't talk all night."

They went slowly forward, away from the sheltering forest, slowly crouched down through the dark fields that led to the large forest beyond and the border.

It was very dark now, before moonrise, but as their eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, they found that they could make out a little—isolated sheds, trees, even fence posts, all darker shadows against the darkness. The air was hot and wet and heavy, and occasionally to the east they heard or thought they could hear a roll of thunder. They moved on slowly, close enough so that each but the leader could make out the dim shape ahead. Stumpf was in front, still clutching his makeshift club, then the old man and the girl, and at the rear Harry Benton with the cutting shears.

Up at the front, Stumpf halted suddenly and let the others come up to him, moving clumsily from column to line formation. He reached out with his stick and tapped gently on the strand of wire ahead of him.

"The first barbed wire," he said. "Where are the cutters?"

Benton moved up alongside him and felt gently in the darkness for the barbed strands. He got one hand on the upper one, then he stopped.

"Not here," he said. "Not where the path leads right up to it. We've got to get off the paths now. We have to find a stream and follow it."

Stumpf grunted his agreement and they made their way slowly southward, moving parallel to the barbed wire. It was not difficult here. They moved over a level strip of ground. The moon was rising now. There was enough light so that they could make out the actual strands of wire. They had to get through the wire and into the forest quickly, Benton thought. They'd be sitting ducks out here.

Ahead, he could see a clump of bushes and bent trees, strung out perpendicular from the fence, as if fringing a ditch or a small stream. Stumpf had halted at the edge. Harry Benton went past him silently and swung himself down, holding on to one of the low second-growth trees. There was only about two or three feet of depth. There was no water.

The barbed wire dipped here into the bed of the dry stream. Benton went forward and leaned over, arching his body carefully so as to avoid the barbs. He cut the top strand. It needed considerable pressure and a little twisting; but it was not difficult. He cut the two other strands and bent all the wires back carefully, leaving a passage three feet wide that they could walk through.

For a time it was easy walking along the dry stream. Ahead of him, Harry Benton could see Magda walking lightly and carefully without difficulty. Even the old man was moving along easily enough. The forest had grown thicker now and there was less light. There were occasional shallow pools now on the bottom of the stream. At one place, the stream bed dipped sharply in a miniature fall and they had to climb up the bank and go around.

At the bottom of the fall was a dark pool, a foot or so deep. They halted there a few minutes to drink and rest. The water was very cold.

There was more and more water now as their stream approached a larger one and entered it. Now they were always walking in water, not more than a foot as a rule, but occasionally up to their knees. Their pace began to slow as each step forward had to be tested. They could see a glow ahead of them, and suddenly the forest came to an abrupt end. In front of them was a wide clearing brimming with moonlight. The stream bisected it in a great curve and then disappeared into the dark forest beyond. They halted, crouched down at the bank of the stream in the shadow of the last trees.

It may have been a brief cough in the silence or the glint of moonlight on polished metal, but Harry Benton, peering across the open space, froze to alertness. He touched Magda's arm to signal the others. At one end of the clearing, a file of men moved out of the forest and across the fields a hundred yards in front of them. There were six of them, with two dogs; but they were ambling along with the submachine guns slung over their shoulders, not in their hands ready for use. Even the dogs had an air of laziness and negligence. There was a slight breeze now, but it was blowing from the border patrol; there was no scent for the dogs to catch.

Harry Benton looked at his watch. One o'clock, less a minute or so. He watched the patrol move across the clearing and disappear into the forest after crossing the stream on what looked like a small plank bridge. (*Continued on Page 64*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Spring Fever

By Thomas Usk

Work with a will
Is beyond me today.
Every semblance of skill
Has melted away.

By pixies possessed,
I'm resigned to the view
That less than my best
Is the best I can do!

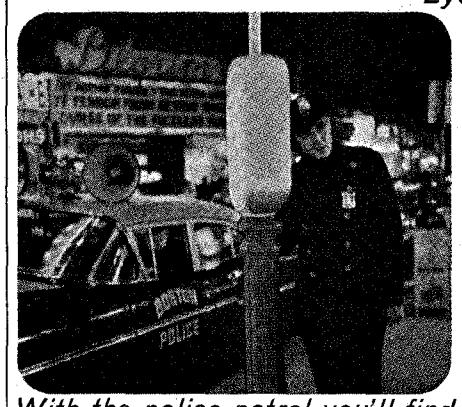
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

MEN OF AMERICA: POLICE PATROL

Live-action shots—police force, Boston, Mass.

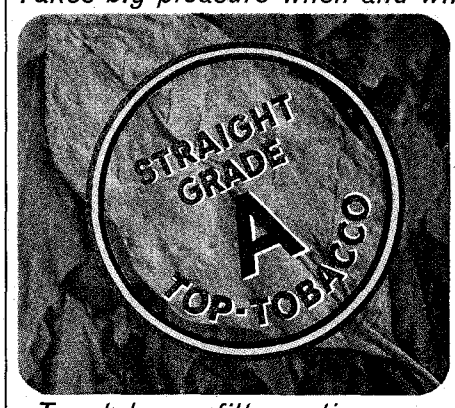
Prowl car cruising down a city street!

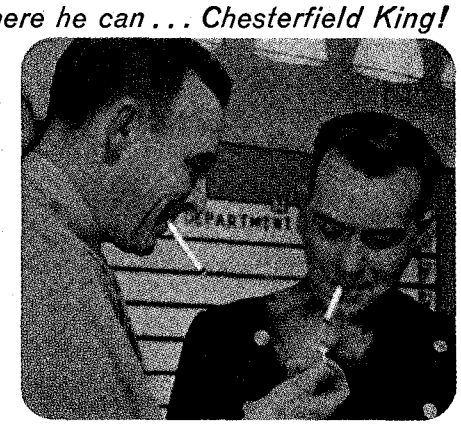
Eyes alert for trouble on the beat!



With the police patrol you'll find a man . . .

Takes big pleasure when and where he can . . . Chesterfield King!





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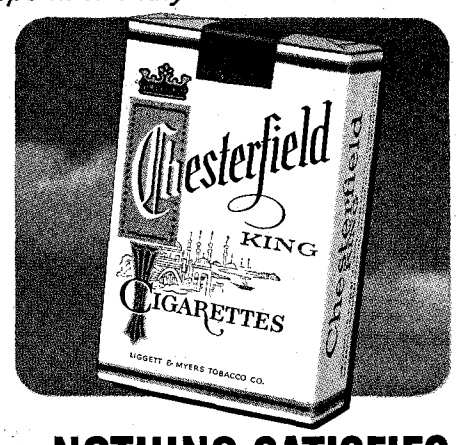
Tops in friendly satisfaction!



Join the men who know—**NOTHING SATISFIES LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO**

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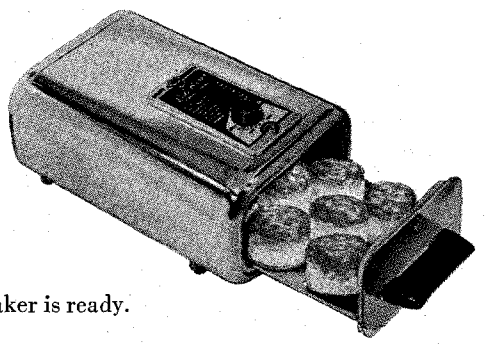
A lovely way to remember her day

Elate her with a baker...

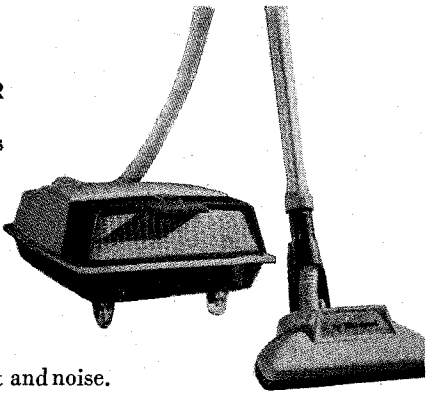
KNAPP-MONARCH
REDI-BAKER



The modern, easy way to bake. Prepares snacks or main courses right at the table or anywhere else. Bakes frozen foods, full package of biscuits, 2 frozen pies, meat loaf, full package cake. Four times faster. "Dial-A-Recipe" automatic control assures proper temperature; light signals when Baker is ready.

Sweep her off her feet...

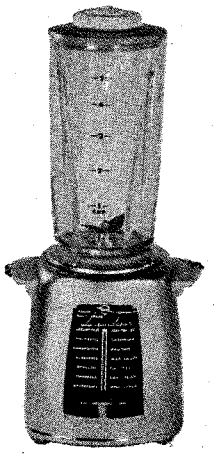
RCA WHIRLPOOL
IMPERIAL MARK 12 CLEANER



It's an upright—it's a canister—it's *two* cleaners in one! Electric-powered brush clicks on to give deep-down cleaning for carpets, rugs. Lightweight canister rolls easily over sills, throw rugs—provides super-suction cleaning of draperies, furniture. Built-in tool compartment. New filter seals in dust and noise.

Quicken her cookin'...

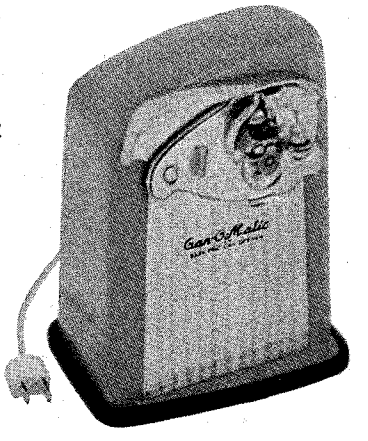
KNAPP-MONARCH
MULTI-SPEED LIQUIDIZER



The food and beverage blender of many uses. Beats, blends, chops, grinds, liquidizes, pulverizes, shreds, purées, shaves ice. New "Multi-Speed" control switch selects right speed for every need. Has 44-ounce capacity; largest mixing jar of any blender. Smartly styled in chrome or four beautiful colors.

Give her a helping hand...

RIVAL CAN-O-MATIC
PORTABLE ELECTRIC CAN OPENER



Completely automatic, plugs in anywhere. Nothing to install. Just press lever to open any size or shape can. Retractable legs permit opening extra-tall cans. Powerful magnet whisks away lids. Easy to keep clean—both magnet and cutter are instantly removable. Case in choice of colors ... gleaming all-chrome can opener.

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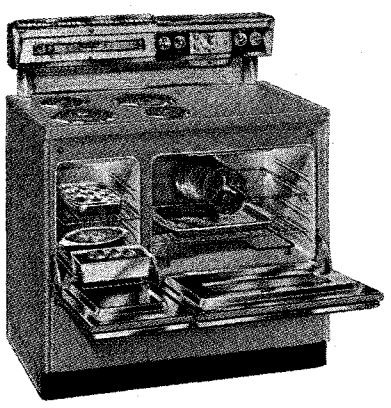
BETTER...*Electrically*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

You'll find so many new and wonderful ways to say "I care" when you choose electric gifts! Whatever special days are coming up, use this handy giving guide for lovely gifts that will keep on giving – every day of her life. See them all at your appliance or department store.

Make her food-time fun-time...

GENERAL ELECTRIC
RANGE – MODEL J-408



Keyboard push-button controls take over cooking automatically. Two complete ovens, automatic surface cooking unit and grill, meat thermometer, rotisserie, focused-heat broiler, easy-set oven timer, separate minute timer. Raised edge around cook-top, removable oven doors make cleaning a breeze. Available in five colors.

Perk up her days...

UNIVERSAL
COFFEEMATIC

Brews perfect, full-bodied coffee every time. There's no guessing, no watching, no reheating. Just set the magical Flavor-Selector to the strength you prefer. Starts perking immediately. Signals when ready, keeps coffee hot without increasing strength. Eight- or ten-cup models in gleaming chrome on solid copper.

Give her a lady in waiting...

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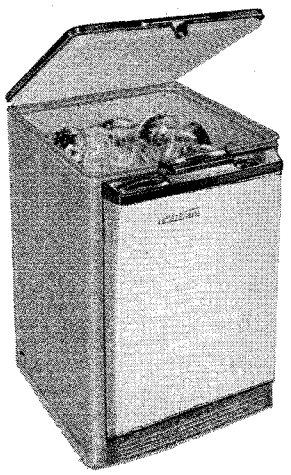
MOBILE MAID® DISHWASHER



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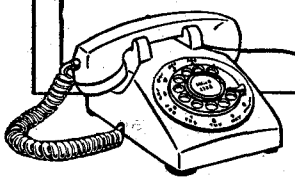

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(*Continued from Page 57*) The four of them waited there patiently for twenty minutes until the patrol crossed the clearing once more from the other direction. The patrol disappeared into the woods from which it had started. After five minutes, Stumpf raised his head and began to climb out of the stream. Harry Benton slithered down the slippery rocks toward him and grabbed his foot just as he was climbing clear.

"Wait," he said.

Stumpf looked back at him inquiringly.

"They may come back," Benton told him. "Get down."

In five minutes more, the patrol came out of the woods again. *All right*, Benton thought; *we have them timed now; twenty minutes one way from the clearing and back, ten minutes the other.* He waited five minutes, then he got to his feet.

"Not in the stream," he said. "Run across the clearing and pick it up at the other side."

It was a matter of a few hundred yards to cut across the clearing straight across the loop of the stream. Stumpf ran heavily in front, crossed the open place and disappeared into the shadows of the forest. But Daubigny could not run. His trot slowed to a walk. Benton slowed down and walked alongside him. He motioned to Magda to keep running to the forest, but she shook her head.

Now they were crossing the clearing at the ambling pace of the border patrol. The pure moonlight seemed suddenly to become lurid and sickly. Harry Benton felt an itch between his shoulder blades, but he held his pace down to that of Daubigny's. Magda was walking on his other side. She turned toward him and smiled.

Then they were in the forest and following the stream again. But it was no longer a stream; it had become a little river. To walk in it would mean wading in water up to their armpits, with frequent pools and water there through which they would have to swim. They followed the stream by its banks, moving warily through stiff bushes and scrubby second-growth trees, tearing their clothes and their hands on brambles and briers. They were going very slowly now and the moonlight was very dim.

The moonlight was very dim, but there was enough of it left so that they could see the three strands of wires ahead. Stumpf came to a halt and Harry Benton moved up alongside him. Stumpf was peering at the wires, shaking his head slowly.

"I do not like this," Stumpf said; "I know this kind. There is electric current; not enough to hurt anyone, but when you cut it, the circuit is broken and the posts are alarmed. The patrols are not all like the one you saw—not when there is an alert."

"If there's current in the wires," Benton said, "they couldn't run them through the river. We could swim under."

"There will be something else," Stumpf said gloomily; "go and see for yourself."

Benton walked a few feet to the steep bank and leaned forward, grasping a small tree with one hand. The wires did not dip into the river here, but arched over it like a small bridge. He lowered himself gently into the water and moved cautiously an inch at a time until he was nearly underneath the overhanging wires.

His foot touched something and he drew back quickly. Then very carefully he reached down and groped in the water. There seemed to be a network of wire strands, four of them, threading the water under the bridge. He climbed up the bank again and went to tell the others.

"Trip wires," Stumpf said. "Shove them just a little too much and you set off a mine. There is no way through."

"They could be cut."

"You cut them, my friend." Stumpf laughed mirthlessly. "But hold them very carefully, and before you start on them, let me know. I would not like to be too close when the mine goes off."

Harry Benton took the wire cutter from his pocket slowly, then he stripped down to his shorts and walked quietly to the bank. He slipped into the cool stream and moved slowly toward the wire, treading water, leaning forward a little to keep his body from contact with the wires. He brought his free hand down slowly until it made contact with the top wire. He was careful not to grasp it, merely steadying it with the back of his hand. Then with the clippers in his other hand, he cut the wire.

It was not the heavy barbed wire; it was thinner, almost delicate. It cut very easily. He had been holding his breath unconsciously as he cut, and now he let it out with a great sigh of relief. Then he remembered and began to count slowly to ten. But he was still alive. There was no delayed fuse. There was no sound but the occasional slapping of the water against the banks.

He reached down a little lower and cut the second strand.

When he cut the third strand, he had to reach so far that his head was barely above the surface. Next time he'd have to dive, he thought.

He swam to the bank for a moment and rested there, holding on to the small tree with one arm. Then he felt something warm beside him. It was Magda. She slipped quietly into the river and he followed her in.

"Get out of here," he said roughly. "Go back with the others."

"Let me help you."

"You can't help. I'm nearly done; one more wire to cut. I have to dive; you'd be in the way."

"All right, then; I will be with you while you do it."

"Look," he said, "if this mine goes off there won't be anything you can do for me. You'll have to run for it. Do you want to leave the old man alone? Do you think Stumpf will wait for him?"

She paused a minute. "All right, Harry," she said. Then she kissed him quickly. "Be careful, Harry. Be careful."

When she had gone, Harry Benton went down again. The first time was very bad. He could not even locate the wire. For a panicky moment he thought that he had passed beyond it, that his twisting, kicking legs might touch it off. He surfaced again, letting his breath out in a jerky moan. The second time, he got the cutters on the wire and tried to cut it. It was still bad; he could feel that he was pulling the thin strand. He drew his hand back quickly and dropped the cutters.

It took him three more dives to locate the cutters at the bottom of the river, downstream from the wire where the current had rolled them. He rested on the bank for a minute, five minutes, getting his breath back. This time, he'd have to get it, he thought; he wasn't good for any more.

He went down very slowly and deliberately and located the last wire, cut it swiftly and surely, and came to the surface. He climbed up on the bank laboringly, dried himself as well as he could with a handkerchief. Then he put on his clothes and went to join the others.

Magda had seen him in the dim light, and ran to meet him. She held him fiercely, burrowing her head in his chest. She did not speak, but he could feel her trembling. He stroked her head gently.

"It's all right," he said, "all right." Then drawing back and holding her at arm's length, "Come on, we'll have to swim a little."

They went through the gap in the trip wires, swimming carefully. Only Daubigny, who could barely swim, had difficulty. But he managed to tread water and let the current carry him through. From the water behind him, Benton watched to be sure he went down the middle of the gap and was not carried to the side where he could still entangle himself in the dangling wires. Then they were through the gap and crawling out of the river by its low bank on the other side, downstream.

They walked on at a slow pace, but steadily, putting yard after yard behind them. The mood became almost carefree as they felt that they had got through the worst of it already, that the border was only a little way off.

When they came to another moonlight clearing, they could barely restrain themselves enough to halt and wait for a patrol to pass. After ten minutes, it was impossible. Stumpf rose to his feet and pointed ahead, and this time Benton did not stop him. As before, Stumpf raced ahead to the shelter of the trees while the three others came slowly behind.

They were a few feet from the edge of the trees when the Vopo border guard saw them. He was diagonally across the clearing, with the river between them. The guard was an officer, with a long-barreled automatic in a holster rather than the enlisted man's submachine gun, and he did everything wrong. He was carrying the automatic in the holster with the flap buckled over, very correct for reviews, but stupid for patrolling. While he clawed at the stiff leather and metal, they got into the shadow of the trees.

Benton grabbed Daubigny by the arm. "This time, you'll have to run."

It was running and it was a lot for an old man, but just the same it was very slow. Behind them, Benton heard a series of shots, but the bullets came nowhere near them. That Vopo, he thought, was doing everything wrong. He should be running until he could see something to shoot at. He was losing time. Then he heard shouts and other shots, and this time he knew it was going to be bad. But not as bad as it could be, because there was no barking.

Daubigny was doing his best, running in spurts of energy, then falling back. Several times, Harry Benton at the rear, had to check his slow trot so as not to run over the old man. He spurted ahead, past Daubigny alongside Magda. He handed her the wire cutters.

"Follow the river," he said.

Then he dropped back behind the old man. When he came to a large tree, he stood behind its trunk and waited. Except for the tree, the ground there was fairly clear and he could see some distance behind him in the direction they had come. He heard a crashing of bushes. The Vopo officer broke into the opening. He was still far ahead of his men, running heavily with the automatic in one hand. His nose was smashed and flat like a pug's and he was breathing heavily through his mouth.

Harry Benton waited quietly hidden by the tree. Quick, he thought, it had to be very quick. When the officer was alongside the tree, he stuck out his foot and tripped him. But it was not done quite right and the man staggered and nearly fell, but regained his balance, swinging his arms. Before the Vopo could shoot, Benton caught his gun wrist. Before he could shout, Benton brought his knee up hard into the groin, hearing the pained gasp. As the man jackknifed over in agony, he hit him with his free hand behind the ear.

The Vopo's muscles relaxed and the pistol dropped from the wrist Harry Benton was grasping. He slumped to the ground. Benton dragged him quickly to the river bank, a few feet away. Then he rolled him into the water. The Vopo splashed heavily into the river and lay there floating on the surface face down. Benton scooped up his gun and thrust it into his waistband with one motion. Then he ran on to the others.

Somehow Daubigny had managed to run, and it was some time before Benton caught up with them. When he reached them they were almost up to another triple strand of barbed wire. Behind him, he could hear shouts and running feet, but very faintly. (*Continued on Page 66*)

"If you will recall, the agreement was for better or for worse!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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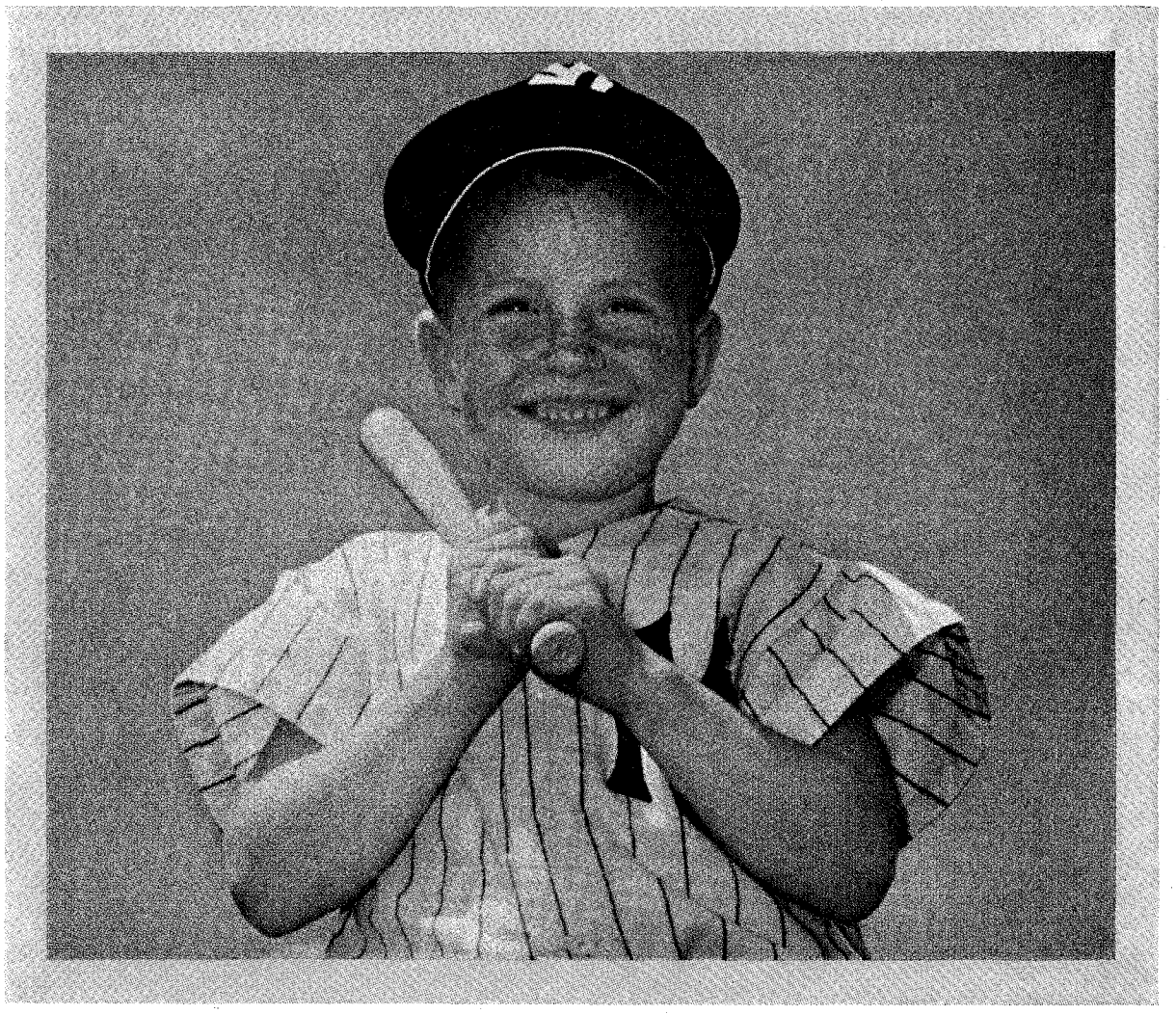

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Mickey Mantle says: "You don't need any practice to take Kodacolor snapshots like these!"

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"The barefoot boy at our house is Davey. We mailed prints of this picture to the folks back in Oklahoma. They said it was almost like a visit!"

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See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak TRADEMARK

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(*Continued from Page 64*) They stopped at the wire and he took the cutter from Magda's hand. He looked at Stumpf.

"Electrified?"

"What does it matter? If we don't get through, we are all dead."

He bent down and cut the wires swiftly, bending them back, herding the others through the gap he had made. He had gone only a little way when he saw the spluttering flame behind him and heard the crackling sparks from the cut wires as they whipped and danced. There was current in the wires now, lots of it, enough to fry a man; but they had turned it on just seconds too late. But if it would not kill them now, it would make a beacon for their pursuers. He kept on running. Behind him, the sounds of pursuit seemed to be clearer. He caught up with the rest of them.

"We have to leave the river," he said. "They know we're following it." He pointed to the left. "That way," he said. "Maybe we'll come back to the river later."

They had been going two or three minutes when they came upon the path. It seemed to be going in the direction they were headed. And it was too late now to worry about concealment. They ran down it. The going was easy now, almost a downhill slope; but it would be easier too for the border guards when they reached it. The old man was run out now, he could barely walk. When they reached the river once more, he fell to the ground and lay there gasping.

Either their river had grown immensely in its latest twistings or this was another river. Harry Benton looked at the broad expanse of water shimmering before him in the moonlight. The current was sluggish now, but it would be a tough swim for an old man and it would be tougher for one who had never been much of a swimmer. He knelt down beside Daubigny.

"We can't stop here," he said. "We have to get over the river."

"The river or those behind us," Daubigny said slowly; "drowning or shooting, it is all the same."

"Like an ox waiting for its throat to be cut," Benton said contemptuously. Behind him, he could hear Magda's shocked gasp, but he could not stop now. "You think they'll shoot you. They'll search your body and pick your brains first. And then you'll beg them to shoot you." He spat on the ground viciously. "And you didn't think I could be trusted with the notebook."

Daubigny climbed slowly to his feet. *I am in it now,* he thought, *and I will be in it to the end.* He felt an old man's anger, but it was not directed at Harry Benton. He lowered himself gently into the river and stood there up to his waist in water, waiting to go into the deeper current.

He began to swim slowly and painfully, with the awkward side-arm stroke he had learned as a boy in the long summers on the Baltic coast or the Bavarian lakes. He was very tired now and for a moment he was tempted to let himself sink for good in the cool water. Better fall into God's hands than men's, he thought. He felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Float," Magda said. "On your back."

He turned over wearily and felt himself buoyed by the water. Her hand was on his shoulder. She was swimming with one arm, tugging him gently forward. He closed his eyes. He felt a hand on his other shoulder, as Harry Benton came alongside and urged him forward.

Across Jordan, Pastor Daubigny thought; *they have brought me across Jordan and lifted me up from tribulation. There is a great debt; how can I repay? Magda, yes, she will know what she wants; and it will be good. But the other one, whatever I do will harm him. He does not know himself what he wants.* He felt his feet touch bottom, and turned slowly and made his way up the bank, the young man and the girl helping him.

They walked a few hundred yards forward, but it was no use now. Daubigny would have to rest. He could barely drag one foot ahead of the other. Harry Benton led him to a tiny clearing of grass, just off the rough track and screened with bushes, and helped him to lower himself to the ground. Daubigny lay there quietly on his back looking up at the stars.

They were all huddled together in the clearing now. Even Stumpf welcomed the brief rest, but after a few minutes he got to his feet.

"We cannot stay here any more. They will be up to us soon."

"The old man can't move," Harry Benton said.

"So much the worse for him. We cannot stay. He must take his chances. I did not bargain for this."

"Go with him," Daubigny said. "He is right. And take Magda."

But Magda was standing there, alert and listening. She put her finger to her lips for silence. And in the silence, they could all hear the sounds of men moving along the rough track, coming toward them from behind. They were too close now and it was too late to move. They lay hugging the ground, frozen to the earth.

The patrol came closer. It was not running now, but moving briskly as if for a long chase, eating up the miles slowly and steadily, remorselessly running down its quarry. The sounds were almost alongside them now. Harry Benton could make out feet in heavy boots through the screen of bushes. There was a sound of stumbling and a body fell heavily to the ground with a thud and clatter, crashing into the bushes a bare three feet away.

They could see the border guard get slowly to his feet. There was no moon now, but there was a faint lightness in the sky. He was brushing the dirt from his uniform. He was a big man, but they could not see his face or his uniform or insignia. They lay there rigidly holding their breath. Then the man spoke and it was like a benediction to Harry Benton.

"Damn it all," the soldier said in English.

A harsher, more official voice broke in. "Come on, Weston, pick up your feet; we haven't got all night."

The patrol moved off in the darkness. When it had gone a long way, Benton turned to the others.

"We're over," he said. "That was an American patrol."

"Call them back," Magda said. "Pastor Daubigny needs help."

"I am all right," Daubigny said. "Just let me rest a minute. I will be ready soon," he went on. "Let us walk in on our feet, by ourselves."

"It's not so simple," Harry Benton said. This was his own terrain now and he was beginning to know his way around. "I'm not working for the American Army. I'm supposed to bring you to someone else. The Army's not in it, and it's not supposed to get in it. There's a man in Heidelberg, he's the only one I know. I'm supposed to go to him."

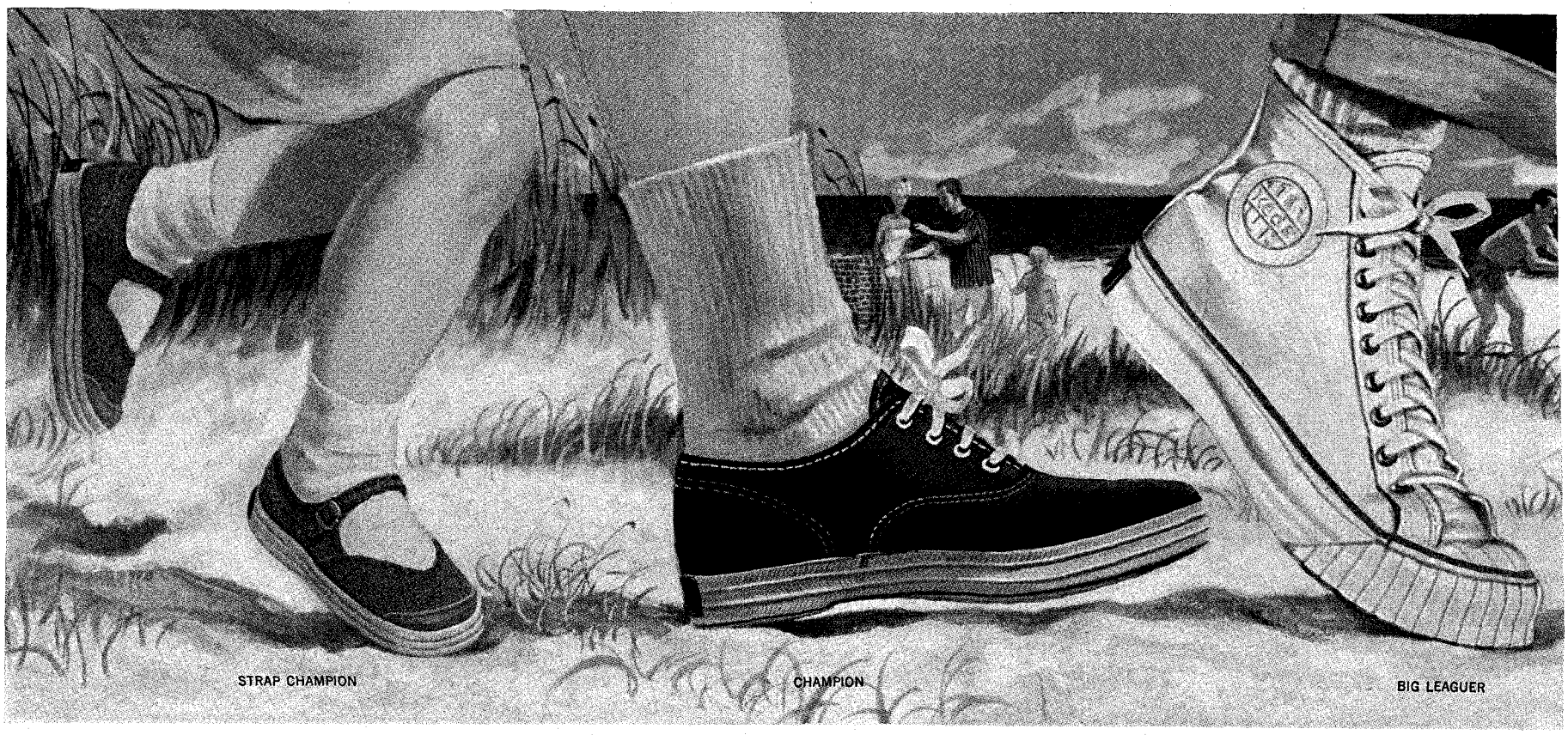
He turned to Daubigny. "Do you want some second lieutenant here reading the notebook?"

He turned to Stumpf, beating down argument. "The man in Heidelberg. He is the one who pays."

He turned to Magda. "Come with me."

"Wherever you go," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Runaway Prop (Continued from Page 26)

C-133," Comisky had written to Col. Dick McGuire, his old skipper at Elmendorf AFB, in Alaska, "is like sitting on your front porch, flying your house. Only duller."

In Alaska, Comisky had flown F-102 Daggerjets—delta wing fighters which could slide through the speed of sound like a fresh razor blade through soapsuds. With a Daggerjet you didn't fiddle around for hours with weight-and-balance sheets before take-off. When the howler blew, you took it on the dead run. And if you didn't have wheels up, boring into the arctic night in less than three minutes, you heard from Colonel McGuire. "Those enemy bombers aren't going to sit up there and orbit while you jokers finish a hand of poker," McGuire snarled. "Let's get the lead out—or I'll get me some boys who will!"

Frank Comisky had thought Colonel McGuire was joking when he told him about the transfer from jet fighters to the Military Air Transport Service at Dover. But it was no joke. As McGuire explained it, the Air Force suddenly needed more big-plane pilots to carry Thor missiles, now in mass production. Somebody had to lug them across the Atlantic to the N.A.T.O. countries and Frank Comisky was elected. "Cheer up, Frank," McGuire said. "They tell me the C-133 is a miraculous bird. Biggest, fastest prop-jet in the U.S.A.F. You might get to love it."

But Colonel McGuire wasn't kidding anybody. He knew Comisky wouldn't get to love the C-133. Putting a fighter jockey into a cargo plane was like pulling Fangio out of his Ferrari and sticking him behind the wheel of a dump truck. And Comisky hadn't adjusted well at Dover. Not well at all. Several times, at the bar, when he'd had a couple of martinis, he got to sounding off about jet fighters, and finally Maj. Nelson Kimball, the navigator in this morning's plane, had picked it up. Not with anger, but worse—with ridicule.

"Tut, tut, captain," Major Kimball had said, after one of Comisky's sallies. "We can't all wear yellow scarves and fling champagne glasses into the fireplace. Got to be a certain number of working stiffs around to fly these big planes. How else can we resupply our far-flung bases and bastions? The peanut bar and the razor blade, y'know. They also serve."

"I'll fly your aluminum barn," Comisky said, staring at Major Kimball, a big curly-headed man who looked somewhat like Fred MacMurray in the movies. "But for your information, major, I don't have to like it!"

Kimball merely laughed this off.

Now, on the ramp at Dover, Comisky walked along beside the monstrous low-slung belly of the C-133, spoke to a couple of Douglas tech reps who were going along to play nursemaid to the Thor in flight, and climbed up to the flight deck. Major Kimball was checking his navigation equipment and did not look up. Sgt. LeRoy Diffenbaugh, the systems engineer, had a radio headset on over his wilted rag of a GI cap, and was leaning forward, squinting at his panel. Diffenbaugh's eyes were puffy from sleep and his beefy face was sweating in the cool morning air. Comisky saw young Airman Cummings, the scanner, shove a stack of comic books under some map cases.

"Morning, Cummings," Comisky said. "Little technical reading, there?"

Cummings blushed. "Be over nine hours, sir. I just brought 'em along to help pass the time."

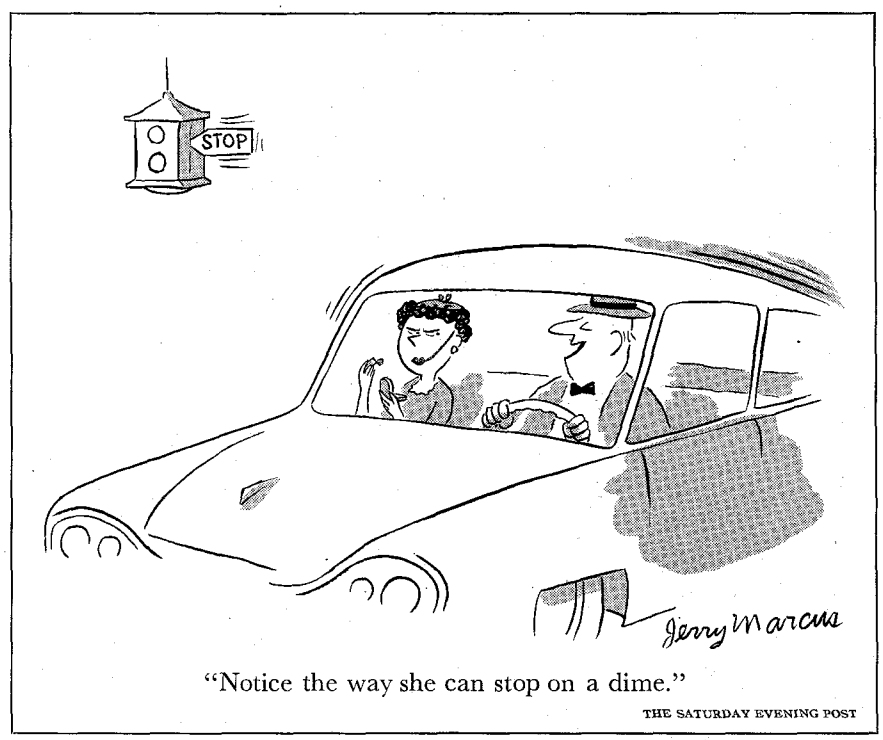
"Oh, I'm not criticizing," Comisky said. "I'm with you, Cummings. I've been falling behind on Steve Canyon myself."

They call this set of characters a crew! he thought. *They intrust a $6,000,000 airplane and a $1,000,000 missile to them! How carefree can we get with the poor taxpayer's money?*

Lieutenant Colonel Sims took even longer than usual in his preflight inspection. The darkness was long gone and the low pink light of the sun was streaming across the field when he finally had the big bird checked to his satisfaction and lined up for take-off. The take-off itself was a brief bit of excitement for Comisky, assisting in the copilot's seat. Used to the skyrocket leap of a jet fighter into the air, he still had not become accustomed to the take-off roll of the C-133. This morning the potbellied brute was really loaded; 17,000 gallons of fuel for its prop-jets plus the massive Thor missile and its wheeled dolly. She needed runway—lots and lots of runway—to get up the speed to bellow off into the sky.

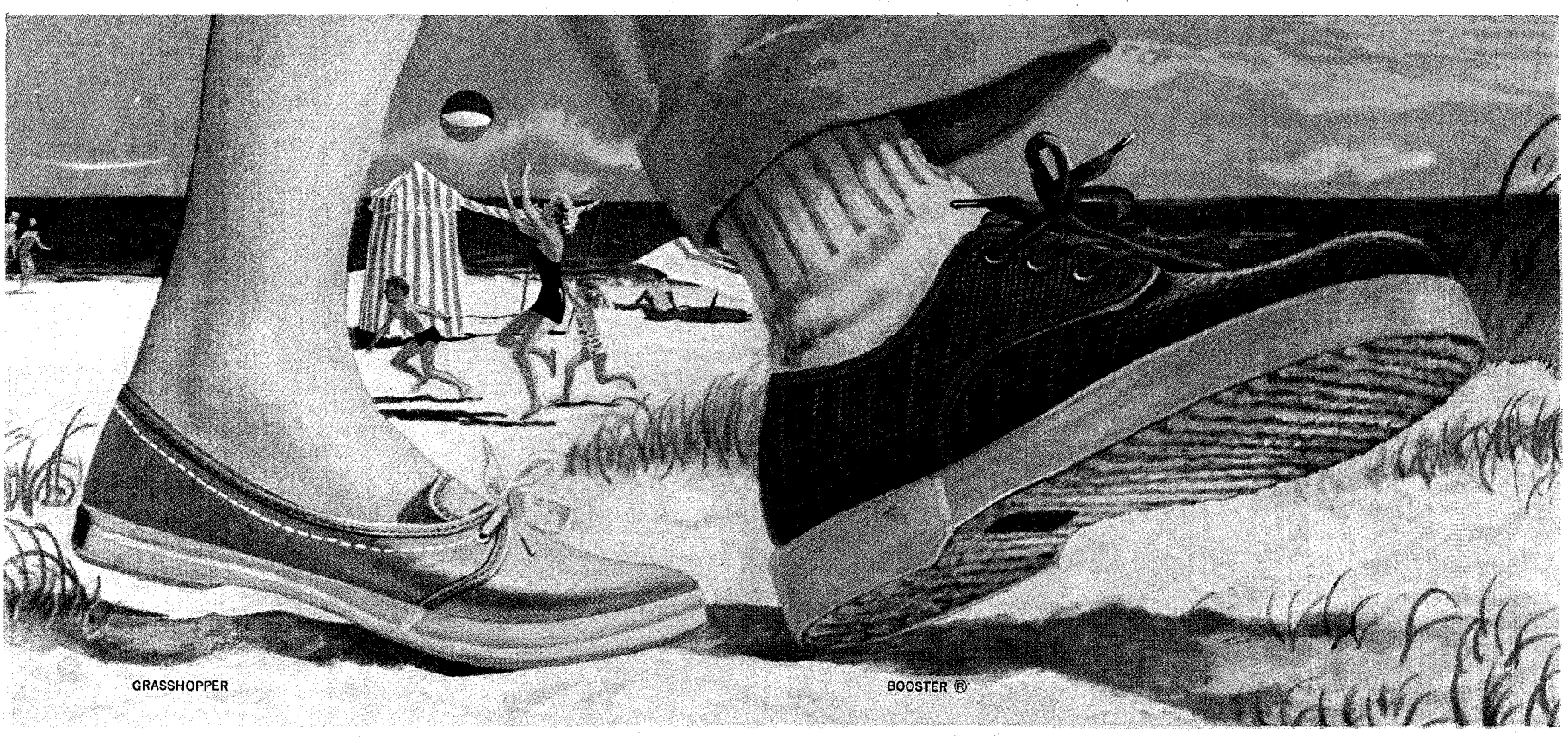
"All set, Comisky?"

He looked across the controls at Lieutenant Colonel Sims, who'd just spoken on the intercom. Sims was looking at him. He said, "All set, colonel."



"Notice the way she can stop on a dime."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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"O.K. We'll roll it."

The C-133 started very slowly and ponderously, the props screaming like explosive whips, and gathered speed as if it were moving through heavy mud. The marker lights moved past tiredly. Midfield passed, the speed increased and now the distant tree line at the end of the runway was rushing toward them. Sims let the speed build, then, smoothly, he eased the nose wheel off the deck, and an instant later the big plane was airborne.

"Wheels up!" Sims snapped.

Comisky brought them up just as the plane blasted low over the wall of trees in its flat full-power climbout. Sims let the speed build some more, called for flaps up, Comisky gave it to him, and they were clean, banking toward the east over Delaware Bay, with the dark shape of lower New Jersey bulking ahead. Behind New Jersey was the Atlantic Ocean. Thousands of miles of open empty water, many hours of steady droning. From now on, until they set down in Europe, there would be nothing to do—nothing at all—except drink coffee and watch a bunch of twiddly needles, and after that there would be another trip, and another, and another, until he got like Pappy Sims: bald-headed, potbellied, and too old to care. *Break out the comic books, Cummings. Old dad will be back to join you any minute now.*

They had crossed the New Jersey coast line, climbing steadily, and were out of sight of land when Comisky spotted the two vapor trails, very high, at one o'clock. Something tightened in his stomach. He spoke into the little mike on wires in front of his lips: "Colonel Sims—two jet fighters. One o'clock high."

Sims bent forward and searched the upper air through the windscreen. His duck-billed cap had become a little twisted on his head, giving him a slightly gawky, hillbilly appearance. "Don't see 'em, Comisky."

Comisky looked again and the trails were gone. "Don't see them myself, sir. They must have left the con level."

The fighters started their run on the C-133 from above and behind. They arrived at terrific speed without any warning—two sleek arrowheads in steep dive, very close together, and as they passed the lumbering giant they slowly rolled over on their backs, as one plane, held inverted for several seconds as they plunged into the abyss, then righted and shot upward. Comisky saw the pilots light off their afterburners and jump their speed powerfully as they climbed to vanish, high above, in the bright canopy of the sky. They were F-102 Daggerjets.

"The kiddies," a voice said amusedly over the intercom, "are out having their morning fun and games."

Comisky twisted in his seat and stared at Major Kimball, who had just spoken. Comisky spoke slowly, spacing his words: "Major—just for the record—I'd like to offer you a ride in a two-place jet fighter the next time we have a chance. Like to show you how the kiddies feel with six or seven G's riding on the back of your neck."

"Well, thanks, captain," Kimball said lightly, "but I really wouldn't be interested ——"

"You're damned right you wouldn't!" Comisky cut in harshly. "You smart boys are quick with the funny cracks. But you're a little slow when the going gets a little bit rough ——"

"That's enough of that!" Lieutenant Colonel Sims' voice said sharply. "Both of you! Kimball, you know how Comisky feels about fighters. Stop this childish ribbing. You, Comisky—I'm giving you a warning now. When you speak to a senior officer—to anyone on this aircraft—keep a civil tongue in your head. Or you won't be flying C-133's. You won't be flying anything. That clear?"

"Yes, sir!" Comisky said.

"Yes, Colonel Sims," Kimball said smoothly, but without the mocking note. "I'm sorry, sir."

Nobody spoke then. The airplane roared along in its flat, gradual climb, outbound from the United States. There was a period of strained and uneasy silence on the intercom. Then Sergeant Diffenbaugh reported the plane on climb schedule, everything in the green, and the cockpit gradually calmed down. The sea dropped far below. The sky became darker as their altitude increased. They were flying a step profile—progressively higher altitudes as the fuel diminished and the big airplane became lighter.

They were at 22,000 feet, moving 300 miles an hour, when the first surge came on No. 1 propeller. It was not serious. In fact, it was so slight that they might have missed it if Captain Comisky had not been looking at the instruments at the moment. He saw the tachometer needle on No. 1 prop dart upward out of its green arc and ride in the red—105% overspeed—and his left hand automatically reduced power on No. 1 engine.

Sims' voice said instantly, "What's wrong, Comisky?"

"Surge, sir. Number one."

"O.K., Comisky. I'll check it out."

Sims' gloved hand moved No. 1 throttle forward cautiously on his side of the console. The engine speed had fallen. Now it climbed smoothly back to the green arc—and held steady there. There was no further surging. "Seems to have cleared up," Sims said presently. "Navigator?"

"Yes, sir," Kimball's voice said at once.

"What's our present position?"

"On course—about twelve hundred miles from our destination."

"How about the Azores?"

"Have to check it, sir. Take a couple of minutes."

"All right. Check it."

In a little while, Kimball's voice said, "We are a little less than six hundred miles from Lajes Field, on the Azores."

"O.K., Kimball. Thanks. We probably got no sweat—but let's watch our position pretty close now, until we see. If we have to divert I don't want to have to wait for a position report."

"Roger, sir," Kimball said. "Understand."

Sims then called Sergeant Diffenbaugh and Sergeant Spina and advised them of the prop surge. Comisky, who was monitoring the intercom, was surprised that the aircraft commander should take so much trouble over so small a malfunction. If something really serious happened, old Pappy would probably drop the yoke and punch the panic button right through the flight console. Comisky remembered emergencies he'd had in jet fighters in Alaska. Coming back to base at night, in blowing snow, with just enough fuel for one pass at the icy strip. When you'd hacked a deal like that, you couldn't get too excited about a minor fluctuation in one propeller out of four—in broad daylight.

The actual emergency came about twenty minutes later, after everyone had calmed down. There was no change in the sound of the engines, no flutter of the instruments—at least none that Comisky saw. Something simply blew a hole in the cockpit like a shell, there was a fierce in-blast of air and noise, the big plane staggered like an old lady tripping on her skirt, and when Comisky peered through the boil of dust and papers he saw Lieutenant Colonel Sims lying on the flight console, his duck-billed cap still under his earphone saddle, but his whole face a wet red mask of dripping blood. There was an instant of incomprehension, and then Comisky's belly sucked tight and his eyes slitted shut against the flying debris as he leaned forward to check the panel.

It took about three seconds to find it: No. 1 tachometer winding up out of this world—but the torque at zero—and a frantic, steely screech knifing though the jagged hole. They'd thrown No. 1 prop. The engine was running away, was going to explode with overspeed in another second or two. Comisky's left hand moved briefly to the proper throttle, yanked it back hard and the steely screech subtracted itself from the general roar.

A voice tore into his headset: "Engineer to pilot! Fire! Fire on Number Two!"

He looked up. It was true. The fire-warning handle glowed a steady fearsome red. Comisky feathered the prop, then grabbed the fire handle, yanked it down, turned it to lock. He hit the extinguisher switch, held it down. Three seconds passed. The red light inside the plastic handle went out.

He snapped, "Pilot to navigator. Kimball—sight-check our damage! Quick! Give me the word!"

"Navigator to pilot," Kimball's voice said raggedly. "We threw Number One prop. It hit Number Two. Then it deflected forward into the cockpit and hit the skipper ——"

"Is the fire out?"

"Yes—yes, it seems to be."

"Good. Now take the skipper out. Strap him in a bunk. Give him first aid. I'm going to have my hands full with this big ——"

His hands were full already. The C-133 was losing altitude and the right wing—the one with power—was trying to rise in a steep bank. Comisky trimmed against the rising wing, holding it down with all his strength as he did so. His heart came down out of his throat when he felt the aileron tabs take effect, knew they weren't going to roll over on their back and spin. The big plane leveled, nose high, but sinking fast. Without hesitation, he advanced both engines on the right side to maximum power, his eyes fixed on the altimeter. If it held steady, fine. If not —— It was passing through 14,000 feet, and it was not holding—not even with full power—and he said, into the intercom, "Pilot to loadmaster. You read me, Spina?"

"Loud and clear, sir!"

"We've lost two engines. Can't hold altitude. Prepare to jettison cargo. Everything that's not nailed down! Personal gear, cameras, tie-down clamps, chairs!"

"Ah, roger sir," Spina's voice said. "I'm going to depressurize now, sir."

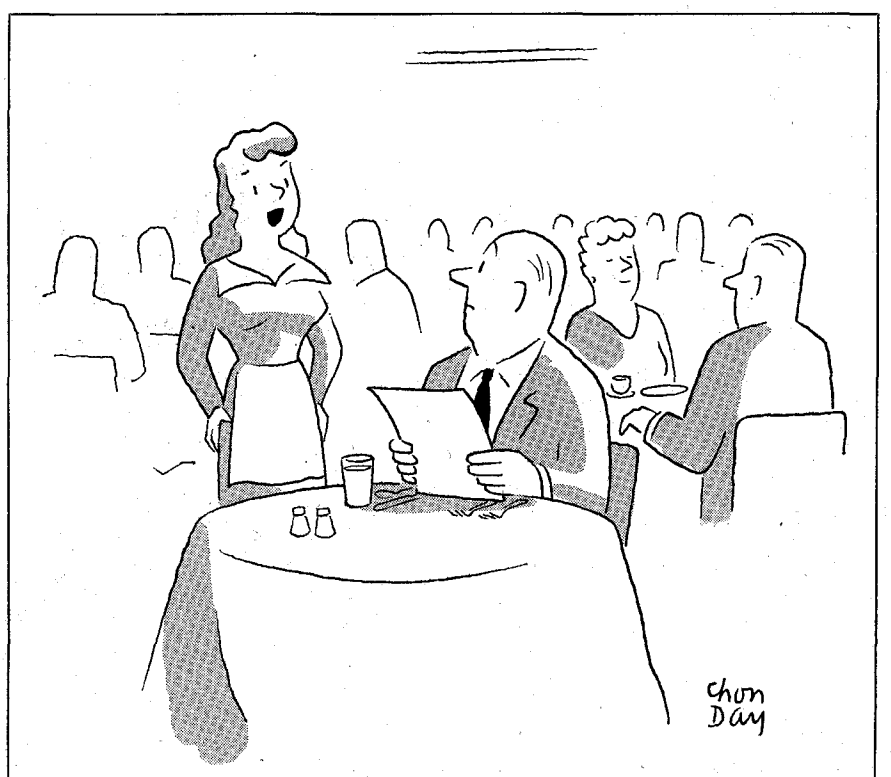
Through the desperate pressure, a small cool lift of spirit reached him at the sound of Spina's voice: steady, clear, almost bored back there in the cargo hold. He had him a boy in Spina, a clutch player, a guy you could lean on. Air sucked at his eardrums as the big cargo compartment gave up its pressure like a blown tire. There was a commotion beside him and he twisted briefly and looked. Lieutenant Colonel Sims had been carried aft. Kimball was crouched over his console, head down against the air blast coming through the jagged hole. Airman Cummings was doing something about the hole. He was jamming a large flat slab of aluminum over it—a slab that looked smashed and beat-up as if it had been worked on with an ax. And, as he looked, Comisky realized it had been: the word LAVATORY was stenciled on it in blue. It was the door to the plane's john.

"Loadmaster to pilot," Spina's voice said over the intercom. "We've got the cargo doors wide open. The Douglas boys have been helping. We're throwing out everything we can find. But it's chicken feed. I doubt if it helps. The missile and the transport dolly are really the whole load this trip, sir."

He checked the altimeter. It was down to 11,000 feet and dropping. They weren't going to make it. They weren't even going to come close. At this rate of descent they'd be in the water long before any search-and-rescue planes out of Lajes could hope to reach them. He wet his lips. The phrase, "Stand by to ditch!" was formed in his mind, and he opened his mouth to say it, and then, as the wild scheme came to him, he stopped. *The missile and the dolly*, his mind said, *they're really the whole load.*

When he spoke, his voice was tough and curt: "Pilot to crew. We are not going to ditch. We are going to drop the Thor and the dolly in one piece. We have to move fast—before we lose too much altitude—so listen——"

He laid it out for them then, over the intercom, in (*Continued on Page 70*)



"I'm the specialty of the house."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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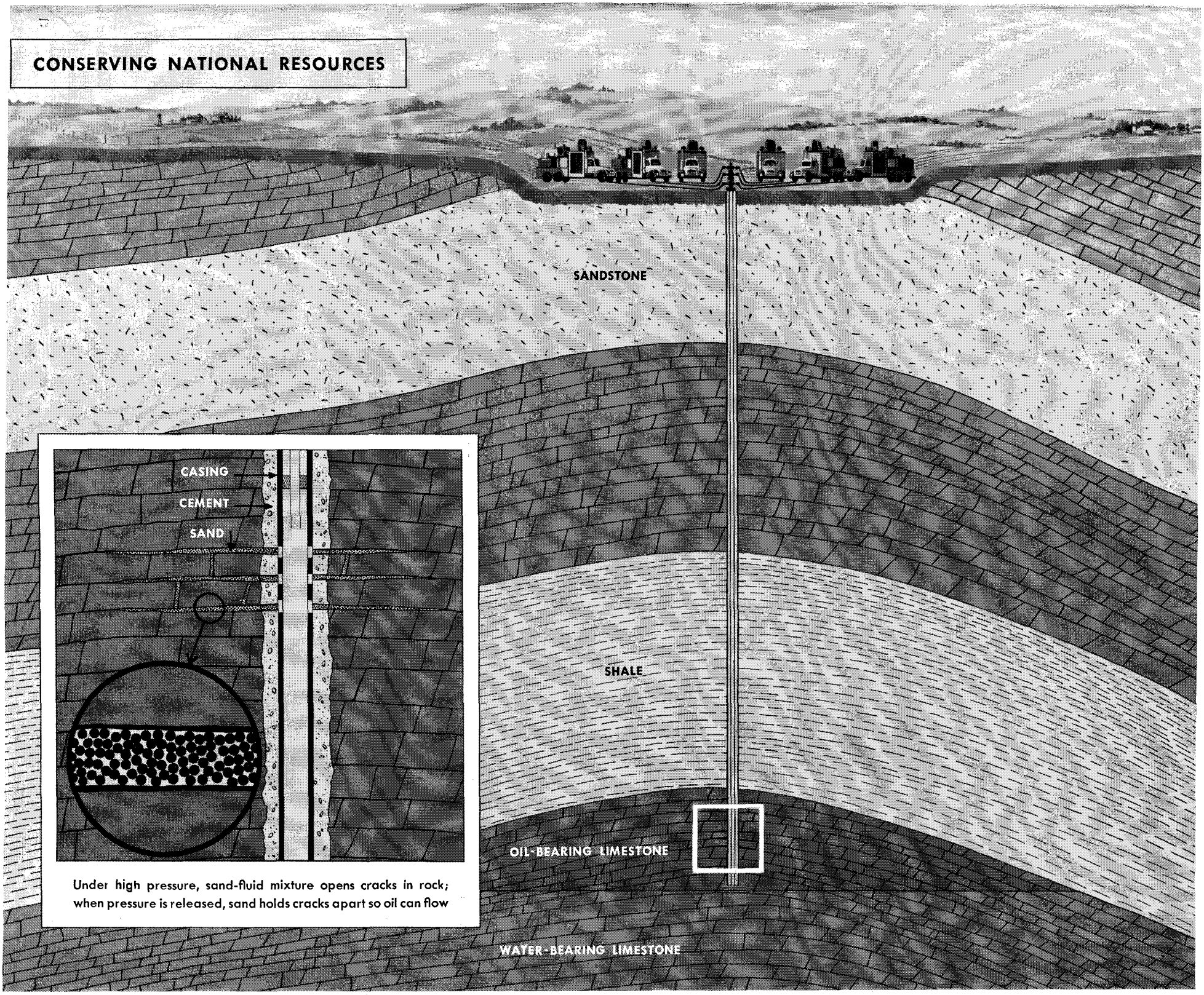

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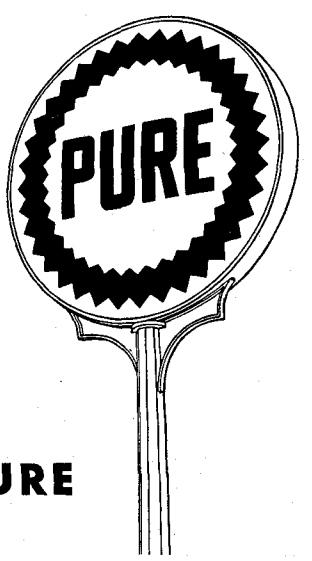

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 68*) about a minute and a half. They rogered. Their voices were thin—or overly loud—depending on how each man reacted to the news of possible sudden death.

"If the wings come off," Comisky said, "it's every man for himself. You'll all have parachutes on. So bail out, and do it quick! Any questions?"

He paused, and the intercom hummed emptily.

"All right, Spina. You and the Douglas guys pull off the cargo net and release the floor tie-downs. Then you stand by with the wire cutter to snip the nose cable when I give you the word. O.K.—get with it! Report when ready."

He held back pressure on the yoke, trying to nurse every foot of altitude as long as possible before it slipped away. He'd dropped through 10,000 feet. There was still room for a dive—if Spina and those tech reps worked like lightning and didn't goof. The plan was simple enough, really. The monster Thor missile was cinched to its rubber-tired dolly. If Comisky could build up enough speed in a dive to climb steeply enough—and if he could hold the airplane absolutely steady and straight in a climb ——

A voice panted in his headset, "Spina, sir. She's all clear. Every last thing off but the nose cable. Standing by to cut her, sir. Got my safety harness on —— Got the rope cutter tied to my arm so I can't lose her ——"

"Good boy, Spina. Everybody ready now?"

They rogered in a frantic rush. They were ready. As ready as they ever would be.

"O.K.," Comisky said, and now, finally, a tough tight grin played on his mouth. "Hold your hats, kiddies. Here comes the big dip."

He pulled power off his two remaining engines and eased the nose down—trimming to take the pressure out of the yoke—and watched the air speed slowly rise—230 . . . 240 . . . 250. . . . The plane was diving shallowly—but losing precious altitude at a sickening rate. He had to gamble—had to risk losing the wings on the pullout—if he hoped to build up enough speed for the maneuver he had in mind. He pushed the yoke hard forward. The sea tilted. The horizon was gone and he was plunging steeply down toward a solid blue-black wall.

Comisky slitted his eyes against the fierce turbulence in the cockpit as jets of air hosed past Cummings' makeshift patch. He abandoned the instruments. He stared at the sea. It had lost its solid tone and was taking on a texture—a delicate tracery of ripples, as a breeze gently rippled the sea surface. Now he began to move the yoke back. The big plane's nose mushed on downward for an instant, and then, with nightmare deliberateness, it began to rise and there was a savage shuddering as the long thin wing—built for conservative cruising at high altitude—fought for its life against the wrenching, ripping forces of a dive-bomber pull-out.

Comisky gave the wing every chance he could. He used every foot of altitude he dared in rounding out from the dive. The C-133 was under 200 feet, almost brushing the water, it seemed, before it came straight and level. He slammed the two good throttles against the firewall and heard the blessed explosive screech of max power from his right wing.

Comisky eased the big plane's nose upward. The sea vanished. The horizon slipped past. All he could see was the light blue sky. He steepened the climb as much as he dared to give the rubber-tired dolly a quick and positive exit, then said sharply, "Cut it, Spina! Cut it, boy! Quick!"

For an instant nothing happened. Then Comisky felt a heavy lurch, the control column shook, and he heard a dull impact in the rear, as the airplane began to roll toward the left. He met the roll with full aileron, saw he wasn't going to be able to control it—and then the C-133 shook itself like a dog getting rid of a cat on its back, and Comisky floated up in his safety belt, light as a soap bubble, and Nick Spina's voice yelled, fierce and happy, "She's gone! She's gone, skipper! You got it made!"

He didn't have it made. Not right then. The Thor missile and its rubber-tired dolly were gone, falling toward the distant sea. But the C-133 was hanging, nose-high, on the very brink of eternity. Comisky jammed the yoke full forward, even leaned forward, straining against his seat belt—as if it would make the slightest difference—tense for the stonelike drop of the nose which would mean the plane had stalled and was starting its helpless death plunge into the sea.

The nose held high for a small eternity. The whole plane shuddered. Deliberately, then, Comisky steepened his bank to relieve negative gravity—to keep those last two precious engines from flaming out. The nose came down heavily, awkward and wallowing—but flying—and Comisky eased into safe and stable flight.

"Pilot to navigator," he panted. "You read me, Kimball?"

"Right!"

"Give me a heading for the Azores. And send out a radio request for rescue planes to meet us on the way in—in case these two engines conk out."

"Yes, sir!"

Comisky looked at the altimeter. It was holding steady. No, it was doing better—it was climbing, very slowly. He reached over to the throttle quadrant and eased the two live throttles backward, very slightly, and the knife-sharp edge of fury went out of the engine sound.

It was night. Lt. Col. Harry Sims was propped up in bed in the U.S.A.F. hospital on top of the hill overlooking Lajes Field, in the Azores. His head was wrapped solidly with bandages and the right side of his face was covered with bright red antiseptic. He looked, Comisky thought, like a slightly beat-up swami after a bad day at the county fair. Around Pappy's bed stood the crew: Kimball, Diffenbaugh, Cummings and little Nick Spina. They were grinning. Even Pappy, in a lopsided, doped-up way, was grinning. They had told him the story. How they had dropped the Thor. How they had come in on two engines. How Comisky, with Kimball pinch-hitting as copilot, had got the big bird on the deck in one piece. It was the staying in one piece which was the miracle of the thing. The C-133 had popped its rivets, split its seams, even bent some of the basic interior structure.

"We got big plans for the old lady, sir," Nick Spina said to his aircraft commander, grinning. "After today we figure she's wasting her time carrying freight. She oughta be a fighter-bomber."

The nurse on duty said, worriedly, "You gentlemen will have to leave now. Colonel Sims has lost a great deal of blood and he has a broken shoulder. You wouldn't be here at all if he hadn't insisted on seeing you."

"O.K., nurse," Major Kimball said then. "Just one more minute. I've got a word to say to Captain Comisky." Kimball turned and looked at Comisky, grinning. "I just wanted to say, Comisky, that I was dead wrong about fighter jockeys. You guys are utterly nuts, of course. But I'm glad you are. None of us would be in this room now—and we all know it—if you hadn't pulled that insane stunt back there."

Comisky looked around the group. They were all watching him and they were smiling. This was the point, in all the stories, where the newcomer always had his big change of heart—where he was suddenly overcome by the joy of being accepted, of being part of the team—and felt his mere personal desires fade away before the bigger symbols of Duty and the Common Good.

Maybe that was how it happened in stories, but it was not happening to Frank Comisky now. Nothing at all was happening. He stood there—and then, from the darkness below, there came a soft hissing sound which built into a sharp whine. Comisky turned to the window and looked out. A jet fighter had fired up. It was taxiing out toward the take-off position, and as it passed through a swatch of light thrown out by a hangar door, Comisky saw that it was a North American F-100 Super Sabre. It carried droptanks, which probably meant it was on its way overseas to join some fighter outfit on the continent or in Africa.

The F-100 wasted no time at the end of the runway. It angled off the feeder strip, centered itself and began to roll with a high and steely scream. Comisky saw the bright explosion of the afterburner, saw the Sabre jump forward and streak along the runway in the dark and lift, like a low, orange rocket, over the black fields of the Azores. His hands were two tight fists. When he turned to the room, Lieutenant Colonel Sims was watching him.

"Comisky."

"Yes, sir?"

"I guess the nurse is right. I guess you guys better leave. I'm getting a little woozy in the head. But I want to say something before you go. I'm recommending you for the Distinguished Flying Cross, Comisky. The D.F.C. is tough to get in peacetime, and the request may be turned down, but I think you rate it, and we'll try." Sims wet his lips. "One more thing. I'm also recommending that you be taken off transport flying. No M.A.T.S. pilot in his right mind would have tried that fool trick you pulled this afternoon. We might as well face it, Comisky. You've got the wrong temperament for big planes. I'm afraid you'll just have to go back to fighters."

For an instant, Comisky could not speak. He met Sims' eyes. Sims was grinning, lopsidedly, and as Comisky watched, the skipper's left eyelid dropped in an unmistakable wink. He turned to the nurse. "All right, honey. Get rid of 'em. All of 'em. They're nice guys, but they're disturbing my sleep. And sleep, right now, I need. Say about forty-eight hours of it—for a starter."

Prosperity Hits Paradise

(Continued from Page 20)

mechanized agriculture, their new skyscrapers (meaning anything over ten stories high), their advanced social and political status.

"We have a full state-government setup right now," Governor Quinn boasted a few months ago. "Without any major reorganizing, such as Alaska has to have, we will switch a few people from the Federal payroll and be in business as a state."

The legislature, enlarged to twenty-five senators and fifty-one assemblymen, has outgrown the ornate Iolani Palace, a hand-me-down from the Hawaiian kingdom and the one and only royal palace in the United States. Now the governor's Planning Commission wants to make the old palace a museum and start from scratch on a brand-new capitol site to be dredged out of the reefs off Fort Armstrong, adjoining Honolulu Harbor.

This scheme is typical of the new order of things on bustling Oahu. Honolulu, the capital, has doubled in population during the past decade; nearly 400,000 people—two out of every three islanders—now live there, in city and environs. The city has more cars per capita than any American metropolis except Los Angeles. As a result, there is a good deal of traffic congestion, somewhat ameliorated by the beginnings of an arterial system, and smog is not unknown on the occasional days when the trade winds neglect to blow. These problems are, of course, shared by a number of mainland cities, but Honolulu has been plagued by another, less common form of growing pain: It has had little room to expand except out into the sea. This, therefore, is precisely what the city has been doing—on hundreds of acres of new land dredged up out of the coral reefs offshore.

Oahu means "the gathering place" in the Hawaiian tongue. In the outrigger-canoe era, it was the Chicago of the archipelago, to which all traffic paddled. Now it is the central terminal of the airline networks which have made interisland steamer travel no more than a memory.

Oahu is also a geophysical wonder, probably the only island in the mid-Pacific on which an industrial metropolis could thrive. The entire island is a volcanic sponge which almost daily soaks up billions of gallons of rain water. In dry Honolulu the showers come only occasionally; but on the Koolau peaks, ten miles distant, there is more than 100 inches of rainfall yearly.

This daily supply of fresh water seeps down and is held under Oahu by a shoreline collar of sedimentary soil that also seals out the salt water. Three plantations, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and the Board of Water Supply, which looks after the civilian water needs of Oahu, pump as much as a billion gallons a day from this amazing underground tank without pulling down the level. The other Hawaiian islands are volcanic sponges, too, but they lack the sedimentary collar that traps the fresh water under Oahu.

"We could pump enough water for a city as large as Chicago," estimated Edward J. Morgan, manager of the efficient Board of Water Supply. "Even if it didn't rain in Honolulu for a lifetime, we'd have water for everybody."

Just as water made Oahu a center of sugar production half a century back, water is today making possible a new Honolulu hub of industry. Water, plus labor, that is—which brings up the question, "Why have so many islanders crowded into Honolulu?"

Graphs and pie charts tell the story. The Hawaiian Islanders have long been pushovers for surveys; they have experts analyzing everything, leave nothing to guesswork. (*Continued on Page 73*)

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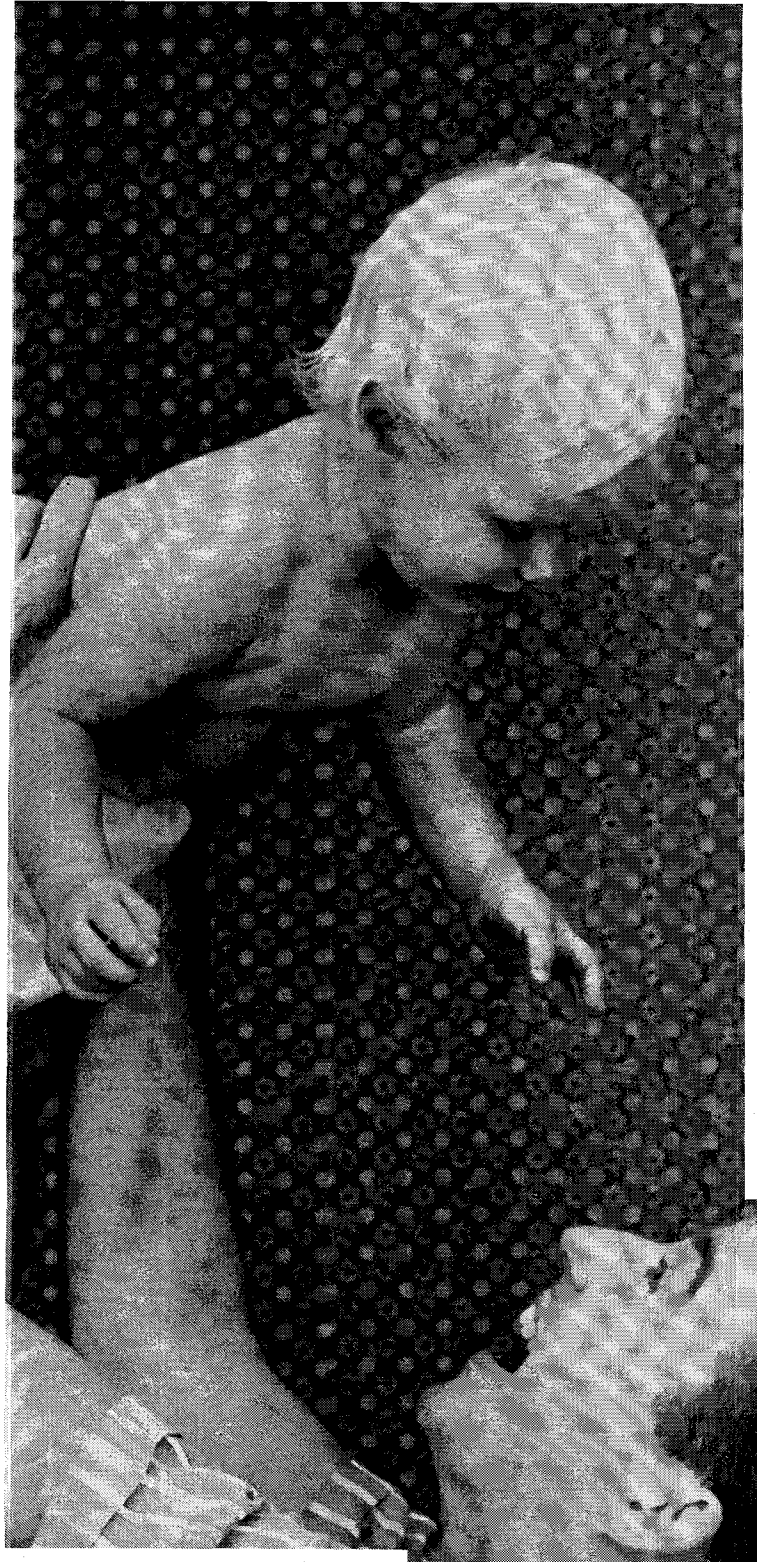


PROTEIN!

Kellogg's Special K-more than a flake or a puff-a wonderfully delicious new way to get your protein

This young mother's pleased look comes from reading the protein story on the Special K package. She's discovering that Special K is now even richer in protein than before.

Right here in black and white it says that Special K now contains an added protein bonus. The bonus—added to a cereal for the first time—is a vital high-quality protein element called *lysine*.

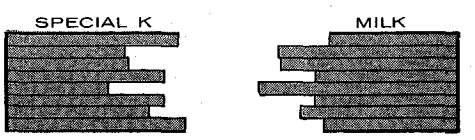
Reading on, she learns that Special K with milk gives her more high-quality protein than any other leading cereal—hot or cold.

All this means a lot to her. Ready-to-eat Special K makes it easy for her and her husband to start their busy day with the kind of protein they need. Special K is delicious, too.

Look for the package with the big red K on the front and all the protein inside.

Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK

KELLOGG'S SPECIAL K and MILK
—PERFECT PROTEIN PARTNERS

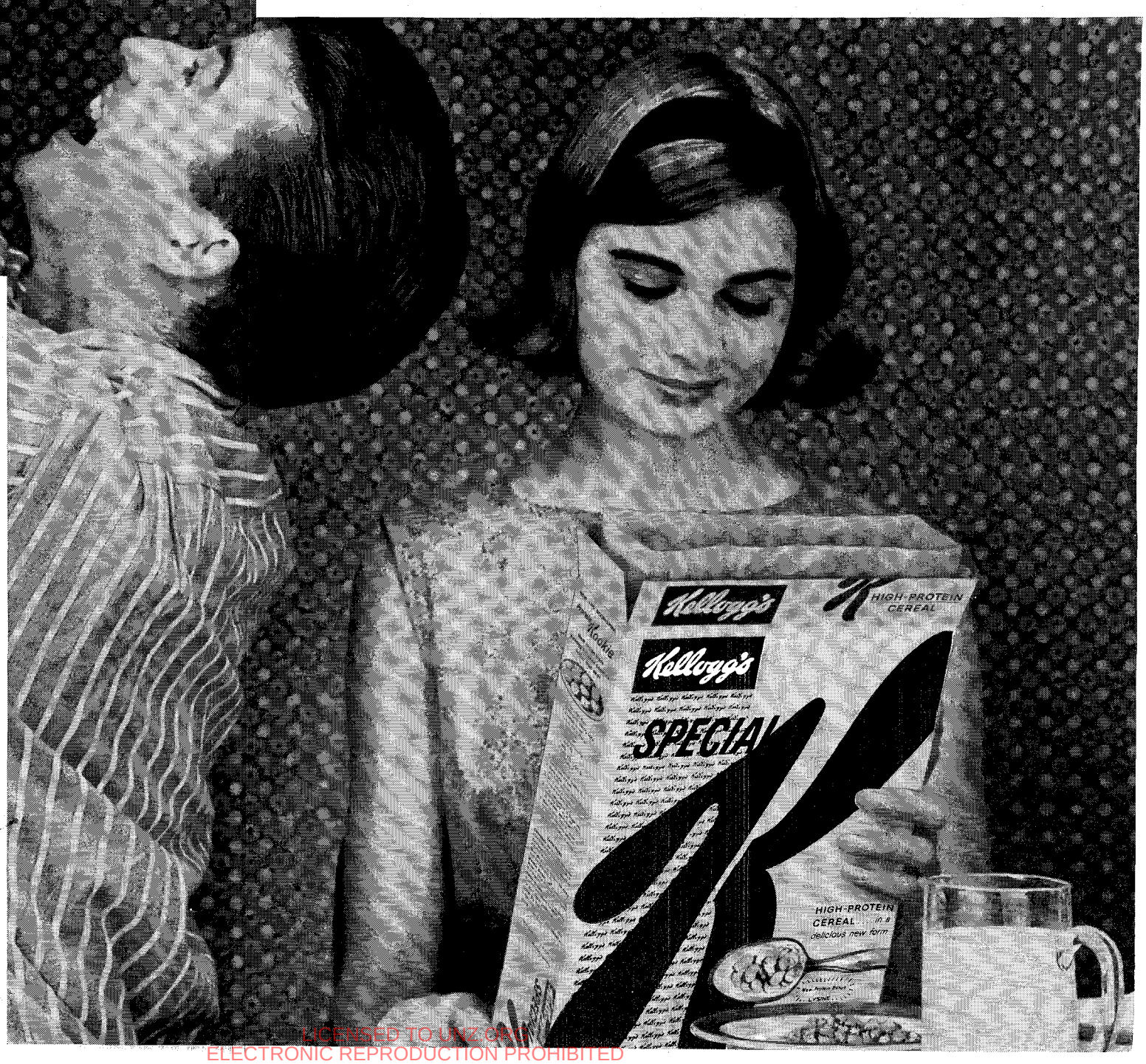


The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of Special K and milk fit together to form a biologically complete protein—the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

© 1959 BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Special K Handi-Pak. A generous personal serving in each of eight individually wrapped packages. At your grocer's now.

New mothers (and mothers-to-be) must have extra protein. The kind you get in Special K is easy to eat and easy to digest.



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WHY GO 'ROUND THIRSTY? HAVE THE

real thirst-quencher!

Copyright 1959 by The Seven-Up Company

Nothing does it like Seven-Up

There are dozens of ways to get thirsty. There's one sure way to get *un*thirsty. That's with 7-Up! Seven-Up starts to quench with the first sparkling sip. And when you finish the bottle, there's no come-back thirst, either. (Scientific fact: 7-Up removes the *cause* of thirst by restoring the natural flow of moisture in your mouth.) Just think—all that, and such fun to drink, too! "FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP

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(*Continued from Page 70*) One of the more portentous surveys was made immediately after the war's end by Harry Bridges, controversial boss of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. This study convinced I.L.W.U. leaders that not only the water front but also the plantations and pineapple canneries were ripe for unionization. The I.L.W.U. tidal wave left a changed Hawaii. The paternal system became a thing of the past. Plantation towns, recreational facilities, company stores, all were sold. Wages doubled, later trebled.

"Hawaii is finished. This is the end," a plantation head told me back in 1946. "We can't survive in competitive markets if we pay these wages."

But most of the plantations did survive. Engineers designed behemoth machines to grab and load the cane that formerly had been whacked off by hand with knives. The shrill little Toonerville railroads that had hauled the cane to mills were replaced by automatic dump trucks. After mechanization, Hawaii's sugar plantations accomplished with 17,000 workers what they had formerly managed with 55,000. They paid each employee three times as much, but produced the same million tons of sugar at about the same cost. On the pineapple plantations a similar revolution occurred.

Few plantations had to discharge workers, because the younger employees were already migrating to the big city, Honolulu. These fugitives from agriculture became the work force for the hundreds of postwar enterprises that sprang up almost overnight. They found higher-paying jobs in the 555 new manufacturing establishments turning out garments, jewelry, jam and jelly—these being but a few of the products that were not being made on the island at all when the war ended.

The young workers and their families account for much of Honolulu's population explosion, particularly as they have been raising a bumper crop of children. In addition, after the war, Army, Navy and Air Force servicemen brought out their families, as did other Federal employees. And a considerable number of sun seekers migrated from the mainland to live and work in perpetual sunshine. In fact, counting the men in uniform—40,000 to 50,000, stationed on Oahu—the island's actual nose count has run as high as 450,000.

This effervescent postwar population was unique in two ways. It was young and full of zip—ten years younger than the mainland average, according to one survey. It was also loaded with money. For the first time, the sons and daughters of the plantation workers had enough dollars to buy instead of merely window-shop. And this extra pay kicked off a spending spree that has slowed down only during two prolonged strikes.

The newly well-to-do islanders planked down their dollars for homes, automobiles, appliances, furnishings, clothing, American foods, and services of all kinds as though every day were bargain Monday. New businesses sprang up by the hundreds, including supermarkets and chain stores, among them some of the largest units of the Sears, Woolworth and Kress chains. New and ultramodern buildings were built, completely changing Honolulu's architectural personality.

During the past five years this building bender has surged into high overdrive. Blocks of new homes have mushroomed out of swampy lands, abandoned cane fields, steep mountain slopes, even out of the tidelands.

One of Honolulu's more spectacular building projects is the steel-and-concrete Ala Moana business center, whose owners plan to transplant much of the crowded downtown business district two miles out Waikiki way. Whether or not they succeed in the ambition, the Ala Moana is a striking example of how to make a multimillion-dollar property out of nothing.

Three decades back, the fifty-acre site on which this arresting business center is rising was an unhealthful swamp on the edge of the drowsing city. Frequently, after cloudbursts, flood waters swirled down, turning the swamp into a lake and piling debris, including drowned animals and fowls from inundated Chinese farms and duck ponds, onto fashionable Waikiki beach nearby.

This unsightly swamp annoyed an energetic islander named Walter Dillingham, founder of the Hawaiian Dredging Company. It also fascinated him. The Dillingham dredges had added thousands of acres to Oahu's perimeter by sucking the

... ...

High Note

By Margaret McKeever Ellert

Listen! The redbird
Under my window,
Shaming such discord
As lutes and guitars,
Opens his heart in
A tiny crescendo—
A radiant flurry
Of audible stars.

See him—the climax—
The final, astounding,
Shimmering chord in
His little rondel,
Crowning his song like
A cymbal resounding—
The visible chime of
A heavenly bell!

... ...

sand and coral from the basins of Pearl and Honolulu harbors and spreading it atop the shoals and low shores. More than a third of the Honolulu water front is land wrested from the sea by the indefatigable and imaginative Mr. Dillingham.

Hankering for a go at the Waikiki-area tidelands, he offered to put his dredges to work during slack times to make a wide, deep canal from the hills to the sea to carry off flood waters. Along the canal the dredges filled in the stagnant duck ponds, turning them into what is today gilt-edge Waikiki real estate. At the mouth of the canal they scooped out a yacht harbor, piling up coral for a long shore-line public park.

When the job was done, the dredging company found it had more coral on its hands than it knew what to do with, so it bought a fifty-acre swamp for a dump site. For two decades the hill of coral and sand served as a borrow pit for Dillingham construction crews whenever they had a hole to fill somewhere. "Someday this land may be worth something," predicted canny Mr. Dillingham. "We'll just hang onto it."

This proved to be one of those classic understatements. Today the old swamp area is probably the most valuable footage in Hawaii. Now nearing completion, the new business center located on it will house eighty stores, surrounded by double-deck parking area for 7000 cars. The complex of marts and offices is the brain child of Lowell Dillingham, now head of Hawaiian Dredging, a land maker like his patriarch father. The Dillingham dream has been turned into steel and concrete by Donald Graham, manager of the project, who talked the Equitable Life Insurance Company into lending $24,000,000 for construction, with the family's equity in the erstwhile nuisance swamp as collateral.

By dangling special inducements, Manager Graham has persuaded some two-score merchants to move their head offices as well as their stores from downtown Honolulu to the new center. Graham's prize catch is the new Sears store, which will be Honolulu's largest. Alongside the fabulous merchandise mart will soar a fourteen-story office building, surmounted by a round restaurant that will revolve once each hour, enabling diners to enjoy both mountain and sea views.

Across the yacht harbor from this complex is Henry Kaiser's ever-changing Hawaiian Village. Mr. Kaiser's feats in tossing up this wonderland of super grass shacks, tall hotels, restaurants, night clubs, swimming pools and convention halls have made him a living legend among islanders. Some of them credit him with sparking the building blitz; others accuse him of turning Waikiki into a miniature Miami Beach.

What happened was this. In 1954 tempestuous Mr. Kaiser arrived with his bride for a delayed honeymoon, only to find that the de luxe suite he wanted in the Royal Hawaiian was unavailable at the time. His first impulse was to buy the hotel, but it was not on the market at the time. So the Kaisers roughed it in less regal quarters at the Royal until they could rent a house. By this time Henry J. had decided that there were too few hotels on Waikiki Beach and, indeed, that the famous beach itself was entirely too short as nature had created it.

"If there's anything H.K. can't stand," explained one of the Kaiser staffers, "it's a shortage."

Kaiser went to work on both the hotel and the beach shortages. His first buy was the old Niumalu Hotel, a run-down, motel-type hostelry, with a small beach frontage at the blighted end of the Waikiki crescent. Importing forty Samoans to weave authentic grass roofs for the Niumalu's shacks, he juggled the buildings around, modernized their interiors and had the beginning of his Hawaiian Village. Buying up the adjoining properties, he razed their ramshackle buildings and started a twelve-story steel-and-concrete hotel.

"I want it in ninety days," he told the construction men. They delivered the hotel to him in eighty-nine days.

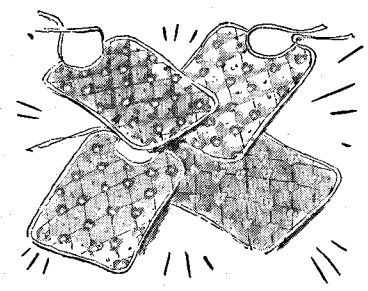
By this time he had sketched another skyscraper hotel, a Polynesian long house for dances and meetings, an aluminum dome for conventions, two night clubs, a pool, and a hospital. But not even these projects satiated his will to build. I was in his office one morning when he arrived waving a sketch he had roughed in during the night.

"Boys, I've dreamed up a new one," he said, beaming.

His staff, by now conditioned for anything, huddled over what appeared to be the design for a new type of merry-go-round. Ending the suspense, Mr. Kaiser explained that it was the floor plan of a circular hotel. The rooms were shaped like pieces of pie with the points cut off to make room for elevators and a short circular hallway in the center. The rim of each slice was to be an open lanai, or veranda. Before the day ended Mr. Kaiser had thrown in a crew and tossed up a model room on the roof of one of his buildings to see how bath fixtures, beds,

Big Bib Value for your favorite baby

Four adorable Baby Bibs!



For 50¢ plus 1 box top from Shinola White—the polish that takes the work out of white shoes!

Four baby-right colors! Sanitized for safety! And *such* a good buy because we want you to try Shinola! So get your Shinola White Polish today and send us the box top and 50¢ with the coupon below.

You'll love Shinola White too... its special detergent action penetrates deep...erases out dirt as it seals in whiteness. And it's *safe* for baby's shoes—won't crack, chip or peel!

Shinola, Box 101
Kingsbridge Station **Z**
New York 63, New York

Enclosed please find my Shinola box top and 50¢ in coin. Please send 4 Baby Bibs to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

This offer expires Sept. 30, 1959. Allow three weeks for delivery. Offer good only in continental limits of U. S. A.

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dressers, chairs and lamps fitted into a slice of pie.

"We'll build round hotels here and here," he declared, punching thumbs into parking areas on the map of the Hawaiian Village, into which he has already poured $14,000,000. His master plan calls for a $100,000,000 building splurge "if the boys will let me have the money." "The boys" are The Bank of America in San Francisco. The Kaiser building program would treble the number of hotel rooms in the Waikiki area, thus ending that shortage.

The lack of beach space is something else again. Fickle ocean currents had carried away the sand in front of the Kaiser property, leaving only coral. Oldtimers laughed when Mr. Kaiser talked about the beach he was going to build. Their laughs lasted only until he could dredge out a basin between the Hawaiian Village shore line and the reef and throw up a rocky groin to detour currents.

"Then Old Henry Kaiser hauled sand for thirty days and thirty nights from the other side of the islands and he made a new beach and a lagoon out of nothing," a captivated native Hawaiian told me, adding to the legend of "Hanele" Kaiser which in all probability will in time be the theme of a new hula.

On the wall of Mr. Kaiser's office, which overlooks the beach he made out of nothing, is a striking color drawing of a Hawaiian island that doesn't exist today. He proposes to rear it atop the coral reef where the waves break beyond the basin he made. It will add 200 acres to the Waikiki tourist area, providing space for ten hotels and beach for 10,000 sun seekers.

Henry J.'s exploits have not only captured the imagination of the legend-loving Hawaiians; they also have spurred his competitors into action. At first the Honolulu business aristocracy watched him with tolerant amusement. If this rich mainlander wanted to squander his millions in Hawaii, it was all right with them. Then, as his night clubs and meeting places started to pull business away from other hotels, the owners of the latter began modernizing and adding rooms.

Late in 1958 scouts for the Hilton and Sheraton hotel chains descended on Waikiki. Briefly, Mr. Hilton and Mr. Kaiser pooled their dreams, only to discover that the two of them were too big for one hotel operation. Hilton then settled for the right to operate a lofty 1000-room hotel which the Dillingham interests plan to build on land wrested from the sea by their dredges. Meantime, the Sheraton chain captured the big prize, the four hotels owned by the Matson Navigation Company. These—the historic Moana, with its famous banyan tree court; the elegant Royal Hawaiian with its palm-crowned gardens; the taller and modernistic Surf Rider, and the Princess Kaiulani—are the hotels that originally put the famous Waikiki Beach on the tourist map. The Sheraton expenditure of $18,000,000 was particularly significant because it marked the first time the big hotel chain had bought hotels outside of mainland United States and Canada.

"It was a logical buy for us," explained Sheraton's shrewd Yankee president, Ernest Henderson. "We're a growth company and we think Hawaii is one of the most spectacular growth areas in the world."

Sheraton's $18,000,000 and Kaiser's $14,000,000 are only lumps in the $200,000,000 which mainland interests—insurance companies, banks, groups of private investors—have poured into the Islands in the past five years. Nearly all of this capital has gone into the economy of the populous island of Oahu—for mass housing, hotels, apartments, supermarkets, factories and the Standard Oil of California refinery at Barbers Point on the southwest corner of the island.

Hawaii's boom has been kept under the radarscope, as might be expected, by a score of able economists and analysts employed by the banks, the larger business houses, the employers, the planters, the unions, even the territory. All anyone has to do to get the right answer is ferret out the right expert.

One of the ablest of these analysts is the Bank of Hawaii's Director of Business Research, Dr. James H. Shoemaker, who charts the Patterns of Island Growth from all angles in both monthly and annual reports. Jim Shoemaker knows what the population of Hawaii is on any given day, how many dollars are spinning around the islands, what is the travel flow, how much defense money is being spent, and so on. By borrowing Shoemaker and his sharp statistical pencil, the Hawaii Visitors Bureau has been able to chart, among other things, The Visitor Industry from 1955 to 1965, almost to the last mainland tourist's bottom dollar. Similarly, Dr. Thomas Hitch, of the Employers' Council, has figured how many jobs will materialize, while the I.L.W.U.'s statisticians are working out the take-home pay and the fringe benefits.

Probably the most intriguing charting of all has been that of an eager, serious young economist named George Mason, who spells out what he calls Hawaii's Climate for Business Growth. Mason, who charts for the high-sounding, territory-supported Economic Planning and Co-ordinating Authority, finds that the industrial climate is fully as salubrious as the weather. E.P.C.A.'s job, in a nutshell, is to uncork opportunities for new enterprises that will provide new jobs.

Mason's approach has been original, to say the least. Studying the products the islanders had to import from the mainland—which used to include just about everything but sugar, pineapples, coffee and sand—Mason began by looking for items which, because they were hollow or largely openwork, filled valuable cargo space mostly with air. He found plenty of these—iron pipe, empty tin cans and glass jars, corrugated carton material, wire mesh for buildings, spring mattresses and radio tubes, to mention only a few items.

"Here we sat in the middle of the greatest reservoir of air on the globe," fumed Mason. "And we were hauling more air to Hawaii in our cargo ships."

Mason isn't fuming quite so hard nowadays. Honolulu now has a new plant that rolls flat sheets of steel into pipe. It has four can factories, a new Weyerhaeuser plant to make corrugated paper and cartons, a wire-mesh plant, two spring-mattress factories, even a radio-tube factory. There is also a spanking-new Foremost Dairies plant which produces cottage cheese and thirty kinds of ice cream from milk concentrates, thus cutting down shipments from the mainland of fluid milk, with its high water content. The Standard Oil refinery on Barbers Point will eliminate a 4200-mile round-trip haul of Sumatran crude oil—to the mainland for refining and back again—and it will provide jobs that didn't exist a year ago. A pilot mill is making paper from bagasse, the fibery residue of cane-sugar refineries. Fifty garment factories are turning out sportwear and women's and children's clothing, much of it for mainland sale.

Looking into his crystal ball, Mason sees a population of 1,000,000 people, most of them on Oahu, by 1975. "We've got to make a lot of jobs," he said. "But we're going to be a good-sized market too."

Where to settle all of these newcomers—whether they arrive by airplane or by stork—is another of Hawaii's perplexities. Much of the land, particularly on Oahu, is held in big slices which stretch from the mountain tops to the sea. This was the way Kamehameha III divided the land, all of which belonged to him by Polynesian custom, in a colossal distribution known as the Great Mahele, over a century ago.

Many of these big landholdings are still undivided. The territory and the military hold half of the island's land for watershed and defense installations. Ten big estates own half of what is left, and smaller estates account for another 5 per cent of the total. That leaves only one fifth of Oahu available for house builders and small farmers who want to own the land outright. The trustees of the estates will lease land, but, until recently, have refused to sell. As a result, many of Honolulu's fine homes have been built on leased land and will become the property of the estate when the lease runs out—unless the trustees choose to renew it, which they are unlikely to do except at a much higher rental.

"Boy, we ought to eat there more often.
They leave money for you under the plates."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Because 90 per cent of Honolulu's land-hungry population arrived too late to hope to own their own plots of soil, land reform is the hottest issue in the legislature today. One fifth of the bills introduced embody some senator's or assemblyman's idea of how to break up these feudal landholdings, and the new legislature, dominated by Japanese-Americans, will probably pass some such measure. The trustees of several estates, seeing the handwriting, have reluctantly begun selling acreage.

As might be expected, the transformation of the old Hawaiian paradise is viewed with grave misgivings by many old-timers. Some of this is selfish, some sentimental; and some is concern over Hawaii's future lure for visiting vacationers. Not surprisingly, the two faces Hawaii presents to the world—bustling boomland and leisurely tourist paradise—do not always smile at each other.

With the traditional vacation island of Oahu turning into a hive of industrial activity, and the beach at Waikiki apparently headed for standing-room-only status, the Hawaii Visitors Bureau is understandably worried. Fortunately it has a hand of aces up its sleeve: The old Hawaii still exists unspoiled on what are referred to locally as "the outer islands"—Hawaii, Maui, Molokai and Kauai.

"We don't want another Miami Beach at Waikiki," declared Frederick Simpich of Castle and Cooke, current head of the H.V.B. board of directors. "Our problem is to disperse our visitors on the outer islands."

Right now this is a bit of a problem. Nine out of ten tourists still head for Waikiki, regardless of what is happening to Honolulu; and even after a modest burst of building on the Big Island of Hawaii and the Garden Island of Kauai, the outer islands together can muster only one hotel room for every six at Waikiki.

Nevertheless, the Visitors Bureau is inclined to be optimistic about the future. For one thing, transportation to the outer islands is already a simple matter; the whole chain is knit together by two airline networks that are virtually airborne bus systems. It takes no longer to reach downtown Honolulu from the northernmost island of Kauai, ninety-five miles distant, than to ride a bus in from suburban Koko Head, out beyond Diamond Head. And secondly, hotel owners on Kauai, Maui and Hawaii have recently shown a disposition to add new rooms to their existing facilities.

It is almost inevitable that they should, because the other islands can reasonably expect to be principal beneficiaries of the expected growth in the tourist trade. Waikiki will probably continue to get its share of the mainland traffic, but, as Charles Fern, editor of Kauai's weekly newspaper, says, "Vacationers want South Seas atmosphere and glamour—with all the comforts of home. They'll come if we have the hotel rooms for them. But who's coming out to see a new oil refinery?"

THE END

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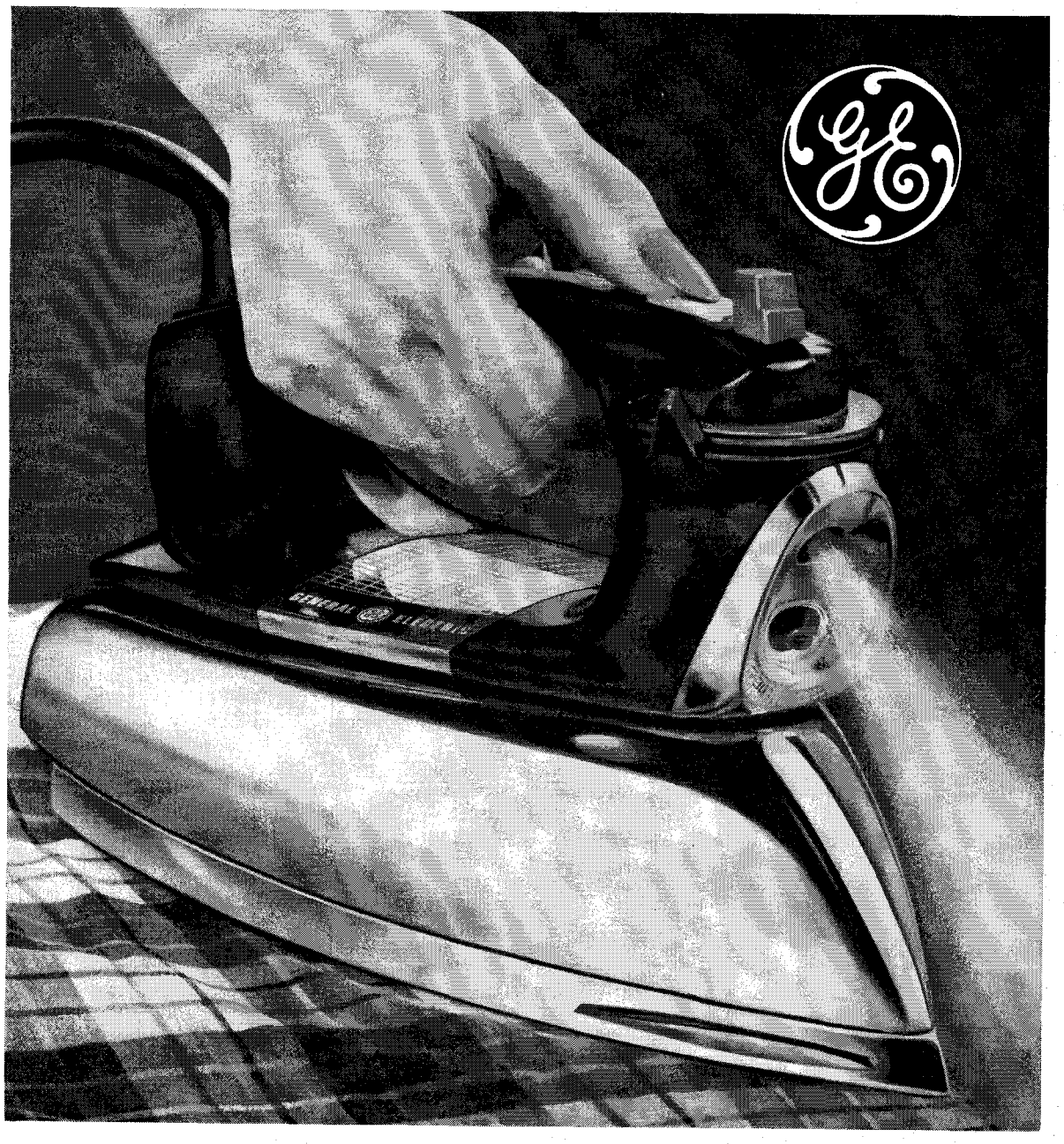
It sprinkles as you iron!



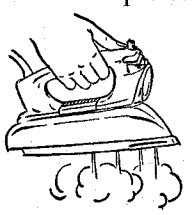
General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron gives you a PLUS... a built-in sprinkler

Now, you can iron heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics without first sprinkling or pre-dampening. You bring them *direct* to your ironing board from washline or dryer.

Steam alone can't do this job! You need added moisture! And that's just what the General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron *supplies!*

Just press the button! This amazing iron sprays exactly the right amount of warm water in front of the iron—*as you iron*—sprinkling and dampening your fabric.

You'll be delighted with the lovely satin-smooth results—and the time and work you save, too! You need pre-dampen only your largest pieces.



It's a Steam & Dry Iron, too —with General Electric's Even-Flow steam system. Even-Flow steam is *continuous* — penetrates deeper — moistens your fabric *evenly* for perfect ironing.

For dry ironing, just press the button. Use it to touch up "wash and wear." Be sure to see it at your dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

On Mother's Day (May 10) give General Electric... the gift with a PLUS!

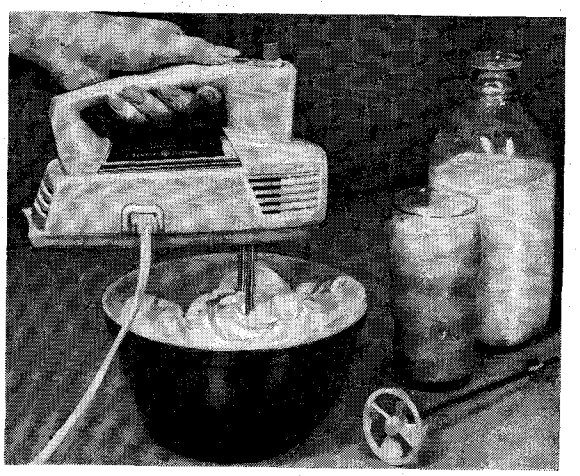
It's an automatic toaster! PLUS... a toasting "oven" below

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* toasts 2 slices to your favorite shade on top—keeps 6 slices of toast warm below. Or use it to heat rolls, pastry, muffins. Makes *delicious* melted cheese sandwiches!

Trademark of General Electric Company

Brews delicious coffee automatically! PLUS... new gauge counts the cups

New General Electric Peek-A-Brew* Coffee Maker has an outside level that shows you at a glance how much water to use *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it!*



Does any mixing job! PLUS—new drink-mixing attachment

General Electric Portable Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds, yet it's powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter. Convenient heel rest, beater ejector, removable cord—*plus* special drink-mixing attachment.

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The Last Gunman (Continued from Page 30)

the rough element with it. Of course, there's a few of the old crowd still hanging around trying to make trouble—like this Bannerman gent some folks figure should have been run out of town long since."

He chuckled and leaned back in his seat. He seemed to be about Clyde's own age of twenty-eight. He had a face that was saved from heaviness only by the long and humorous mouth; and his hair was thick and yellow.

"This was a fine country ten years ago, when I first came up the trail—a fine, wild, hell-raising country, Mr. Clyde. But it's grown up and civilized now. Reckon a man should get grown up and civilized, too, in that many years. Even three years ago, coming this way at this season, there'd be herds of Texas cattle as far as the eye could see, awaiting shipment east. Well, the barbed wire killed the trail —— There's the old loading pens now; we're coming into town."

He reached down for the saddlebags, opened one and, before Clyde's startled eyes, drew out a heavy cartridge belt supporting a holstered revolver. Standing up, he buckled the belt about him. Then he turned back to Clyde.

"It's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance, sir. I hope you'll like our city." He grinned abruptly, reached into his pocket and produced a silver badge, which he pinned on his shirt. The badge read: MARSHAL. "You may consider that an official greeting, Mr. Clyde, in case there is no band to welcome you." He moved away down the aisle.

Prairie Junction seemed to be lined up opposite the railroad tracks. There was a wide, dusty, unpaved main street; a school; a church; a long row of false-front frame buildings, and the solid brick building that was the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, situated on a corner. Up the side street, Clyde managed to read the names on a couple of once-gaudy, now-faded signs: the Cattleman's Rest and the Bulls-eye Saloon.

He picked up his coat and valise and stepped down to the ground. There was a trunk to be seen to, and he looked around for the proper official, but paused as he recognized the tall, broad-shouldered shape of Marshal Bannerman, standing with a girl only a few yards away. The girl was speaking; and her voice held a hint of amused reproach.

"Well, was it a good trip, Hank? Did you get drunk and disorderly in some other lawman's town?"

Bannerman chuckled. "Why, a man can't give rein to his baser impulses in the place where he wears the badge, Sally. It would lead to disrespect among the citizens. Yes, it was a good-enough trip. But the ending was the best of it, seeing you standing here. Although I can't flatter myself you're here for my sake."

The girl laughed. "I might have been, if you'd let me know when you were coming back. No, dad had some business with the stationmaster; and I'm supposed to be keeping an eye out for a man he's expecting, to work in the bank. I haven't any idea of what kind of a person I'm supposed to be watching for, except that he's from Boston."

"I can help you there," Bannerman said. "I made his acquaintance on the train." He turned, letting his glance sweep the platform. It came to rest on Clyde, who was already moving forward. The marshal waited for him to reach them, and said formally, "Miss Jarvis, allow me to present Mr. Paul Clyde, your dad's new ——"

He broke off. The girl was not even looking at Clyde. Her smile of greeting had died abruptly; now her hand went out to grasp the marshal's arm. "Hank! Isn't that Rios, the man who tried to —— Over there by that wagon!"

The marshal's voice was calm. "I saw him. Yeh, that's Johnny Rios. I'm waiting to see who comes to welcome him home. And here's Jud Haskell, right on schedule. Excuse me."

The girl retained her grip on his sleeve. "Hank, be careful! Rios is wearing a gun!"

"Which is illegal in this town," the marshal said. "It is my duty to so remind the gentleman." When she did not release him immediately, he said gently, "Sally, never interfere with a man's business."

Sally Jarvis flushed slightly. Bannerman raised his hat to her, nodded to Clyde and moved away. Beyond the marshal, Clyde saw two men shaking hands by a baggage cart. One, balancing a canvas-covered bedroll on his shoulder, was narrow, young and swarthy. There was a holstered pistol at his hip. The man who had come to greet him was considerably older and had a fleshy white face. Both men turned at Bannerman's approach. The younger one, Johnny Rios, let the bedroll slide from his shoulder in a casual way and set it on the ground.

The older man, Haskell, spoke to Bannerman. The distance was too great for Clyde to catch the words. He was aware that the girl beside him, watching this scene, had moved closer to him. He heard her breath catch sharply.

"Hank! Hank, watch out!" It was only a whisper, but it had the quality of a scream. She had seen it before Clyde did: the younger man's hand striking snakelike toward the butt of his holstered weapon. What happened next was so nearly instantaneous that Clyde could not be sure his eyes had caught all the details of the action. All he knew was that Bannerman was in motion; his left hand knocking Rios' pistol aside as it cleared the holster, his right whipping out his own weapon and laying the barrel brutally across the younger man's head.

A moment later, everything was still again. Johnny Rios was on the ground, and Bannerman was aiming his pistol at the older man, whose hand seemed to be frozen just inside the lapel of his coat. Slowly, Jud Haskell drew the hand into sight, empty. Bannerman spoke. Haskell hesitated, shrugged, reached inside his coat again, brought out a small revolver and held it out, butt first. Bannerman took it and dropped it into his pocket; then, almost casually, he turned and kicked Rios in the face.

The wicked sound of the boot going home echoed across the depot. Rios, whose hand had been creeping out toward his fallen pistol, was lifted into the air and dropped on his back, unconscious. Bannerman scooped up the pistol, bent over the unconscious man, unbuckled the heavy gun-belt and pulled it free.

He straightened up and spoke to Haskell, "Tell your boy, when he wakes up, that he can pick up his property at the marshal's office whenever he decides to leave town. The same goes for you. Don't put it off too long. Good day, Mr. Haskell."

He walked away across the wide and sunlit street, looping the confiscated gun-belt over his arm. The people drawn by the rumor of conflict made way for him. The girl beside Clyde had not moved at all and did not move until Bannerman was out of sight; then Clyde heard her pent-up breath go out in a sigh.

"Well, Mr. Clyde," she said, "you have something to write home about."

He was shocked to see on her face only relief that the incident was over. She displayed none of the horror and disgust and faintness proper for a gently reared young lady who had just witnessed a scene of brutal violence. In other respects, also, he found her a disconcerting person. He had come west with the notion that the female population would consist entirely of weather-beaten frontier matrons and buxom prairie belles. Sally Jarvis fitted into neither category. She was of no more than medium height, blue-eyed and slim-waisted, differing in appearance from the young women he had known back East only in a certain look of vigor and directness, and in being considerably prettier than most of them.

He looked away from her to where Johnny Rios, half conscious, his face streaming blood, was being led away between Haskell and another man. With some revulsion, Clyde said, "I thought that sort of thing belonged to the past."

Sally Jarvis glanced at him sharply. "Out here, the past isn't quite dead yet, Mr. Clyde."

"Your Mr. Bannerman seems to be doing his best to revive it."

There was clear dislike in her voice when she replied, "I might find some things to criticize if I visited your home town of Boston, Mr. Clyde. But I don't think I'd speak out until I'd been there long enough to know what I was talking about. Here comes my father."

A portly, gray-mustached man was marching down the platform toward them.

"Sally, I've told you ——" he burst out.

"Dad, this is Mr. Clyde," she said quickly.

Mr. Jarvis ignored the introduction. "I have strictly forbidden you to have anything to do with that roughneck, and yet I'm informed that you just greeted him like a long-lost friend, with the whole town watching! I hope this latest display of his brutality will bring you to your senses! Bannerman should be shot for having the effrontery to address you; his place is on Texas Street with the people it's his business to control, his own kind of people! As a matter of fact, I don't understand why the city council keeps him on, at his inflated wages, now that we no longer have the yearly influx of cattle drovers to contend with. I shall bring it up again at the next meeting. In the meantime, I must insist that you ——"

"Dad," the girl said gently, "this is Mr. Clyde."

"Oh." Mr. Jarvis put out his hand abruptly. "Glad to have you here, Clyde. You run along, miss. I'll speak to you later!" He watched the girl walk lightly away. Then he said in a tired voice, "I don't know. Clyde, do you have a daughter? No, I suppose not. You're not even married, as I recall your letters. Well, let's see to your baggage; and then I'll show you around the bank, if you're not too tired from your journey. . . ."

The following days were busy ones for Paul Clyde, since it developed that Mr. Jarvis had for years run his bank as a typically one-man business, keeping half the records in his head. Now, at the age of sixty, urged on by his family and doctor, he was taking steps toward ridding himself of at least part of the burdens of management. Clyde, with his rigid Eastern training, found himself continually shocked by the casual and trusting way this institution had been operated—at a considerable profit, he had to admit. One evening toward the end of the first week, he walked over to the Jarvis house to pick up a ledger Mr. Jarvis had forgotten at home, and incidentally to let Mrs. Jarvis know that her husband would be working late.

It was a pleasant evening, which, Clyde told himself, was why he had volunteered for the errand instead of sending a boy. He knew the way, having been to the big, white house for supper a few nights before—Sally Jarvis had been noticeably cool to him, despite her parents' cordiality. He had not consciously been thinking of her as he walked; but when her mother, a small, handsome, white-haired woman, opened the door, he found that he was disappointed.

The discovery startled him; and as he was shown into (*Continued on Page 78*)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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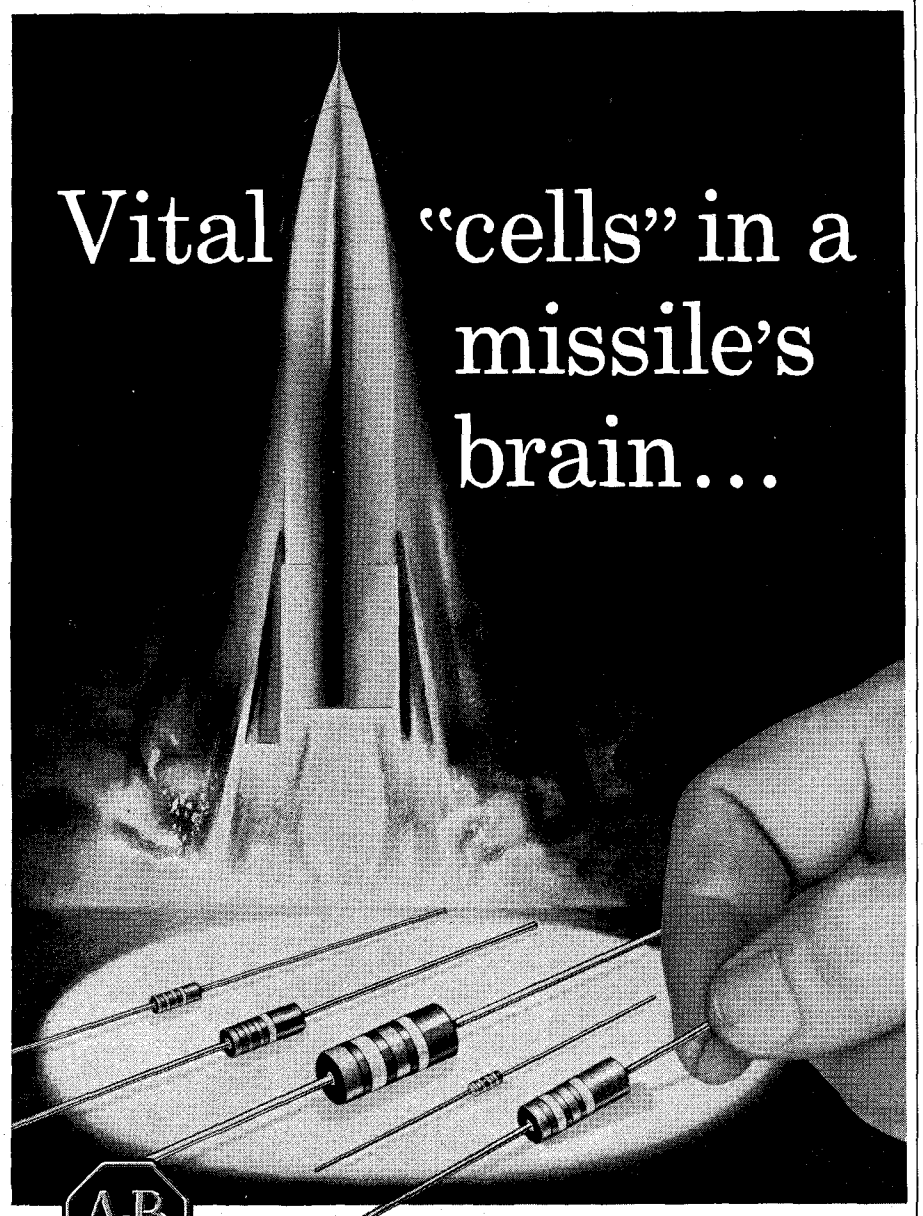

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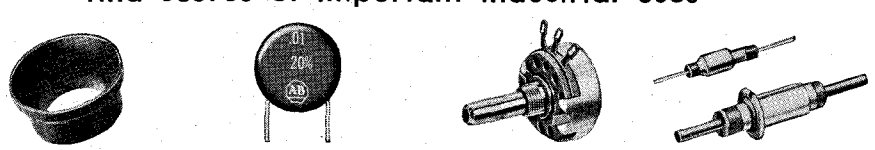

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(*Continued from Page 76*) the living room to wait while Mrs. Jarvis went upstairs for the ledger, he told himself firmly that he could have no possible interest in the headstrong daughter of a small-town banker—a girl with so little taste and modesty that she would let her name become linked with that of a man who, although wearing a badge, was certainly no better than the crude and violent people with whom he had to deal.

Then there were footsteps on the veranda, and, as if in response to his thoughts, a voice he recognized as Marshal Bannerman's came clearly through the open window: "He's tried before. There's nothing to fear, Sally."

"Nothing to fear!" The girl's voice was sharp. "You know why he brought Rios back. And Rios will hate you twice as much now, after what you did to him at the depot."

"I can handle Johnny Rios. And Jud Haskell too. It's what I've been waiting for."

There was a short silence. Sally's voice had a strange, flat sound when she spoke again. "Oh," she said, "is that what you've been waiting for, Hank?"

"I do not like to leave unfinished things behind me. Haskell fought me all the way down the line when I was cleaning up Texas Street some years back. I closed up his Bulls-eye Saloon until he got in some dealers and girls who'd give the trail hands half a chance. He had men try for me on several occasions; Johnny Rios was the last one, and almost made it. It was in the cards there'd be a final showdown. The Street is dead now except for small sins, and Haskell's pulling out. He's waited a long time to do it. I wondered why. Now I know. He was waiting for Rios. He wanted one more try at me. This time, I think, he'll be out there with a gun himself. Well, I've waited a long time for him to hate me enough for that. It will finish my job here in Prairie Junction."

It occurred to Clyde that he was eavesdropping. He rose and walked across the room to the bookshelf, taking no pains to move quietly; but the two people on the porch were too concerned with their own affairs to hear him.

Sally's voice came through the window, clearly audible: "So all these last months—this last year—you've been waiting around to kill a man?"

The marshal's voice held a smile. "Well, there were some other things to hold me."

The girl spoke swiftly, "And if you succeed—if you survive, what then?"

"There's a town called Lagos Springs, to the west. The Texans coming up the trail take it apart each summer. The citizens have to spend all winter putting it back together again. A committee came to see me the other day ——"

"Are you taking the job?"

"I thought I would."

"And after that?"

"What do you mean?"

"After you have—tamed Lagos Springs, where do you go? And was it your thought that I would be with you?"

"It was my hope that you would be, Sally."

There was a silence. It lasted so long Clyde thought they must have moved away; then Sally's voice said, "No. No, Hank. I'm sorry." She paused, as if to let Bannerman speak; when he remained silent, she went on swiftly: "If this were twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, my answer would be different. It was that kind of a country then. It needed your kind of man. But the cattle trail is dying, Hank; and the country's changing, and if you don't change with it, what's left for you—for us, if I should accompany you? Oh, there are a few years left. There will be a few more trail towns, perhaps, trying feebly to live up to Abilene and Dodge City and Prairie Junction. But after that, where do you go? To the gold towns, the silver towns, one or another mining camp that needs a tough man with a gun?

"Oh, Hank, you've sowed your wild oats, and they've been wild enough, heaven knows, but I don't mind that. But when I get married, it will be to a man who can give me a home and children, not a room above a roaring street of sin in which to wait—wait for my husband to be brought home dead. That may make me less of a woman than you thought, my dear; but this pursuit of violence, for its own sake, also makes you less of a man. You're thirty years old, Hank. If you can't see it yet, I'm afraid there's not much hope for you. I will not be going with you!"

Her footsteps ran along the porch, and the front door opened and closed. Then Mrs. Jarvis was coming down the stairs; and Clyde, crossing the living room, heard her say: "Why, Sally, dear, I didn't know you were home. Is something wrong?"

"No. No; everything's fine, mother," the girl said, and hurried upstairs. She did not glance in Clyde's direction—he did not think she was aware of his presence—but he saw her face as she passed, and read the heartache of the words she had spoken on the porch. He took the ledger from Mrs. Jarvis, thanked her and started to turn away.

"Mr. Clyde. Paul. Did Mr. Bannerman bring her home?" Sally's mother asked.

Clyde hesitated, but saw no reason to lie. "Yes," he said.

"I see," she said slowly. "Well, as I told Mr. Jarvis, forbidding them to meet was no answer, no answer at all. But ——" She drew a long, unhappy breath. "Thank you. Good night, Paul. Don't let Mr. Jarvis work too late."

The following day, Clyde was leaving the bank on his way to lunch when Sally Jarvis came out of her father's small office and started for the front door. Bareheaded, she looked like a schoolgirl. She saw him, paused and smiled coolly.

"Which way are you going, Mr. Clyde?"

"Up toward the Chinaman's," he said. "Cheap and nourishing."

"Then you can walk with me as far as the corner," she said.

He bowed, and held the door for her. The sunshine struck them solidly as they emerged from the building. Clyde squinted, half-blinded by the glare, and the girl laughed at him.

"You've been at your books and ledgers too long; you've got the look of a mole, my friend." She hesitated, and glanced at him in a sudden, speculative way. "I have a suggestion. Being new in town, perhaps you don't know that there's a dance at the schoolhouse Saturday night."

She left it there. He looked at her as they walked. The warm prairie wind was blowing her skirts ahead of her and playing with a few liberated tendrils of her fair hair. Her face was slightly flushed, perhaps from the sunlight. She threw him a quick glance, and he caught the challenge in her eyes.

"Why, it sounds interesting, but I would need a partner, would I not? Unfortunately, I'm acquainted with only one young lady in this town, Miss Jarvis, and she seems to have a fairly low opinion of me."

Sally Jarvis laughed. "But you're a man of the world, Mr. Clyde; you must know that a lonely young lady will put up with just about anybody for the pleasure of an evening of dancing."

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Clyde laughed abruptly. "Well," he said, "in that case—will you do me the honor, Miss Jarvis?"

"Naturally," she said. "Why do you think I brought the matter up? Eight o'clock. We can walk if you don't have a rig."

"For such an occasion," he said, "I will certainly rent one."

Saturday evening was quite warm and windless, and the sun had just set red when Clyde drove away from the Jarvis house with Sally Jarvis at his side. The girl turned to wave to her parents, who were sitting on the veranda.

"They approve of you, Mr. Clyde," she said. "Of course, right now they'd approve of just about any man who didn't wear a gun."

"I seem to have come along at a fortuitous time," Clyde said dryly. "I will not question my luck."

She favored him with a sharp glance. "You've a funny, sarcastic way of talking, haven't you? I don't think I like it very much." She hesitated. "Tell me, why did you come out to this country, anyway?"

He looked at her, but the light was already too poor for him to see her clearly. He found himself, instead, visualizing her as she had looked descending

... ...

Leading the Parade

Sunday drivers are those
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The slower they go,
The more cars they're
ahead of.

Curtis Heath

... ...

the stairs toward him a few minutes earlier, in a blue silk dress that outlined the shape of her upper body with gentle fidelity, the skirt drawn smoothly back to a generous fullness in the rear, after the fashion of the period. She had no longer looked in any way like a schoolgirl; she had been a poised and breathtakingly beautiful woman, and there was no longer any doubt in his mind about his feelings toward her. However, he had been taught the propriety of keeping his feelings to himself, and when he spoke, his voice was level and impersonal.

"You sound as if you disapproved of my coming here, Miss Jarvis."

She said, "No, but you just don't look like the kind of person—I mean, I don't think you left home to hide a broken heart or a criminal record."

He smiled. "Are those the only reasons for coming west?"

"Some come to find adventure or make a fortune. But you certainly don't look adventurous, and as far as money is concerned, dad says you were being paid a better salary back there than he's paying you now, with much better chances of advancement in a much bigger bank. He's very pleased to have you here, I must say; but this worries him a little."

"It shouldn't," Clyde said. "Back home, I was one of a row of men sitting at a row of desks. In twenty years, perhaps, I would have worked my way to the head of the row of desks; in another twenty, I might have become a member of the firm. By then, I would have been almost ready for retirement. I would have been a substantial, respected and very dull member of the community ——"

"It's funny," she said, interrupting him. "I must be wrong about you, because my impression is that that's exactly what you'd like."

He grinned. "In other words, you think I'm naturally a dull and pompous fellow, Miss Jarvis?" She did not speak, and he went on: "Granted that I have certain tendencies that way; in my favor, let me say that I do try to overcome them. Which is one reason why I decided to break out of the pattern of my life and come out here. The other reason is that the next few decades of this Western land are, I think, going to be very interesting from a financial standpoint. There is half a continent to be opened up; the process has hardly begun. A man on the ground, with a little capital and sound training. . . . I don't expect ever to make the fortune you mentioned, Miss Jarvis. I am not a gambling man; and it takes a gambler, usually, to make money in great quantities—or lose it. I do expect, however, to make some small contribution to the country's development, receiving in return enough profit to guarantee a fairly comfortable, as well as interesting, life for myself and such family as I may have."

For a long time the only sound was the chopping noise of the horse's hoofs. At last she turned to look at him directly. "I don't quite understand why you're telling me this," she said.

He said gently, "I think you do." Before she could speak, he went on: "I have a confession to make. I was in your house the other evening, waiting for your mother to bring me something from upstairs, when Mr. Bannerman brought you home. I could not help overhearing the conversation. He was telling you his plans for the future. You did not approve of them. I thought I'd take this opportunity to tell you mine."

It was the first time he had seen her visibly disconcerted. She frowned, and said stiffly, "Aren't you taking a good deal for granted, Mr. Clyde? Just because I talked you into bringing me to a dance ——"

He laughed and shook his head. "You had a disagreement with Mr. Bannerman, and decided that it would be well for you to be seen in public with some other man—any other man—so that the marshal would realize that your decision was irrevocable. It was my good fortune; and it gave me a chance to speak to you like this; but I'm giving it no more weight than it deserves, I assure you."

She had been studying him in a half-puzzled way; now she said, "You look like an unadventurous man; still you leave a good job to come out here, and speak like this to a girl on no more than a week's acquaintance. There must be more to you than I thought, Mr. Clyde."

He said, "I usually know what I want." After a little, he added, "I usually get it."

"Indeed?" she said sharply. "At least you have confidence in yourself, that's something. Well, there's the schoolhouse. Do you know, this will be the first time I've danced in well over a year?"

He looked at her in surprise; then he realized that, of course, Bannerman could hardly have escorted her to public functions over her parents' disapproval. They pulled into the schoolyard. There were people around of all ages, dressed in their best; and Sally introduced him to one group and another as they moved toward the open schoolhouse door. She seemed unaware of the glances they drew and the whispers that were passed behind them; but once inside the door she turned to face him.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. "It really wasn't very fair of me to put you in this position."

"They mean no harm," he said. "It's something to

(*Continued on Page 82*)

PART 4

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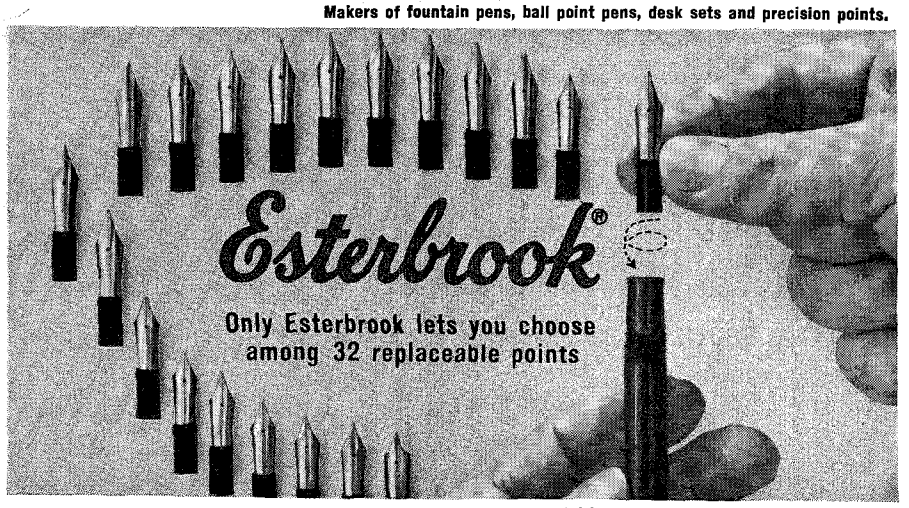

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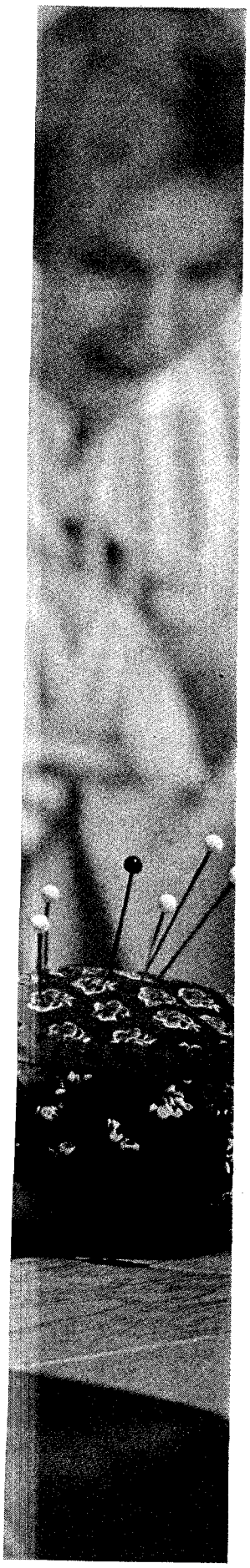

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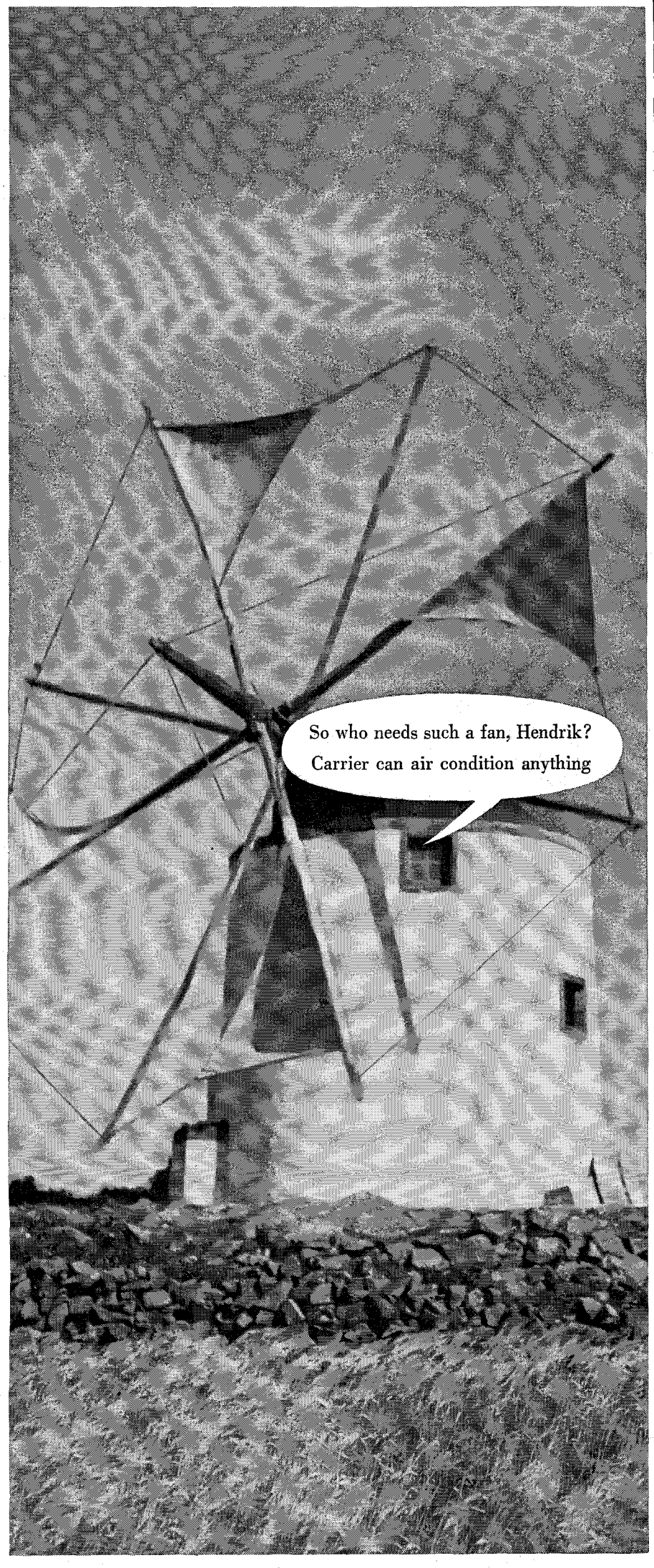

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Carrier

(*Continued from Page 79*) gossip about." He looked at her in the yellow lamplight. "Would it be presumptuous of me to tell you that you look very lovely?"

She laughed. "No woman considers that a presumption, Mr. Clyde—Paul. I think I'm going to like ——"

She checked herself abruptly; and Clyde realized that the room had suddenly become very quiet. He turned to look at the door. Bannerman stood there. His big frame seemed to fill the doorway. He came forward slowly, and Clyde realized, apprehensively, that he was a little drunk. It made him no less deadly; it only made his deadliness blind and unpredictable.

"Sally," he said, speaking slowly and quite clearly, "I want to talk to you."

She said quietly, "I don't think there's anything more to be said, Hank."

"I want to talk to you," the big man repeated, standing above her. "Not here." He reached out and took her arm.

Sally threw a quick and warning glance toward Clyde, and stepped forward obediently. "All right, Hank. All right."

Bannerman turned and started toward the door. His grip on the girl's arm was strong and awkward, so that she had difficulty in walking erect beside him. Clyde saw her face whiten with pain; suddenly his own chest seemed to be full of something that was not air, something thick and unbreathable; and he took one step after them.

"Just a minute!"

To his surprise, his voice came out strong and distinct. A rustle went through the room, which had forgotten his presence. Sally turned her head quickly.

"No, Paul; no! It's all right. Don't——"

"The lady came with me," he said, looking up at Bannerman. "She will leave with me."

He could see himself clearly, standing in front of the big man, a slight dapper figure with a piping voice, inviting destruction. It was ridiculous, and he expected to hear laughter, but none came.

Bannerman shook his head, as if to clear it of the fumes of alcohol. "Get out of my way," he said.

"You're drunk, marshal," Clyde said. "Let Miss Jarvis go."

"Little man," Bannerman said, "don't interfere."

He swung an arm to brush Clyde aside. There was no choice, and Clyde ducked and hit him, putting all his strength into the blow, and directing it just above the belt buckle. The man was built of leather, it seemed; nevertheless the blow knocked some wind out of him, set him back a pace, and caused him to let go of Sally's arm. It also seemed to sober him miraculously; suddenly his eyes cleared and his jaw tightened, and his whole posture became taut and dangerous. His right hand swung casually into the neighborhood of the holstered gun; and the two men faced each other like that for measurable seconds—the longest seconds in Paul Clyde's life—then Bannerman straightened up slowly.

"You are quite right, Mr. Clyde. I've had a little too much to drink. My apologies." He looked at Sally. "To you, too, ma'am. I will not bother you again."

He turned on his heel and strode away. Two steps from the door he came to a sudden halt, listening. They all heard it then, the distant sound of gunfire in town. A horseman was approaching at a dead run. They heard him dismount in the yard and hurry toward the door; then he was in the doorway, a grubby little man with thinning red hair.

"Marshal Bannerman!" He saw the marshal standing there, and caught his breath with an effort. "Haskell and Johnny Rios are shooting hell out of Texas Street. A drunk got hit in the Cattleman, and one of the girls in Lou Dance's place was cut by flying glass; they'll kill somebody yet if you don't stop them quick!"

A slow smile formed on Bannerman's face; his voice was gentle. "Why, you go on back, Pinky. Tell your boss and his shadow to save their cartridges; I'll be right with them."

The red-haired man flushed. "Ah——" he said, turning quickly away. They heard him run across the yard to his horse and ride off. Inside the schoolhouse Bannerman stood, looking idly about him. Abruptly he grinned, dug into his vest pocket and produced a small, shiny badge. He tossed this into the air and caught it.

"I'm told this town's too poor to afford a permanent deputy marshal any longer," he said. "Tonight I could use a man to watch my back. Any of you fine, taxpaying citizens want to feel what it's like to wear a badge when the chips are down, here's your chance."

The room was silent. Bannerman laughed, tucked the badge back into his pocket and walked out. Presently they heard him ride out of the yard at an easy trot.

Clyde heard a man nearby speaking to another in an angry voice: "The arrogance of the fellow! They're three of a kind, I say, Haskell, Rios and Bannerman. Whichever of them goes down, it will be good riddance for the town!"

"Well, it will be Bannerman who goes down tonight. Did you note that he'd been drinking? That's one thing that will make him reckless; and there is another thing also ——" His glance touched Sally Jarvis, briefly. "He will march straight down Texas Street, taking no precautions. Haskell's a sly and careful one who's never exposed himself before; and Rios never faced a man without big odds in his favor. There'll be a marksman in the alley behind the bank, perhaps, to take the marshal in the rear as he goes up the street. Well, I hold no brief for anyone who lives by the gun, but that man will leave an emptiness behind him, dying. A brave man always does."

Clyde glanced at Sally Jarvis, whose face had gone pale. He touched her arm and said, "Wait here."

"Paul, what ——"

"Wait here," he said.

Then he was out of the door, in the darkness, hurrying toward the rented buggy. The livery-stable nag felt the cut of the whip, and broke into a lumbering run as they cleared the yard. Far ahead, Clyde could see the shape of a solitary rider, a big man on a gray horse that looked silvery in the darkness.

To the right, the railroad tracks were pale and shining ribbons in the night. The depot was dark except for a pair of illuminated windows marking the stationmaster's office. Well before he reached the bank, Clyde dragged the panting horse to a stop. He covered the rest of the distance on foot. The lock of the front door yielded to the key he had been given by Mr. Jarvis; he pushed the door open and looked around. Front Street was empty except for his deserted buggy. He stepped into the bank and pulled the door gently closed behind him.

Inside the familiar building, the night lights gave him plenty of illumination. The silence was complete, and his footsteps sounded loud and arresting as he crossed to the teller's cage and found the pistol beneath the counter. There was also a box of ammunition. He dropped a handful of cartridges into his pocket and walked quickly to the side door of the bank. It took a little time to throw off the locks without making a noise; then the door swung open under his hand to let him look out upon Texas Street.

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Usually at night one could hear the constant beat of pianos and the sound of drunken laughter. Tonight, the street was silent. Directly across from him, Clyde saw, was the marshal's gray horse, riderless, standing at a hitching rail. Clyde stepped out cautiously. Looking up Texas Street, he saw Bannerman's tall and square-shouldered form striding away from him at a deliberate pace, holding the center of the street. Beyond him, awaiting him, were two men, whose shapes were familiar to Clyde: He had seen them once before, at the depot on his first day here. As he watched, they moved slowly apart, one to each side of the street.

Now there was a rustle of movement much closer at hand. Clyde drew back into the arch of the doorway, lifting the heavy pistol. He knew enough about firearms to have considerable respect for their deadly potentialities, but very little for the knowledge it took to operate one. It was a manual skill like any other. To become really expert took practice, no doubt; but there was nothing mysterious about the mechanics of putting a bullet into a large target at close range.

He watched two men step out from behind the alley behind the bank. One had a rifle in his hands. The barrel reflected the shine of the lights along the street. The other carried a holstered revolver, which he drew as he came to a halt. This one spoke: "Better take him now. Make it good; he's nobody to fool with."

The man with the rifle put it to his shoulder and sighted carefully. As he did so, Clyde aligned the barrel of the bank's weapon against the rifleman's hunched, black silhouette. His mouth was a little dry, and his voice came out softer than he had intended. "Look this way, gentlemen."

Soft though it was, it was loud enough for them to hear, punctuated by the metallic sound of the hammer of the pistol coming to full cock. They turned instantly, throwing themselves in opposite directions. Clyde had had some thought of disarming them and holding them at pistol point while Bannerman fought his battle at the other end of the street, but he saw at once that it was not going to work that way. He reminded himself that these men had come here for the purpose of shooting an officer of the law in the back, and he pulled the trigger as the rifleman was swinging his weapon around for a shot.

The muzzle flame was a startling thing to a man who had never before fired a short gun at night; it blinded him momentarily. The bright, answering flame of the rifle cut through his blindness, but the bullet came nowhere near him, and he heard the man fall heavily to the ground. Now, as if these two shots had been a signal, the street seemed to pulse and echo with gunfire. A bullet went by high overhead with a strange, sucking sound. He had the pistol cocked again when something struck him a savage blow in the side, driving him back into the doorway and causing him to discharge his weapon ineffectually. He saw the second man, on one knee in the street, taking careful aim for another shot; and he knew he had no time to recock his piece and fire. This was the man who had carried the message, he saw, whom Bannerman had called Pinky; there was wicked triumph on his face. Then a shot sounded up the street, and that face went slack and dead, and the man fell over in the dust.

Clyde drew a cautious breath. There was some pain, and his side was wet with blood, but he did not think the injury was critical. He pressed his arm against it and straightened up. Marshal Bannerman came striding toward the bank, and stopped to look at the two men on the ground and the third standing in the doorway.

"What the hell are you doing here, Boston?" he asked.

Clyde said, "Why, I intend to marry Miss Jarvis if she'll have me, marshal. She would have blamed herself if you'd been killed tonight. I could not let that happen."

People were coming from everywhere now. A buggy pulled around the corner, and Sally Jarvis jumped out before it had stopped and came running up to them. Bannerman looked at her gravely for a moment and turned back to Clyde.

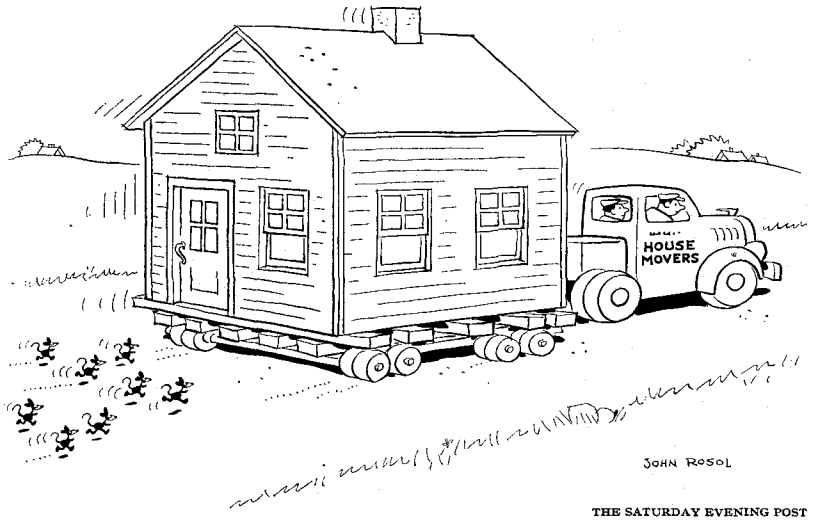
"Well, my work here is done," he said. "Take good care of her, Boston, and thank you for my life."

He turned and walked to his horse. They watched him mount, lift his hat and ride up Texas Street past the two sprawled forms that lay there in front of the brightly lighted saloons. Clyde turned to look at the girl beside him. Her eyes were wide and questioning as she answered his look.

"What will become of him, Paul?" she whispered. "Where will he end?"

He knew that she was not thinking of death in a dusty street like this. She was thinking of a time when there would be no more streets like this; she was seeing a great, bowed, shabby figure in a barroom somewhere, buying another drink to drown the ghostly memories of a past glory, forgotten by everyone but himself. It was this, Clyde knew, that she had not been able to face; it was the reason she was here, with him. He was the tame and prosaic future; the man they were watching ride away was the wild and gaudy past.

Beyond the street and its lights, the darkness swallowed him. They never heard of him again. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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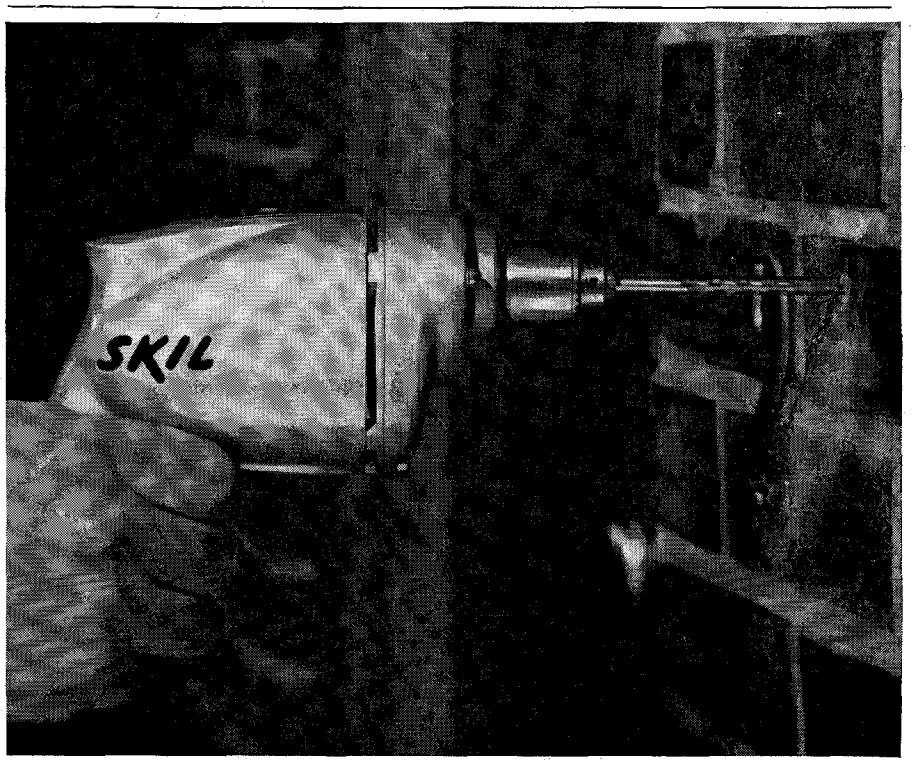

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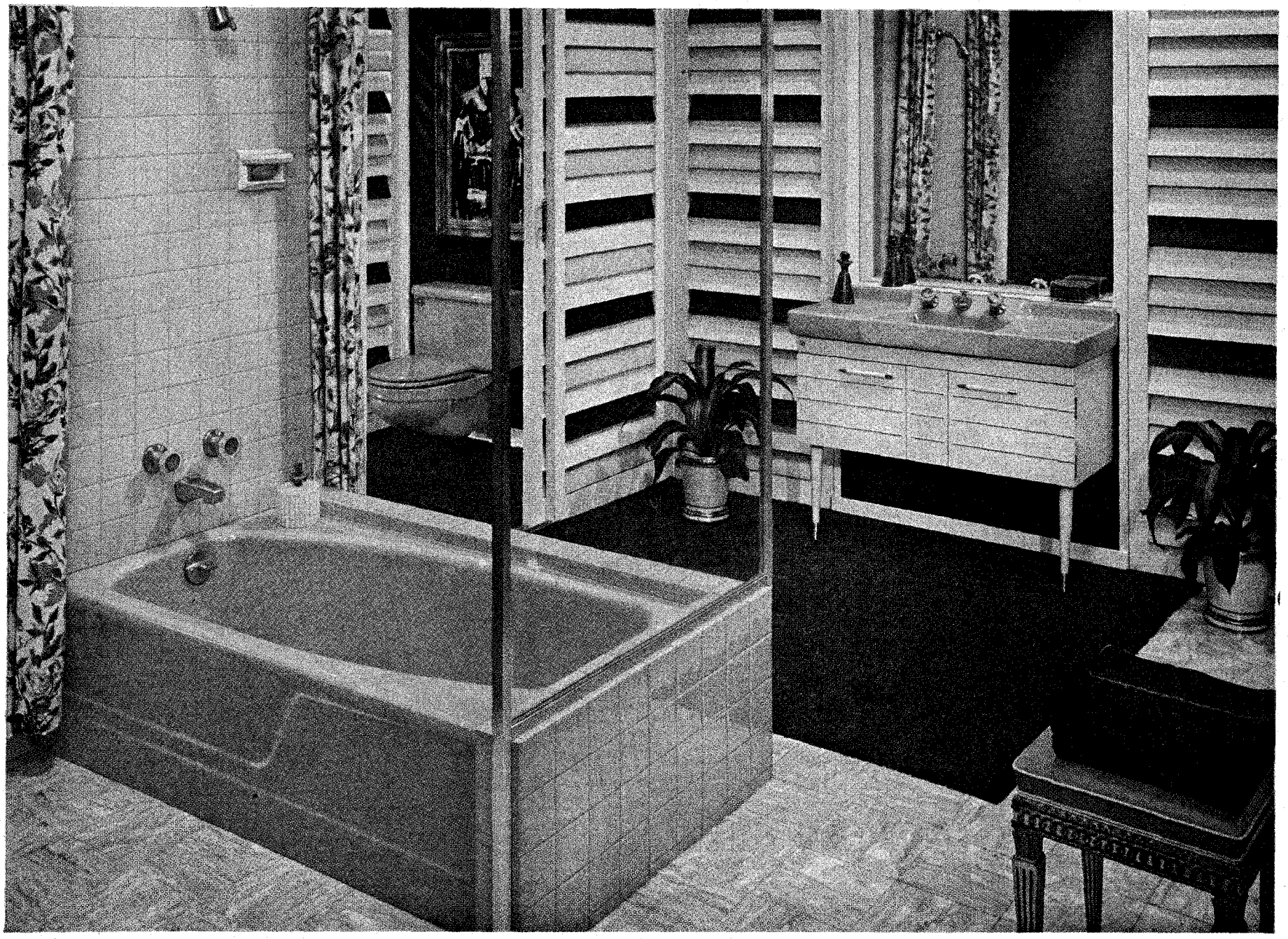

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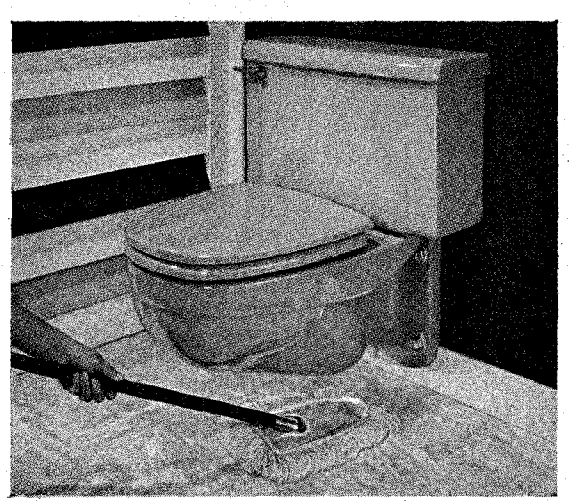

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He Fights the Wildest Fires

(Continued from Page 36)

Kinley's appearance hardly helps to make stories of his resourcefulness more credible. His 220-pound body has been broken, burned and blasted in so many accidents that he moves like a ponderous old man racked by arthritis. His hearing has been impaired by the roar and vibration of fires and, like many people who are hard of hearing, he speaks in a soft, hesitant voice. In a group of oil executives he looks like a night watchman who wandered into the place by mistake, an impression heightened by the rough work clothes he habitually wears.

"An amazing transformation comes over Kinley when he goes into action," reports Carl E. Reistle, Jr., executive vice president of the Humble Oil and Refining Company. "He barks orders like a marine sergeant and shames 'roughnecks' into following him by his disregard for danger. He dominates a situation so completely he seems to be twelve feet tall.

"I still remember the first job I saw Kinley tackle. It was an oil-well blowout near Galveston more than twenty years ago. Underground gas was escaping so fast through a leak in a big surface valve that the well was on the verge of catching fire momentarily. Kinley's younger brother had just been killed in a blowout, and Myron himself was recuperating from an explosion that had killed a man standing next to him. He was on crutches with his leg in a cast, but he hobbled up to the valve, swung his good leg over it to brace himself, then went to work.

"The guy literally was sitting on a volcano that could have been touched off by a spark igniting the gas. Kinley, handicapped by the cast, would have been fried to a crisp in five seconds, but he calmly examined the valve until he found and tightened the loose connection. It was the damnedest demonstration of professional skill and poise I've ever seen."

Kinley's long fire-fighting career has been confined exclusively to oil and gas wells. When a major brush fire around Los Angeles last December threatened to raze a palatial home he owns in Bel Air, Kinley was in Houston. He made no effort to protect the property personally. "I'll just be in the way out there," he said. "I don't know how to lick that kind of a fire." At the first sound of an alarm in his specialty, though, he plunges into harness like the proverbial fire horse.

Last April Kinley was having lunch in Houston at 12:30 P.M. on a Saturday when he was notified that a well had flared up in Ahwaz, Iran. At three o'clock he was on a plane bound for New York. Sixty hours and 8000 miles later he arrived on the scene and worked eighteen consecutive hours preparing for a successful frontal attack on the well.

Nothing interferes with Kinley's response to the siren call of a fire—not even a honeymoon. On November 2, 1958, he celebrated his sixtieth birthday and second marriage. (His first wife died two years ago.) The bride was the former Jessie Dearing, manager of the Little Nick Oil Company, of Chickasha, Oklahoma, whom he met while subduing a blowout that almost ruined the company. After the ceremony the newlyweds drove south through Texas and wound up at Freer where, as the groom knew, a well had blown out. Kinley put it back into operation, then headed east to see the sights of New Orleans.

The Vieux Carré was not on his itinerary, however. The big attraction for him was five burning offshore wells that his assistant, Paul (Red) Adair, was battling in the Gulf of Mexico. Kinley never got a chance to inspect this disaster because an urgent message to phone the Atlantic Refining Company in Caracas, Venezuela, was waiting for him at the hotel. A well had been on fire for two weeks. Could he come immediately? He could and did.

"I bet Jessie was the only girl ever sent home from a honeymoon on account of a fire," Kinley comments in relating the incident. It was the one facetious remark he made during the three days I spent with him.

Kinley talked of retiring in 1956 after completing a series of long, difficult jobs in New Guinea, Iran and Saudi Arabia with practically no breathing spells in between. "I'm not a spring chicken any more," he told friends. "My tail is starting to drag. I better quit before it gets caught in the wringer."

Everyone agreed it was a splendid idea. He could live comfortably, without touching a dime of his capital, on the income from his plant in Houston, which manufactures drilling equipment. He could get reacquainted with his family, do some fishing or just loll beside his pool in Bel Air. But everyone, including Kinley, knew the talk was hot air. Sure enough, an alarm rang on the opposite side of the globe, and Kinley took off on a forty-day tour of duty.

The trip began with a washout for a British company that engaged Kinley to contend with a stubborn oil fire in Pakistan. He took one look at the destruction and advised the client to "kill" the well by pouring concrete into it. The well had "cratered"—a term we'll explain presently—so badly that the cost of fighting the fire would have been prohibitive. Upon arriving in Calcutta, Kinley was informed that a French firm wanted to see him in Paris regarding a fire in the Cameroons, Africa. En route to Paris, he was detained overnight in quarantine at Cairo for inoculations he had had no time to get in India. From Paris he went to the Cameroons, saw he needed equipment available only in the United States and flew back to Houston to have it made to order.

Back home word of another assignment awaited him—a blowout in Nigeria, next door to the Cameroons. So he went to Paris by way of Calgary, where he delivered a lecture on fire prevention, stopped off in Nigeria to handle the blowout and reached the Cameroons a day before the special equipment arrived. The air-freight charges were $23,000. Kinley put out the fire and landed in Houston forty days after leaving for Pakistan.

During this time he flew approximately 46,000 miles, slept in real beds a dozen nights—and collected $90,000 in fees. His total earnings usually are estimated at $100,000 a year, a figure that evokes raucous horselaughs in informed circles. People in the industry say Kinley has been averaging at least $200,000 a year since the exploitation of the Middle East's rich oil fields after World War II, with only a small portion coming from his equipment business.

Kinley refuses to divulge his fees, but executives who have engaged his services say that his flat charge for going anywhere in the Eastern Hemisphere is $30,000 plus expenses. If he is required to spend more than a month on an assignment, which is not unusual, a surcharge is added. The minimum for South America and remote regions of Canada is $25,000. In the United States, prices vary with the nature of the job, but it is unlikely that he can be hired for less than $2500 for a quick stint lasting two days, and the bill for a major fire runs into five figures. Kinley averages twenty calls a year, four of them in foreign countries.

"Now and then people kick when I turn in my bills," he admits. "They always pay up, though, because they may need me again. I honestly believe my fees are reasonable when you consider the money at stake. A short while ago a fire down here in Texas was costing an outfit sixty thousand bucks a day for several weeks. I buttoned it up in six days. What would you have charged under those circumstances?"

"I keep telling Myron he should raise his fees," Carl Reistle declares. "He just shrugs and says, 'The Government already gets most of my dough, so why bother? Besides, an independent operator takes such a bad beating on a fire I don't want to make things tougher for him.' Maybe I'm a sucker for saying this, but Kinley would be a bargain if he charged three times as much as he does."

The total damage of one big oil-well fire can be so fantastic that educated guesses by engineers run into billions of dollars. One thing is certain: A wild well is the costliest of all industrial disasters. The visible destruction, extensive as it is, represents a minute fraction of the loss. A blowout, an eruption of natural gas which always precedes a fire, sends 10,000 to 15,000 feet of steel tubing hurtling through the air like strands of spaghetti. The fire reduces a 135-foot drilling rig costing $800,000 to a mass of wreckage in twenty minutes. An offshore rig with living accommodations for the crew can cost as much as $2,500,000.

Even the vast quantities of crude oil and natural gas consumed by a fire are negligible in the over-all picture. In 1956 a well at Qum, Iran, burned for forty days, destroying 3,500,000 barrels of oil worth $3.25 a barrel, before Kinley extinguished it. Although the gas is less valuable, it adds up to important money. At Ahwaz, Iran, last year, before Kinley went to work, 4,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas was lost. In the United States the gas would have brought $840,000.

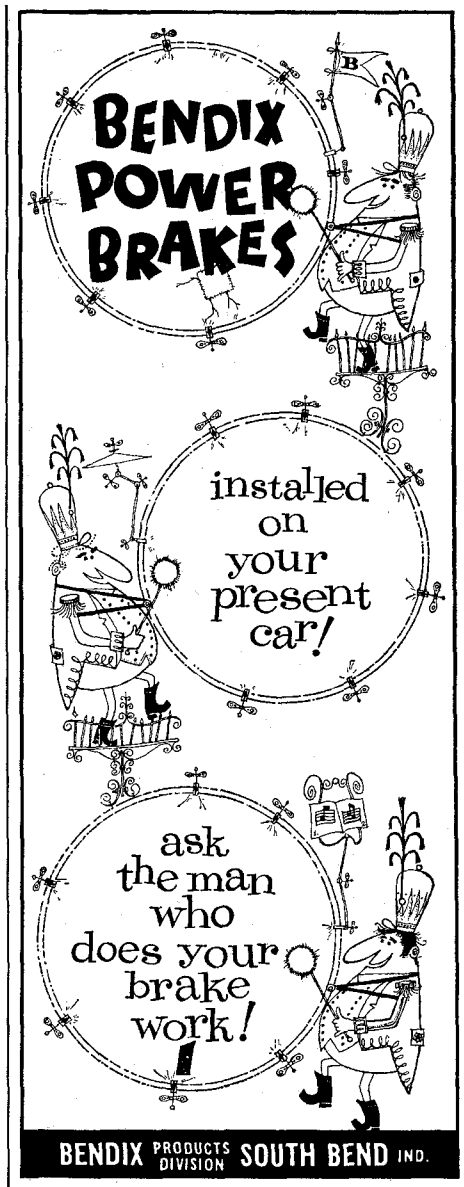
But the most devastating effect of a fire occurs far below the surface, where the dissipation of the pressure that produces oil can reduce the yield of an entire field by as much as 50 per cent. Most people labor under the delusion that oil is found by drilling a well until an underground pool of the stuff is struck. Your gasoline bills would be trivial if that were all there was to it.

Oil is obtained from rock formations containing tiny globules of crude petroleum which literally are squeezed out by gas under extremely high pressures. It is essential to control the release of the gas, for if it escapes too fast the resultant loss of pressure will directly affect the surrounding area. An oil field can be compared to an enormous bottle of soda pop. The bottle will fizz for a long time if a pinhole is punctured in the cap, but it will go flat very quickly when the cap is ripped off and the carbonation is permitted to escape freely. (*Continued on Page 88*)

Nuptial Knot

A fellow and a girl who wed
Begin to live as one, it's said;
But many couples can't agree
Which one of them they wish
to be.

Richard Wheeler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EDSEL 8	17.90
FORD 6	20.33
FORD 8	19.67

MAKE OF CAR	MILES PE GALLON
IMPERIAL	18.2(
LINCOLN	17.2
MERCURY	18.9(
OLDSMOBILE	18.2
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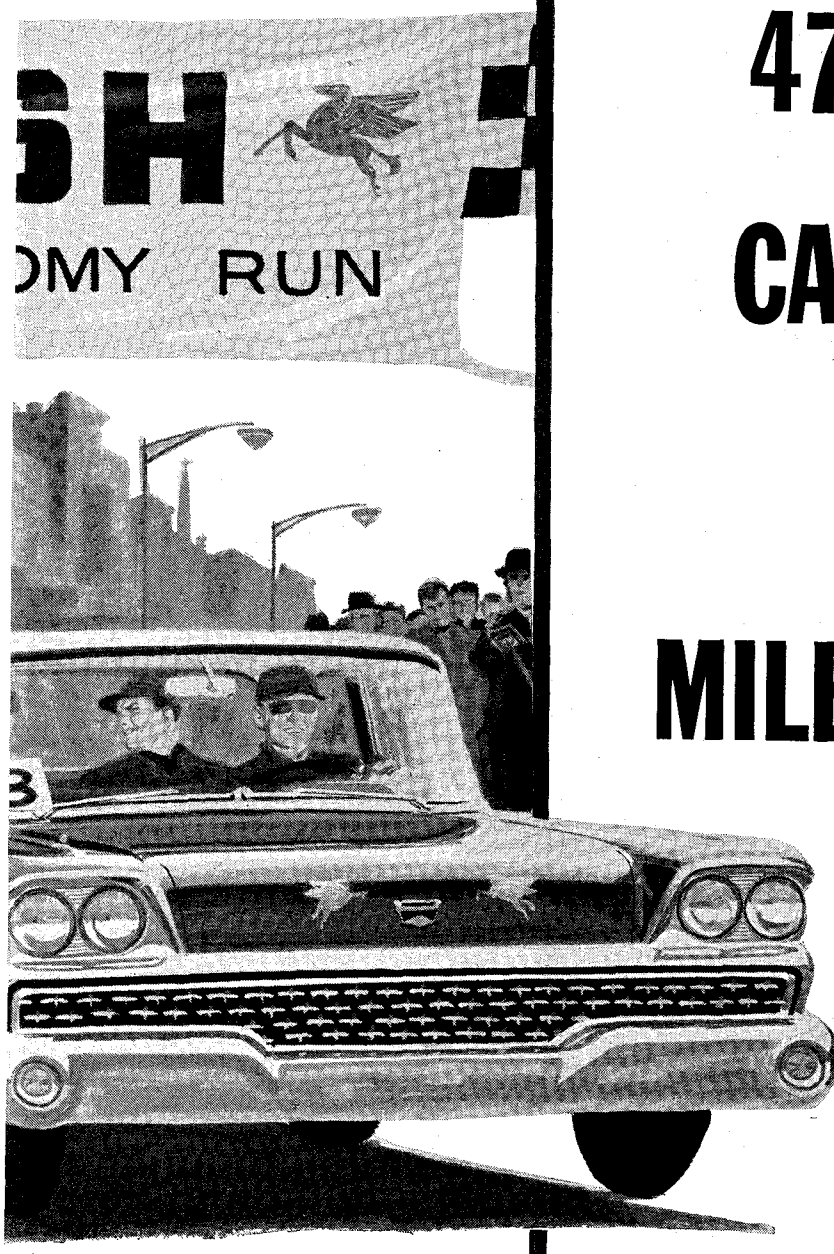

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(*Continued from Page 85*) During drilling, the pressure of the gas is controlled by a continuous flow of chemically treated mud pumped into the well. When the drill suddenly pierces an unexpected high-pressure pocket of gas, however, the mud and pieces of rock are forced back up the pipe in a violent spurt, or blowout. There is no oxygen for combustion inside the well, but the jet of gas can be ignited at the surface by a spark from a stone striking the casing. Such flashes have set off fires that lasted more than three years and bankrupted hundreds of companies. When that happens, other operators in the field chip in to battle the fire and check the depletion of the pressure vital to their own properties.

Fires always have plagued the oil industry, which, incidentally, is celebrating its centennial this year. Six weeks after the first well in America was dug under the supervision of Edwin L. Drake at Titusville, Pennsylvania, on August 27, 1859, it went up in flames. Smothering the blaze with dirt was a simple matter, for the well was only sixty-nine and one-half feet deep and the gas and oil were coming up at relatively low pressures. As drillers probed deeper into the earth, live steam was used to blanket fires, but the tremendous pressures encountered below 10,000 feet made that method ineffective. Although millions of dollars have been spent on research, the industry has been unable to improve on the procedure Kinley has employed for nearly forty years.

Laymen who never have seen a burning oil well have reason for wondering why it causes so much trouble. Unlike a conflagration raging over a wide area, the flames shoot out of a pipe only a few inches in diameter. It seems a simple matter to choke the blaze at that point—until you realize the gas and oil stoking the fire are inaccessible, thousands of feet under the ground.

The solution was discovered inadvertently by Kinley's father, Karl, and Ford Alexander at Taft, California, in 1913. They were unable to remove a big valve from a burning wellhead and finally decided to blast it off with dynamite. The valve and the fire disappeared simultaneously in the explosion.

"The fire started again in thirty seconds, but nobody knew why it went out in the first place," Myron Kinley recalls. He carries in his wallet a snapshot taken of his father and Alexander that day. "The incident was passed off as a freak until Alexander killed a fire with dynamite at Elk Creek, California, four years later. Most guys went on fighting fires with steam, though, because they thought working with explosives was suicide."

Actually the use of explosives is as sound as the principle behind it. As every schoolboy knows, there can be no combustion without oxygen. When an explosive charge is set off beside a burning well, the blast displaces the oxygen mixing with the gas in the slender column of fire. The break lasts only a split second, but it is sufficient to interrupt the combustion, just as a candle is snuffed out by touching the wick with a moistened finger tip.

Before accepting an assignment, Kinley demands full authority to handle it without interference. "A big wheel watching thousands of barrels of oil going up in smoke every day is liable to holler bloody murder when I tell him a job may take three or four weeks," he explains. "People who've never seen a fire expect hocus-pocus miracles. I'm not going to let anybody put pressures on me when I'm risking my life. One mistake can kill you."

Kinley's first requirement is an unlimited supply of water for dousing the area around the wellhead—and for his protection. At Qatar, on the Persian Gulf, a twenty-two-mile pipeline had to be laid across the desert before he was ready to start. Kinley once worked in an asbestos outfit, but he discarded it because it was too bulky. He now wears work pants over two suits of woolen underwear. The water which is sprayed continuously on him relieves the heat, which sometimes hits 250 degrees within 100 feet of the fire.

The next step is to root up all the vegetation within a wide radius and haul away the molten drilling rig and other debris. This is necessary to prevent a wind-borne ember from rekindling the gas which still will be spewing from the well after the blaze is extinguished. When a producing well catches fire, the mop-up is complicated by half a dozen tongues of flame spurting from the "Christmas tree," a series of valves and oil lines bolted to the casing. The Christmas tree must be removed because the trick in licking the fire is to confine it to one jet. Wrenching the big Hydra-headed gadget loose is a laborious task, especially in an offshore operation.

Several years ago, Kinley borrowed four Army marksmen and their bazookas to try to knock off a Christmas tree in the Gulf of Mexico. They scored thirty-two direct hits, but were unable to dislodge it. Kinley finally had to do the job himself the hard way. He was hoisted aboard the drilling platform from a boat and tied a huge hook to the tree. The hook was attached to a crane that ripped off the valves.

When a land fire is not controlled fairly quickly, preparations for the explosion are often delayed for months by the "cratering" of the well. The pressure of the escaping gas cracks the ground around the casing, creating outlets for scores of small fires which must be put out before the main blaze can be tackled. After the charge is detonated, there is the ticklish business of capping the blowout with a new set of valves. This takes Kinley within arm's length of the gas, which can be ignited in an instant by a spark of static electricity.

Kinley established his international reputation in 1931 by conquering a fire that had been raging for 890 days in Moreni, Rumania. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was drilling Well 160 in the rich Moreni field when it flared up on May 22, 1929, killing four men. A year later Kinley asked Standard Oil for a chance to have a go at the fire, but major companies in those days were pretty stuffy about hiring free lances, and he was brushed off. Kinley went to Rumania at his own expense and, after inspecting the site, announced that he could put out the fire in forty-eight hours.

"It would have been a cinch for Myron," says Fred Jackson, a petroleum consultant in Houston who was a field supervisor at Moreni. "The well had not cratered, and the flames were coming out in a single jet, a perfect setup for him. By that time, though, the fire was a political issue in Rumania, and the government had taken over the installation as a national-defense measure."

Premier Iuliu Maniu put his nephew, a mining engineer, in charge of the fire. Four lateral tunnels were dug in an attempt to reduce the pressure of the gas, but the plan was abandoned after ten men were killed in an explosion. The disaster was a factor in the fall of the Maniu cabinet, and the government threw the ball back to Standard Oil. In the summer of 1931 Kinley was recovering from a broken leg and decided to attend an international Rotary convention in Vienna.

"The convention was just my excuse for going to Europe," he confides. "I was itching to take a whack at Moreni."

Standard Oil no longer was in a position to turn down any help it could get. By that time the fire had formed a crater 200 feet wide and seventy feet deep; some experts advised sealing up the well with concrete to stop the ruinous drain of pressure in the entire field. On August 3, 1931, Kinley was put in command of the fire with the understanding that he would receive no fee if he failed to cap the well. A narrow-gauge railroad was built into the crater, but Rumanian authorities were so chary of more casualties that they permitted only Grady Chupp, an American driller, and a native mechanic to work in the pit with Kinley.

The chief obstacle confronting Kinley was hundreds of fires in the fissures of the crater. It was futile to attack the 500-foot torch from Well 160 until he doused those potential matches that could have ignited the gas roaring up the drill pipe at a pressure of 4000 pounds per square inch. A landslide started by a violent rainstorm smothered a number of the small fires. This gave Kinley an idea. A man-made landslide would bury all the fires, but the drill pipe had to be left accessible if the well was to be put into operation again. Kinley designed a concrete hood with an opening in the top, lowered it over the well, then touched off an avalache with dynamite. After the dust had settled, the only flames in the area belched from the hood.

Well 160 had been burning for twenty-six months when Kinley arrived. Three months and one day later, on November 4, 1931, an explosive charge blotted out the great fire. Kinley capped the well with three more months of arduous work. According (*Continued on Page 90*)

NEXT WEEK

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OREGON'S GOLDEN BOY

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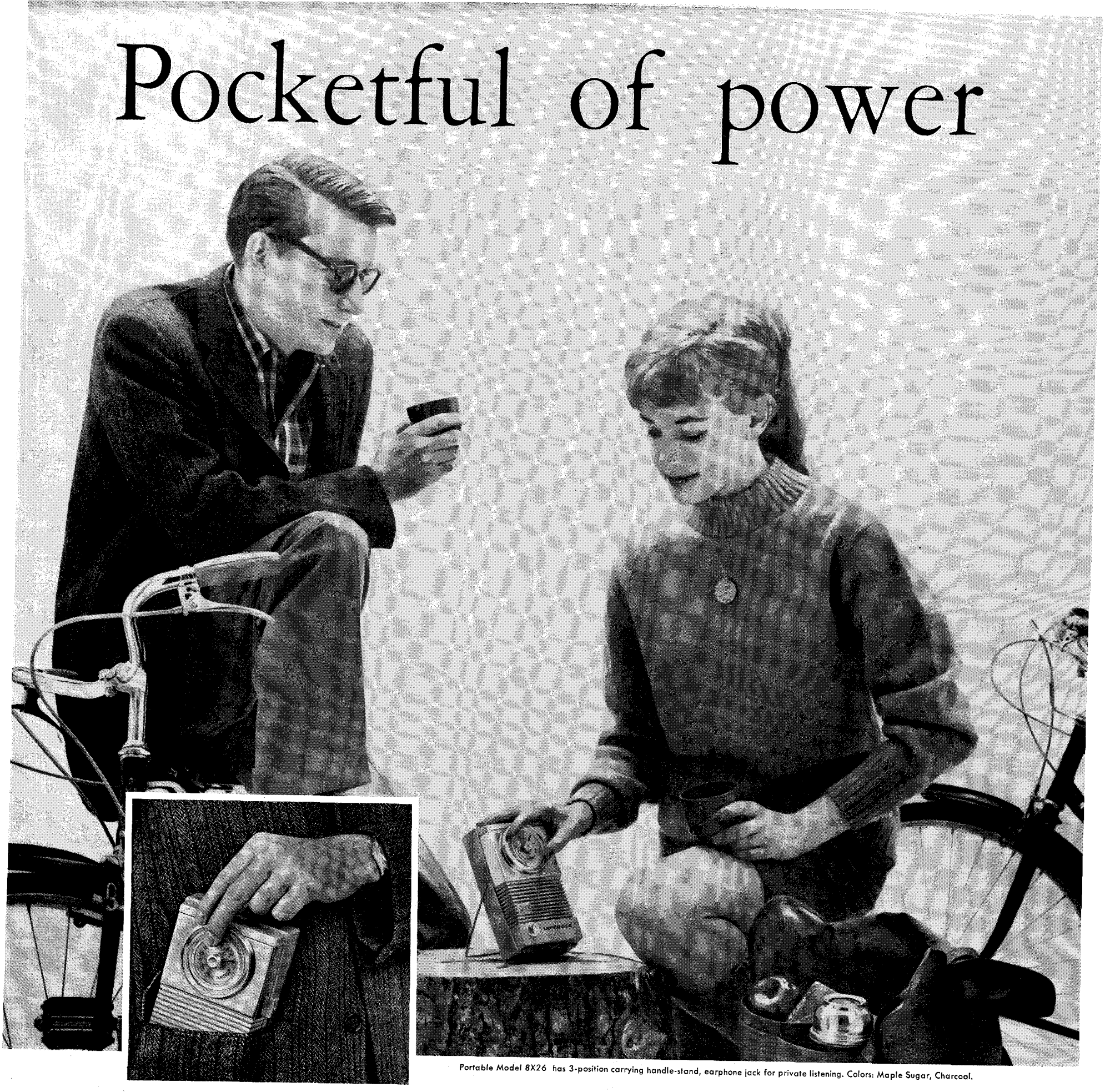

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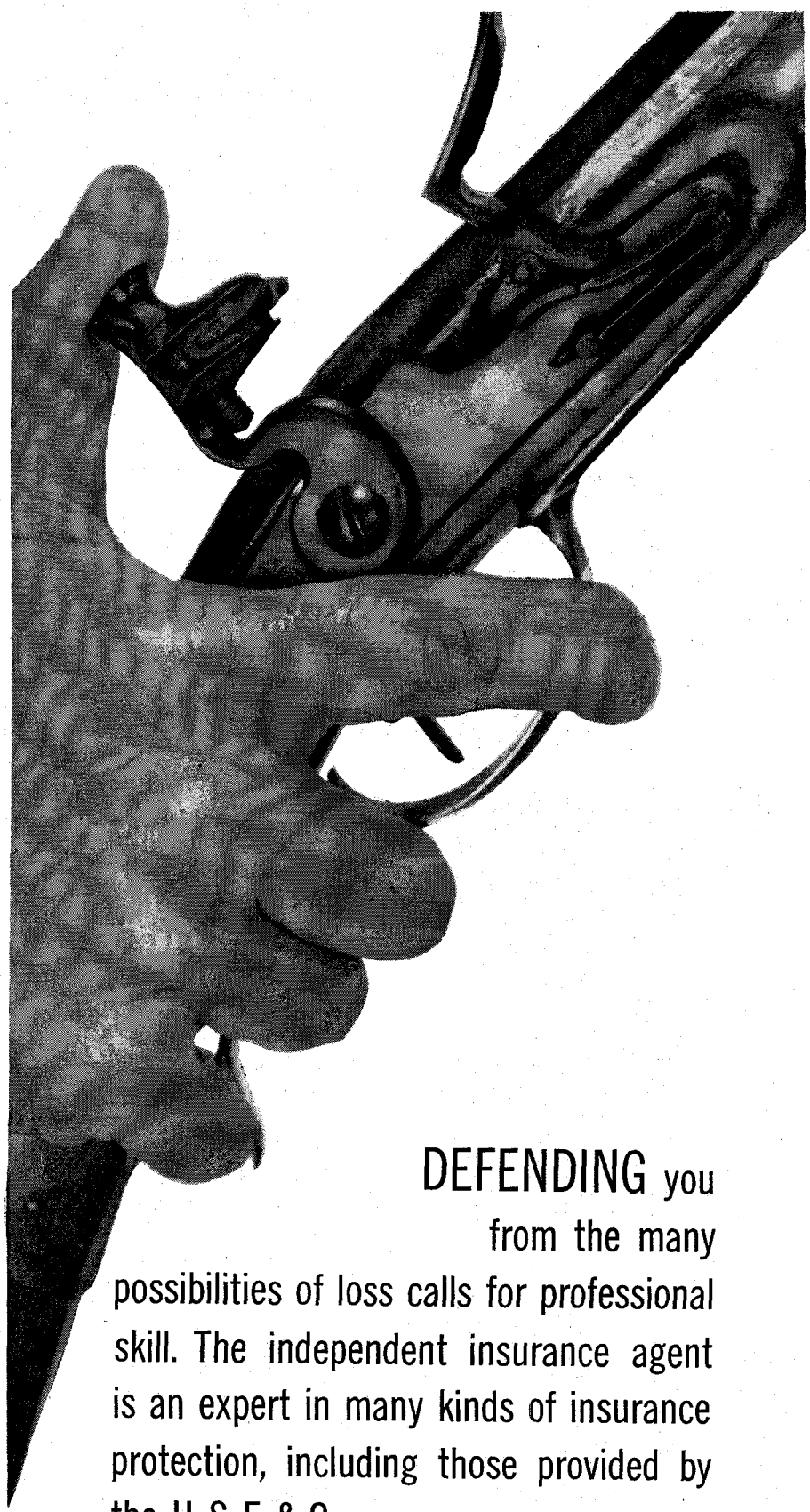

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(*Continued from Page 88*) to Fred Jackson's figures, Standard Oil lost 1,000,000,000 barrels of oil and 180,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas in the fire, but the well was saved and eventually showed a profit.

Kinley says his toughest job was the Wild Greta well in Refugio County, Texas, in 1936. "Maybe I feel that way," he adds laconically, "because I had an awful lot of money riding on it." He did indeed. Wild Greta made him a millionaire.

The well had been seething for three and a half years when the Missouri Pacific Railroad, which took over the property on its right of way after the original owner went broke fighting the fire, gave the green light to Kinley. Again a crater was the big headache. A section of railroad tracks and a stretch of a state highway had caved into a hole 300 feet wide and eighty feet deep, filled with water gushing from the well. Kinley spent eight months on the job, four of them pumping out the water.

"I had the same sort of deal as at Moreni," he relates. "I had to kill the fire and cap the well to get paid, but the gamble was worth taking. The railroad agreed to give me twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and a lease on twenty acres in the oil field. I sold the lease to a drilling syndicate for a twenty-five-per-cent interest in the royalties. Later we hit a real big well that's still producing." He paused reflectively. "It was a nice touch for a guy who quit school in the eighth grade."

Kinley said farewell to formal education at Bakersfield, California, in 1912. After a year in a blacksmith's shop, he joined his father to learn the rudiments of well shooting, an old method for stimulating the flow of oil by dropping dynamite down the drill pipe. Kinley acquired more experience with explosives as an artilleryman in the Argonne and Saint-Mihiel offensives of World War I, and then joined a well-shooting company in Tulsa, Oklahoma. When the firm failed a year later, he took an old car in lieu of back wages and knocked around the oil fields working at anything he could get.

Fire fighting was a side line that Kinley had practiced on a few small jobs until he got his first big chance at Cromwell, Oklahoma, in 1924. Two wells caught fire at the same time. One was put out in ten days by a veteran crew. Kinley and his seventeen-year-old brother, Floyd, wrapped up the other fire in eighteen hours.

On at least four occasions Kinley missed death by margins measured in inches. His leg was fractured in a blowout that killed six men at Gladewater, Texas, in 1931. He broke his heel jumping off a drilling platform to escape two-ton steel "blocks" falling from the top of a derrick in Hidalgo County, Texas. His entire right side was riddled with shrapnel, and his right arm and right leg just about paralyzed in an accidental explosion of a dynamite shell that killed a man standing next to him at Bay City, Texas, in 1937.

His closest call came in Venezuela in 1945 when a blowout caught fire while he was working twenty feet from it. He started to run as soon as he heard the great whoosh of the ignited gas, but, handicapped by his bad leg, he was almost steamed alive in his wet clothes by the frightful heat. He was in the hospital for six weeks recovering from excruciating blisters that covered him from his neck to his feet.

It is customary to describe Kinley as an utterly fearless man, but this is an inaccurate appraisal. "I get a knot in the pit of my belly every time I go into a tight spot," he confesses. "I don't know whether that's being scared or careful. The secret of my job is knowing what you can't get away with."

Kinley's stepsons by his first marriage, Jack and Dan, once worked with him during school vacations. Significantly, he made them quit twenty years ago.

"After my brother Floyd was killed in a blowout down in Texas, I thought it was stupid for more than one member of the family to be risking his life at the same time," Kinley says. "Besides, the boys take after their mother. They run to brains. All you need in my line are muscles and experience."

Both boys were graduated from the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration after completing their undergraduate work elsewhere. Jack, who holds a degree in mechanical engineering, manages the tool plant in Houston, and Dan is with an advertising agency in New York. A daughter, Mrs. Joyce Knoble, is married to a Los Angeles real-estate man.

In 1946 Kinley took on, as his assistant, twenty-four-year-old Paul Adair, a former driller who had been with a bomb-disposal squad in the Pacific during World War II. Although Adair is a highly competent man, the boss still is the first one down the pole when a four-alarm call comes.

What keeps the battered old man going so furiously?

"What do you think?" Jack Kinley answered. "Dad will tell you fires are routine to him and he's tired of the whole business, but that's just a cover-up for the terrific satisfaction he gets from knowing he's the one man in the world who can bail a big company out of a jam."

> The truth usually lies somewhere between a woman's intuition and a man's alibi.
>
> DAN BENNETT

Although safety devices and better-trained crews have reduced the incidence of wild wells, fire still is a constant hazard. The oil industry keeps voluminous statistics, including the average daily consumption of gasoline in Old Overcoat, Idaho, but no one knows how many wells go up in flames every year.

"Figures aren't kept because every fire means someone in the crew goofed," Paul Swain, editor of the Oil and Gas Journal, explains. "Proportionately, very few new wells catch fire. Last year approximately fifty-seven thousand were drilled throughout the free world and, at a guess, about one hundred acted up. The majority were put out quickly, but at least thirty were serious blazes. The loss on each one is so great, though, that the percentages give a misleading picture. Kinley still is the industry's best protection when something goes wrong. I shudder to think what will happen after he retires."

This emergency may not occur for some time. "I've got to keep working to provide for my family," Kinley told me with a straight face. "I haven't been able to get a life-insurance policy for the last forty years."

When I left Kinley in Houston in January, he was talking of taking a leisurely drive to Los Angeles to visit his daughter. Two days later I called Swain for some technical information. After giving it to me, he said casually, "Do you know where your man Kinley is now? Up near the Arctic Circle, working on a fire in the middle of nowhere in the Yukon. It should be a nice change from the heat of Saudi Arabia. The temperature is sixty degrees below zero." THE END

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We Explored the Drowned Mountains

(Continued from Page 29)

of this area is roadless, and only half a dozen towns of noticeable size occupy its crocheted shores.

From fall until spring, these bays and islands belong to the gulls and wheeling eagles, coastal Indians, fishermen and lonely loggers, living often in rafthouses moored against precipitous cliffs. From June through August, they are taken over by pleasure boaters shouting to each other the gossip of Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Walla Walla. In 1958, some 8000 United States pleasure cruisers nosed their way over the international border with the aid of elaborate charts or road maps, local knowledge or dumb luck, multiple glistening power plants, white sails or outboards. In this increasing water invasion, Canadian dockside customs offices are being flooded, Canadian pleasure craft—a recent survey was able to turn up only about 2000 in British Columbia—are being elbowed out of favorite moorages, and Canadian ice plants completely swamped. Few United States waterways or coasts offer anything to compare with this cruising water, shoreside beauty and holiday climate. What was for years a trickle of hardy vacationers has become a flood. Canadian clams may never be safe again.

But British Columbia isn't just one more boating place. This is a strange territory, foreign alike to open-seas sailors from California and eastern yachtsmen who expect service along with their salt water. This is the antithesis of society boating; it's a last refuge for the serviceless, bathless, unsocial boatman, with grease-stained fingernails and a vast distaste for too many people and places which charge fees.

One Seattle boat-owning couple chartered a thirty-five-foot cruiser for an eastern family so that the two families could take a northern cruise together. "We had their cruiser well-stocked," said the Seattle boatwife. "We went north in easy stages to Nanaimo, B.C. There, Joe told his friends that they should stock up again, because it was the last big town. Presently we saw them sauntering back to their boat with one little sack of groceries. So Joe and I looked at each other, then went uptown a second time and shopped for them, putting the things on our own boat.

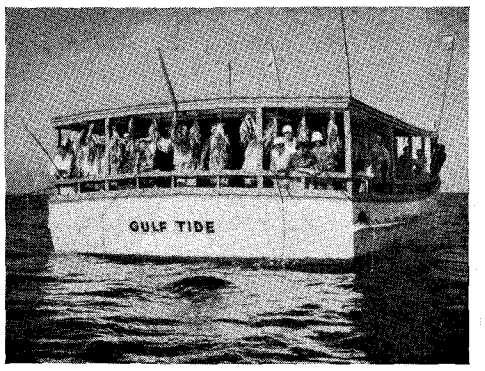
"We went north a little further, and that night I couldn't believe my ears. Our friend's wife leaned across from their boat and asked, 'When does the garbage scow come by?' I explained that we take garbage out to open water and sink it, opening all the tin cans at both ends and breaking the bottles, to make sure. That was a shock to her, but more was to come. We stopped at Stuart Island, where there is a gas station and a store. Our friends tripped up to the store, but came back with nothing but a box of crackers. The man said, 'But Joe, there just isn't anything to buy. They don't even have any liquor!'

"So we dug out the supplies we'd cached for them. I thought that would get the point across; but the next day we went into a bay with a beautiful waterfall, and the wife said to Joe, 'Oh, this is gorgeous! How long are we allowed to stay here?'

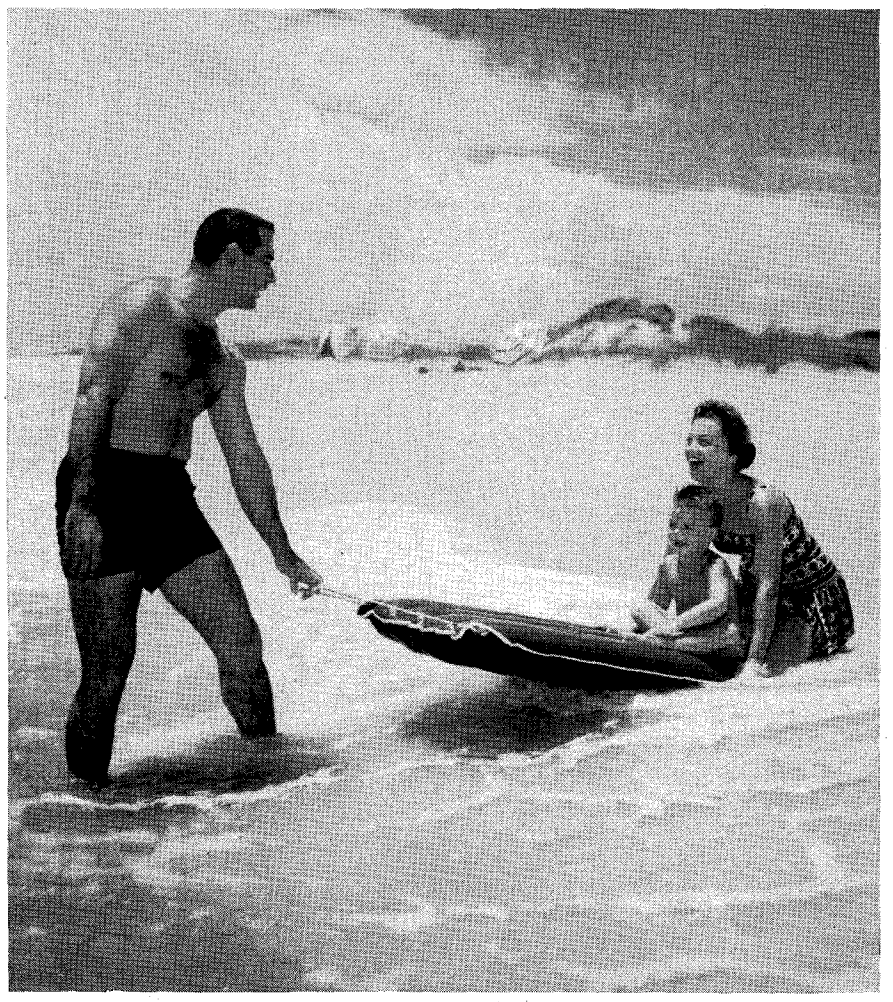
"Joe said, 'Just as long as your fresh water holds out.' He was trying to be diplomatic; but she went right ahead, rinsing dishes under an open galley tap and permitting all that fresh water to run out the drain. The very next noon she came over, all woebegone. She said, 'Joe, we're out of water!' All we could do was to head miles back to where they could refill their tank. We could have rigged a hose and a funnel under the waterfall, but we didn't think they were quite up to it."

The story isn't surprising. Until about 1946, British Columbia worried little about land tourists and not at all about those who came by sea. Tourist facilities, as such, still do not exist in several hundred miles of waterways. There are no garbage scows. Night moorage generally is in whatever bay a skipper chooses to drop his hook. A few island stores now stock ice under sawdust—until they run out. Gasoline is available; but the docks were built for fishing boats, and the stores are equipped for the little communities they serve, not for visitors with big-city ideas.

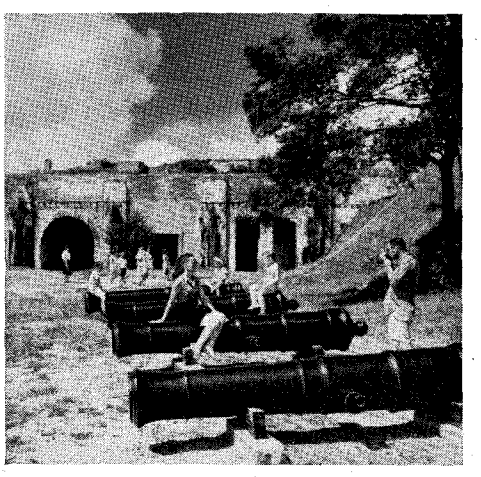
Most of the United States boat traffic originates near Seattle. From Seattle through the American San Juans—scores of islands which themselves have much to offer—is a day's trip for the average cruiser. Some skippers sneak behind the shelter of several islands to get to Canada, others daringly cross the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which can get lumpy. In either case, the first Canadian port usually is Sidney, just north of Victoria on Vancouver Island. Here Canadian customs maintains a dockside office which can clear a boat every thirty seconds on a rush day. Customs and immigration officers—often horrified at Americans who blithely arrive without a scrap of personal identification—even slide down a ramp, almost like firemen on a pole, to reach an



A fishing party displays its haul of succulent red snapper. The sporting thrill of such a catch is yours any day on these broad-beamed boats sailing out into the Gulf from Pensacola, Fort Walton Beach, Destin, Panama City, Port St. Joe and Apalachicola.



Panama City beaches with their rolling dunes and clear Gulf waters are typical of the vacation shore between here and Pensacola. The whole dazzling stretch is dotted with gay resorts—perfect for families on a budget-minded lark.



Fort Pickens is one of the three ancient bastions that highlight Florida's Quadricentennial celebration this year at Pensacola. Come see this city's 400 years of history (1559-1959) displayed in vivid exhibits and pageantry.

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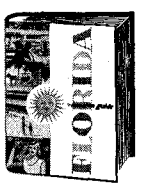

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inspection float at low tide—and maintain dignity while they do it.

Except for the customs float, Sidney has no yachting facilities, not even a downtown dock. One resident explains, "This is a ferry town. People in automobiles come to Sidney to wait for the boats, and while they wait they buy things—meals, souvenirs, maple syrup, English china, woolens. So the merchants are glad to do quite a bit for them. But yachtsmen? All those characters want is ice, gasoline and directions to the provincial liquor store."

Once north of Sidney, however, the land-bound tourist nearly disappears and the boatman takes over. The cruising water consists of three main areas: a group of gulf islands which hug the Vancouver Island shore north to Nanaimo; a somewhat similar mass of islands and long, slim inlets on the mainland side of the Strait of Georgia from Seechelt Peninsula to Johnstone Strait; and the wild and woolly, indifferently charted islands and passages from Discovery Passage to Queen Charlotte Strait. A few yachtsmen—the hardy, those with unlimited time and dedicated salmon fishermen and bear hunters—venture inside the Queen Charlotte Islands to Prince Rupert, Ketchikan and Juneau. But for most vacationers, the gulf islands and those north of Seechelt offer all the cruising area needed, and more than enough beauty.

Inasmuch as British Columbia cruising is likely to increase in the days of more and cheaper boats, the obvious questions are: What's it like? How does it differ from other cruising? In an attempt to answer, I kept a scratchy log on a recent trip of four twenty-five-to-twenty-seven-foot inboard cruisers—the Fairliner, The Irish Wake, Shutterbug and Free Lance—and their crews of eight adults, six youngsters and three assorted dogs. Each boat had a small galley and could sleep four persons. Gasoline and water tankage was limited, and none of the cruisers boasted mechanical refrigerators or depth finders.

The log begins with deceptive calm: "Day clear and hot, Admiralty Inlet flat, but loaded with floating debris from Seattle. Juan de Fuca also calm, no sweat on two-hour crossing to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island. At this last United States port, we loaded fifty pounds of rapidly melting ice into Free Lance—the Worden cruiser—then moved seven miles north to timbered, uninhabited Jones Island, a bird refuge with a round bay. Three other cruisers in the bay and one sixteen-foot outboard runabout pulled up on a pebbly shore; but presently seven picnickers climbed into outboard and went away, leaving picnic remains on beach. Pat, the unregenerate Worden beagle—newly inoculated for rabies in order to get into Canada—ate hot dogs and drank salt water, then, understandably, was sick. Millions of stars were visible on this black night, but no sound came except the sighing wind and the squeaking of nylon bumper lines between the boats."

For the second morning, the log notes, with some surprise, more calm and sunshine on an hour's run across Haro Strait to Sidney, British Columbia. It adds:

"In Sidney customs office, one American upset because he'd never heard that firearms can't be carried into Canada. A customs officer sealed his rifles and explained that the no-firearms law goes back to the time when Canada admitted Sitting Bull and his Sioux Indians, then being chased by U.S. cavalry, but made them surrender their arms. The American looked so blank that it was clear he'd never heard of Sitting Bull.

"On the dock, another officer said, 'One fellow was in here a while ago in an outboard cruiser. I asked him when he'd left the States, and he grinned. Said he'd been camping on Saturna Island for a couple of days. I asked him if he didn't know that Saturna was a Canadian island and that the law demands checking in at a customs station before landing anywhere in Canada. But he looked so hurt and surprised that I didn't have the heart really to be unpleasant about it.'"

From Sidney the yachtsman has a choice of routes. Ours touched Canoe Cove, a gas-ice-moorage center four miles north, thence led into Trincomali Channel for a forty-mile trip north between lines of small islands: Prevost, Saltspring, the Secretarys and the rocky DeCourcy group on the west; high-cliffed Mayne, Galiano and Valdes on the east. On Galiano, big stones hang with no visible means of support in the rounded, weathered cliff faces. Active and Porlier passes are fishermen's favorites; a small wrecked freighter hangs forlornly on a Porlier rock. Valdes' cliffs are overhanging, white with the guano of millions of birds, the water at their base so deep that a cruiser can touch its bow to the shore with no danger to its propeller. As we did so, a mink in the rocks at the cliff base lifted his sharp head—and followed along, completely unafraid, as we moved north a hundred yards.

The end of this channel is Gabriola Pass, where log booms lie along the shores and flood tides run at eight knots. At its eastern end lie the tiny Flat Top Islands, like so many pebbles thrown against the cliffs of larger Gabriola Island. Beyond is open Georgia Strait, which can be inviting or nasty, depending on the winds. We anchored behind Lily Island, thus avoiding a score of other overnighting yachts. The beagle and I slept on a moss-covered rock. On a flat below us, thousands of butter and rock clams spouted when the tide left them, and big oysters clung to the wet rocks. In these warm waters, Japanese (Pacific) oysters are planted for commercial use, but much of their spawn floats away to other beaches.

The log says: "Water about 70 degrees, fine for swimming." And of the third day: "Two-hour crossing of Georgia Strait, with rising westerly ruffling water to a nasty chop. Only sailboaters, often short of wind here, really would enjoy this. Two big ones came out of Smugglers' Cove on mainland just as we finished crossing."

Canadian charts are definite about Bargain Narrows: You can't go through to Pender Harbor with the tide at less than ten feet. But the log testifies to something about Yankee boatmen. It says: "Went through Bargain Narrows, tide at nine feet. Churned mud, but did not hit anything. Why, I'm not sure. Propellers come high."

Pender Harbor is popular with pleasure-boaters mainly because of a village store which sells everything from sawdust-coated ice to fresh meats and yachting caps. Licensed premises, the British Columbia version of a beer parlor, attract yachtsmen along with loggers and fishermen, who rest their backs against the half-partitions that divide the women's area from the men's—and who, in the custom of the country, usually order two beers at a time. The harbor also boasts a long-distance telephone—handy for whistling up a seaplane to carry home people who just can't stand any more boating—as well as a mission hospital and a part-time headquarters for one of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police boats which combine coast-guard, customs and police duties in the islands.

In the harbor we saw cruising boats from sixteen to 110 feet long with hailing ports at Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, Port Angeles and Bremerton, Washington, Victoria and Vancouver. Some wait here for a flat day on the strait when they're heading south, others to make a forty-four-mile trip up Agamemnon Channel and Jervis Inlet, narrow passages between the peaks of the Coast Range. These mountains come to the water's edge, heaving rivers over the cliffs and leaving only an occasional river delta as a usable spot for a logging camp or cabin. Otherwise, the inlet is inhabited only by the gulls, silly sea pigeons, eagles and harbor seal, which now and then break water to stare with huge eyes at invading boats.

From Queen's Reach of Jervis Inlet, the yards-wide entrance to Princess Louisa Inlet is almost hidden behind a rocky island with Indian burial platforms on it. Flooding currents reach nine knots over the two-fathom shallows, and indifferently marked rocks stick out from the northern point. We went through safely, but could see forlorn bits and pieces of a sixty-five-foot yacht which had been wrecked on the reef a week earlier.

At the inlet entrance, spread around a rocky headland, are the scattered buildings of Malibu Lodge, a $3,000,000 luxury resort which failed several years ago. It's now operated by Young Life, a religious organization which charges youngsters thirty-five dollars a week to sleep in rooms with hand-loomed draperies, carved doors and Indian murals.

Princess Louisa itself is an unreal, 500-foot-deep, half-mile-wide fiord that slices four miles into solid 5000-foot mountains. At its head, Chatterbox Falls drops hundreds of feet in cascades which send spray drifting across the bay. J. F. MacDonald, an American, bought this as raw land and later deeded it to an association of western yacht clubs. Leather-brown and usually dressed only in swimming trunks, he now spends his summers in a houseboat tied near the falls, chats with visiting yachtsmen, plays chess in the sun and, by his own estimate, does nothing unessential.

Although boats can anchor in the river mouth, most tie to a long float, only a few feet from the beach, but in nearly 100 feet of water. From here, children and dogs can run through the deep woods. Fresh water is available not only for boat tanks but also for impromptu laundry in the stream or even open-air baths.

Of events here, the log says: "First casualty: one pair of spectacles dropped between boats into 100 feet of water. Note: those who need glasses must bring spares. It's a long way to grope home."

Jervis Inlet frequently acts as a wind funnel between the mountains and did so on the day we came down it. We bucked against slop for twenty-five miles, then turned gladly into Dark Cove behind tiny Sydney Island. Extreme low tide nearly grounded all four boats—the log says: "Patent anchors seldom hold as well as the makers claim"—but also exposed half an acre of oyster-covered rocks. In a few minutes, two men gathered all that two big buckets would hold.

The log adds important details: "Fred Maguire, skipper, fell off cruiser Irish Wake. No damage except to dignity. At Egmont, gasoline available, but only cracked ice from a fish-buying barge. In a gunny sack, this will work in a boat refrigerator, but makes for odd, fish-flavored martinis."

A common problem in these waters is to decide where to anchor. We selected a Hardy Island bight one evening mainly because there was a detached rock on which a driftwood fire could be built with no danger to the nearby, tinder-dry forests. There, in a canning pot, oysters were left for twenty minutes in salt-water steam. Fourteen people ate a gunny sackful, then sent youngsters scouting the rocks for more.

Trouble is a part of any boat trip. Ours hit at Westview, a suburb of Powell River, with one boat breaking an engine water pump and another unsuccessfully attempting to chew up a two-by-four plank in its propeller. The propeller was replaced in an hour—veterans up this way always carry a spare. But the water pump had to be flown in from Tacoma—eight hours—and then required on-the-spot altering to match engine fittings. Head down in the bilge, the skipper managed the repairs himself, with his own tools and only a fair amount of profanity.

But the delay was brightened when a member of the Powell River Board of Trade came to (*Continued on Page 95*)

"If I had all the money in the world, I don't think I'd live any differently."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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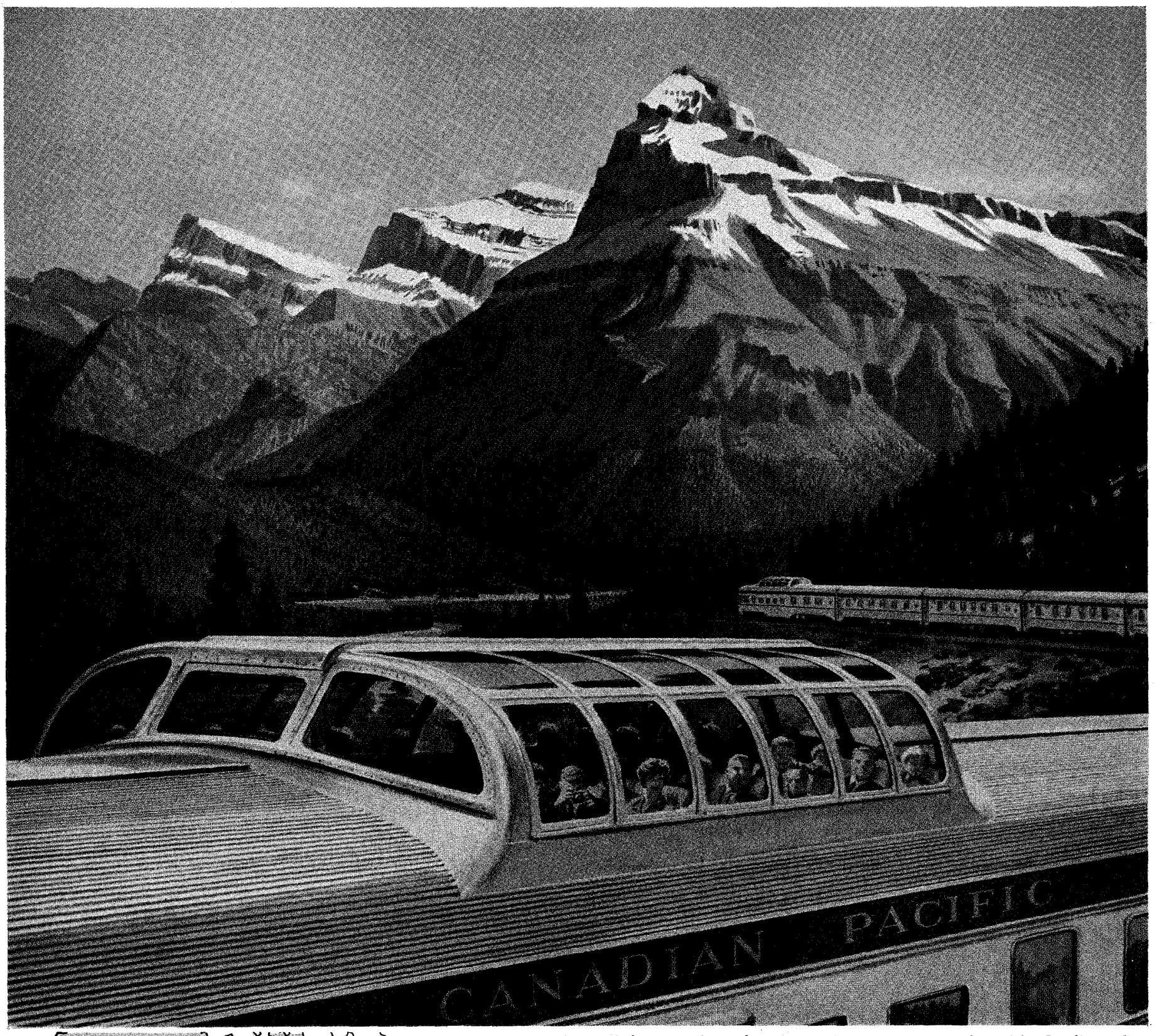

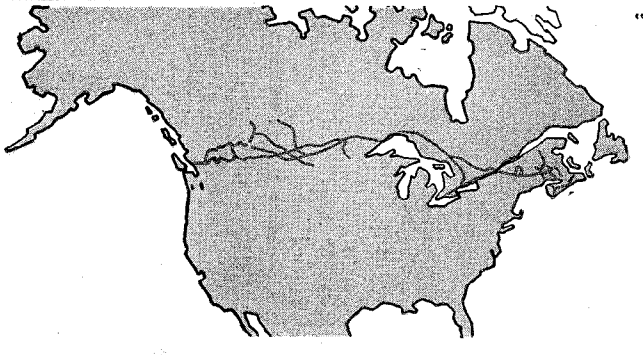

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(*Continued from Page 92*) us and said, "Are you finding everything you need? Would you like shore transportation? We'll take you where you want to go." These merchants take turns in doing this. Elsewhere, private citizens volunteered to take us on sight-seeing trips to towns twenty miles away, grocery managers delivered merchandise down steep ramps, and ice dealers stowed blocks in boat refrigerators—all for the sake of hospitality, not tips or fees.

Desolation Sound is a focal point for a welter of close-set islands between Georgia and Johnstone straits. As we entered it, the islands ahead seemed to run together under a shimmering sun, and a sheer rock peak appeared to block its eastern end. Almost no clearings are visible, and the occasional village is no more than a gas dock and a couple of houses. Boatmen are secretive about their favorite clam beaches, which is a little absurd here, where almost any beach is loaded. We dug a sackful behind a tiny island, then cut through a ten-yard-wide and S-shaped pass behind Otter Island, just to give the first-timers in our party a small shock when they saw boats speeding toward an apparently solid shore. Beyond the pass is Prideaux Haven, which includes two slim bays and a fringe of protecting rocks, with good anchorage and warm swimming water. A dozen yachts were there when we arrived.

Walsh Cove, however, was vacant. This narrow cut between two rocky islets is just big enough for four boats abreast, with one anchor off the bows, and stern lines to the rocks on either side. There was no sign that anyone else had been there since we'd anchored in that spot two years before. Millions of oysters lay exposed as the outgoing tide vacated a cleft in the rocks. Schools of salt-water perch—poggies—moved under the boats, starfish clung to the rocks, and mussels and clams covered the muddy spots. The log again reports a major event: "Maguire fell off The Irish Wake."

Yachting logs run long and opinionated. This one later reads: "Yuclataw Rapids: What blasted idiot decided to go through here against the flood? Chart says the current runs four to six knots, but we took an hour and a half to go less than three miles, at ten knots. Three-foot overfall against Stuart Island can be very dangerous. Broke spark plug in engine head. Apologetically a machinist charged three dollars for an hour and a half of work in getting it out. These Canadians are wonderful people, but they'll never get rich."

And of a long bay called Philipps Arm the log records: "River runs out of a flat at head of this arm. A Yankee visitor, tied to log boom, said not to bother with crab pot, just to go up on river flats as the tide ran out, where hundreds of Dungeness crabs would be in the sea grass under a few inches of water. Went up to flats at ebb tide. Caught crabs in fish landing nets in shallows; kicked crabs out of sea grass, fighting mad, and pushed them out with the end of an oar. Fourteen people ate a crab each with a few spares. Hot afternoon, with horseflies. Left for Loughbrough Sound and Heydon Bay."

Short of writing a book, I know of no way to describe adequately the endless tumbled mountains we saw, the whales spouting, the tenuous margin by which an abandoned logging camp staves off the encroaching forest, the loneliness of a salmon troller dragging his lines through muttering rip tides, the precision of a flight of ducks. This is a country where in any deep woods a pileated woodpecker may be wearing out his hammer head and throwing wood chips over both shoulders, blissfully unaware that he's now officially a rare bird. Bright flowers grow on mossy rocks, and acres of bleached logs lie where storms have thrown them up. Ravens call on dry islands where only rabbits and sheep have been imported since the days of the Haida Indian canoe wars.

Poor indeed is the island without at least one harbor big enough for a boat or two, but showing on the chart only as a tiny blur. Here a boatman may stay for weeks—or as long as his fresh water holds out—seeing no human and hearing no civilized sound except the growl of a bush plane overhead or the distant thrumming of some towboat engine beyond the rocks.

Says the log: "Pounded down Discovery Passage with balky engine. Very rough as approached twelve-knot Seymour Narrows a full hour after tide change. Went through at about twenty knots. Some tide rips, but not even a ripple left to mark where deadly Ripple Rock was before Canadians blasted it last year with world's largest nonatomic explosion. Pulled past Indian village into Campbell River. Beautiful cruiser which we'd envied at Philipps Arm—he had mechanical refrigeration, no less—also pulled in here. Skipper waved. He's one of us now, with auxiliary-engine trouble and no way to cool his beer. Took gasoline at Quathiaski Cove. Authentic Indian totems in the cannery village—but more important on

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A true gardener is a fellow who digs up a plot, then buries himself in it.

CY N. PEACE

---

a hot afternoon, the store had ice cream. Sheer luxury."

Half a dozen yachts were anchored in Von Donop Creek, a narrow salt-water bay on Cortes Island. Jimmy Layton, a World War I British Army pensioner, lives alone there, depending on an oyster bed for occasional extra income and on a proud garden—fenced against deer—for diet variety. For eggs and bread he rows three miles down the creek; for mail he walks about the same distance through the bush once a week, collecting seven newspapers, but rationing his reading to one a day. Staples reach him once a year by gas boat. Layton helped visitors to dig clams on his beach and, in an aside, apologized for a hole in the seat of his sawed-off jeans, the only garment he wore. "I don't ordinarily bother with clothes in summer," he said, "but I'll have to start being more careful—why, there were eight yachts in here last night."

Says the log: "Moon spectacular. Beagle bayed on trail of a deer in the morning, didn't come back for three hours. This is no boat dog. Ken Ollar fell off Shutterbug. Night in a bight on Malaspina Inlet, clams in the pot."

After a few days in Canada, even skippers with reliable radios turn them on only for weather reports. So the log ignores Middle East explosions, royal assassinations and the fate of the Dodgers. Instead it notes: "Engine rough again . . . dirt in carburetor bowls. At Lasqueti Island, beagle ashore, chased a sheep. Corralled beagle, who won't get off a leash again on an inhabited island. Pass between Bull and Jedidiah Islands like a crack in a granite wall. Found fishing floats and ship's life ring in driftwood. Sea caves here murmur as tide crawls through them. Bright moonlight over Squitty Cove discouraged going to bed, but mosquitoes insisted on it. Waited between North and South Ballenas islands for westerly wind and Georgia Strait tide to stop fighting, then had a ski ride down wave crests all the way to Nanaimo. Vancouver Island towns choose different midweek closing days. Stores closed tight, ice available only via taxi from distant icehouse.

"In Pirate Cove, DeCourcy Island, young couple in an outboard cruiser said they'd been vacationing a week—and the six-month-old son on board was no trouble at all on an eighteen-foot boat. Beagle ashore on uninhabited island in morning, took off in brush, didn't come back until after noon. This dog may have to swim home, yet."

There are log entries for Thetis Island—the boat pass is usable, although it doesn't look so; for Manana Lodge, one of the few developed resorts; for the friendly old town of Ladysmith, and for Ganges Harbor, where several houses sit in lonely grandeur on rocks in the bay, their freshwater supply a mystery.

Then, finally, there is a key entry: "Razor Point, North Pender Island. Free Lance, on left, went around a stick buoy. Shutterbug, on right, did not. Shutterbug stopped suddenly. Free Lance towed Shutterbug under Shark Cove Bridge, past Moresby and Coal islands. In Canoe Cove, Shutterbug lifted on ways. Damage—rudder gone, shaft wavy, propeller a pretzel. Skipper now believes chart which showed a rock off Razor Point. Skipper replaced wheel and shaft with spares, and machinist manufactured a jury rudder. Shutterbug back in water after twenty-six hours.

"Complete with wrist watch on arm, cigarette in mouth and billfold on hip, Worden fell off Free Lance while quietly moored at dock."

I think this is a fair record of British Columbia cruising. Here are pleasant people who occasionally say to Yankees, "Why, these are as much your waters as ours," and appear to mean it. Here are big eagles—so cowardly that swallows run them away—blackfish, headlands and hidden bays, rip tides and quiet harbors, drowned mountains and mountains wearing summer snow. Here is the lair of the do-it-yourself yachtsman, who must get himself off reefs, fix his own engine, clean his own fish and misread his own charts if he would see this beauty and sample this untainted air. He may cruise with enough others from San Francisco or Tacoma so that he'll think he never left home—or he may disappear into passages which show no signs of men ever having been present.

For the cruise of The Fairliner, The Irish Wake, Shutterbug and Free Lance, I kept a rough score: Gasoline—about 500 gallons each; bays entered—uncounted; propellers clobbered—two; islands examined—more than 200; baths taken—none in two weeks except in salt water; fees paid—none; sunburns—fourteen; skippers who fell in the water—three out of four. One boat's costs totaled $182.90 for twenty-three days, excluding food and drinks, which were about the same as they would have been at home. Such boats can be maintained for about $150 a month, on a year-round basis, or occasionally chartered for about forty-five dollars a day.

But there is no price on beauty, which perhaps is why several thousand Americans spend winters drooling over Canadian cruising charts and presently may head north for a spot where the water usually is flat, but the land never is. Before they're home, they'll be surfeited with oysters, crammed with clams—and every man jack will have run out of ice, gasoline, fresh water or whisky at least once. They may even understand how important a slick steak can become.

THE END

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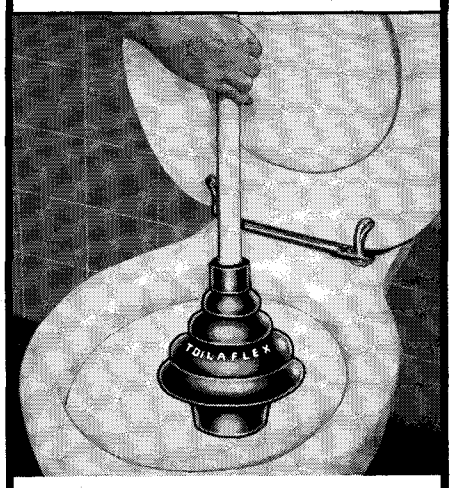

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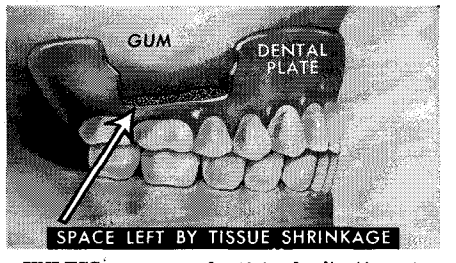

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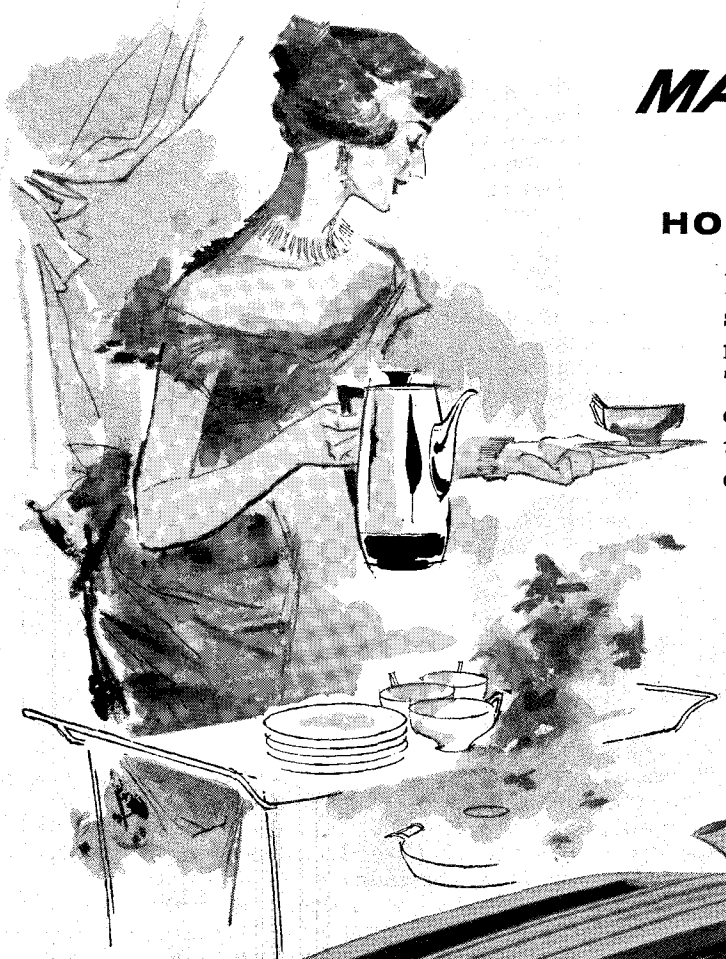

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Can Man Be Modified?

(Continued from Page 25)

quite different—that unique being who was to set so strong a mark upon the history of life and to inaugurate that prodigious adventure which, even today, is only in its first stage.

And certainly man is still far from having exhausted all his initial possibilities. But the problem now before us is whether these possibilities themselves could not be enlarged: whether this man, which we are, could not, under his own steam, produce a fresh organic change in himself with all the consequences to which such a change in animal nature might lead in the highest and most specifically human fields.

We shall not concern ourselves here with the question of whether man has possibilities of becoming taller or more robust or more handsome. No; what interests, what fascinates us is the question of whether he can hope to make himself more intelligent, more clever, more sensitive, more disposed to solidarity and altruism—in a word, more human.

Along these lines biology invites us to look forward: It suggests to us various dreams, which some people will call nightmares. These I will review, but not without the precaution of warning my readers that I do not necessarily approve of the use of all the procedures which science places at our service. When we are dealing with human affairs, emotional, moral and social conditions are added to the purely technical ones.

It is obvious that this improvement which we contemplate making in the human being, this superhumanizing modification, must bear on the cerebral apparatus. Whatever opinion they may adopt about the nature of thought, people are agreed in admitting that the exceptional nature of the human psychical process is bound up with the structure and working of the brain.

It would seem, a priori, easier to modify the function of the brain than its conformation. This functioning depends on chemical processes, which we may hope to be able to influence favorably by means of appropriate substances. Students are already making use of stimulating or psychogenic drugs; glutamic acid has been used in certain cases of mental backwardness.

The most powerful of all the agents modifying vital phenomena are the hormones, and psychic activity does not escape their influence, for the brain, whatever else it is, is not an isolated organ. If there is a shortage of certain hormones in the blood medium—for example, of that secreted by the thyroid gland—the mental faculties burn low; they can be stimulated by artificially making up the quantity of the missing hormone.

It could happen that one day we shall have available to us either natural or artificial hormones which, when administered to normal subjects, will have the effect of reinforcing their intellectual power.

Not only intelligence but also character can be affected by chemical dosing. The male hormone—testosterone—makes people more virile. (It cures the capon of his "caponishness.") Certain female hormones excite the maternal instinct. The future may bring the use of medicines that would favor social behavior, kindness and devotion. Carrel said that "the Christian virtues" were "harder to practice when our endocrine glands are deficient."

We are already in possession of extremely powerful surgical methods for modifying affectivity—and it is very difficult to draw the line between affectivity and intelligence proper. The cutting of a few nerve threads may change a patient's personality, reduce a too-strong aggressiveness, put an end to intolerable fears. Although, for the present, operations of this kind—lobotomy, and so on—are reserved for incurable cases, which with their aid sometimes recover more or less normal equilibrium, the possibility cannot be entirely excluded that there may come into being a psychosurgery whose aim would be to raise the individual above himself by obtaining the maximum output from his affectivity.

Let us pass now to the consideration of more radical modifications of the brain—those which could be produced by operating on the embryo, whether this is reached through the mother or directly by means of a technique of ectogenesis. This ectogenesis—or test-tube pregnancy as it is more frivolously called—was depicted with great talent and humor by Aldous Huxley in his novel of the future, Brave New World.

Let us travel with him to the city of the future and penetrate into the Central Hatchery and Conditioning Center. Let us walk through the Fertilizing Room, casting a rapid glance at the stocks of sexual glands from which the germ cells of the coming generations will be drawn; then through the Bottling Room, then through the Organ Store, till we finally reach the Embryo Store. On the shelves thousands of fat jars extend as far as the eye can see, each of them containing a human embryo kept alive with artificial blood—a future citizen of the "best of all possible worlds." The jars move along automatically at the rate of thirty-three and a third centimeters per hour, or eight meters a day; by the end of 267 days—the normal period for the formation of the child—they have covered the 2136 meters they have to go to reach the Decanting Room, where at last the fetus will be taken out of its jar in the form of a newborn child.

Is this Utopian? A mad dream? Not altogether. This vision of the future is based on a precise knowledge of the present. To be sure, we cannot, for the moment, cultivate human embryos in test tubes, but already we can keep the embryos of rats, mice, rabbits or guinea pigs alive for several days outside the womb; and the culture of embryos has indeed made considerable progress since Aldous Huxley wrote his Brave New World. For it is now possible to construct, as it were, artificial organs, whose characteristics approach nearer and nearer the natural.

If ever partial or total test-tube pregnancy came to be applied to our species, various operations would become possible, resulting in a more or less profound modification of the human being in course of formation. It would then be no more than a game to change the subject's sex, the color of its eyes, the general proportions of body and limbs.

Is it very rash to imagine that, in that case, it would be possible to increase the number of brain cells in the human member? A young embryo has already in its cerebral cortex the 9,000,000,000 pyramidal cells which will condition its mental activity during the whole of its life. This number, which is reached by geometrical progression after thirty-three divisions of each cell, could in turn be doubled if we succeeded in causing just one more division.

The conclusion from these few indications is that biology may properly aim at helping the "thinking reed" to think better. But it goes without saying that all the effects we have just envisaged would still be limited to the individual thus modified. Let us assume that, by surgical or chemical means, we have succeeded in producing a better individual, a sort of superman; this would still be no more than a somatic superhumanization, with no effect on the potentialities of the germ cells. If this superman were to procreate, even if he did so by union with a superwoman obtained by the same methods, the two together would merely produce ordinary human beings, to whom the same superhumanizing treatment would have to be applied, starting from the beginning. In fact, there is no transmission of characteristics acquired by the individual.

Can we, then, not hope to modify a whole stock, not just human individuals, in order to create a race or species of superior human beings? Even though we do not know exactly what is responsible for the intellectual power of different individuals, and if we merely start from the very probable postulate that it depends in part on hereditary conditions, it would be logical to try to reinforce it by using the method of artificial selection. This is a classic method, constantly used with success on plants and domestic animals. If it were possible to apply similar methods to our own species, we should have no difficulty in creating stocks of men who would be taller or shorter, stronger or weaker, handsomer or uglier, and so on. When we come to the intellectual qualities the thing is less certain, but is still extremely probable.

This does not, of course, mean that better individuals will always produce better children; all that is assumed is that, statistically, the descendants of a large number of better individuals will be better than those of a large number of ordinary individuals. If each generation showed a slight rise in the intellectual level, this would be enough to produce an appreciable improvement at the end of twenty or thirty generations.

"I'm worried."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This idea of eugenic selection of human beings is a very old one. Plato, in the Republic, put into the mouth of Socrates a program of eugenic marriage. The aim of an ideal city is to make "marriages as healthy as possible—that is to say, as advantageous as they can be to the state, and to that end we must learn from the breeders of hunting dogs and birds of prey. What do they do, when they want to couple their beasts and obtain young? They single out from the herd the ones that excel the others. In the same way, if we want to prevent the human race from degenerating, we shall take care to encourage union between the better specimens of both sexes and to limit that of the worse."

In 1801 the French writer, Robert le Jeune, in a strange pamphlet, revealed the secret of making great men whenever required. "It is no more difficult," he asserts, "to have intelligent children than to have an Arab horse. . . . Marry an intelligent man to an intelligent woman, and you will get men of genius." The idea is rather oversimplified, but in no way absurd. Lastly, the eminent American geneticist, H. J. Muller, winner of the Nobel prize for medicine in 1946, has prophesied a rigorous selection limited to the male germ cell and consisting in a large increase in the descendants of great men through the use of modern techniques of artificial insemination.

There seems hardly any doubt that, under a system of artificial selection, the proportion of human beings of high quality would be bound to become greater. It is even probable that there would arise individuals whose spiritual caliber would surpass anything that humanity has so far known. Until human selection has been tried, nobody has the right to assign an upper limit to man. That does not, indeed, mean that such selection ought to be put into practice. But at least it is essential to recognize honestly what advantages it might bring to mankind, and to know, if we reject it, what we are rejecting with it.

Besides, human selection is, theoretically, not the only method of improving our species available to biology. Already we know, in the case of a large number of living creatures of various kinds, how to produce hereditary changes—mutations—by means of low-wave-length radiations and also by certain chemical substances, such as the sulfamides. In this way it is easy to create new races of living things. But, on the one hand, these artificial stocks are nearly always inferior to the normal type of the species and, on the other hand, we are incapable of producing this or that modification at will. All

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that we know when we are employing one of these mutagenic treatments is that we shall see new forms appear among the descendants of the subjects treated—without our being able to predict what their novelty will consist in. It is obvious that, in these circumstances, no one would dream of applying one of these mutagenic treatments to the human species.

Let us add that in certain microbes, and still only in exceptional cases, it is possible to produce *precise* hereditary changes—controlled mutations—by the use of chemical substances which can modify heredity. There is no reason not to suppose that, in the future, we shall learn how to make human hereditary characteristics mutate in a direction that will be both predictable and advantageous. When that day comes, man will be able to modify himself when and how he wishes.

Mention must lastly be made of a very special kind of mutation which can already be produced at will—an increase in the number of sets of chromosomes. In every organism born of two parents, the chromosomes—which are the principal artisans of heredity—form two sets, one of which comes from the mother and the other from the father. In plants it is possible, by chemical means, to cause quite easily the doubling of these sets. The plants obtained in this way are definitely larger than their relatives with only two sets; they are also more vigorous and more resistant to cold and drought.

Turning to animals, we have not yet found out how to produce similar stocks with four sets of chromosomes; but salamanders, frogs and even, so it seems, mice and rabbits with three sets have been brought into existence. The salamanders and frogs with three sets of chromosomes are not bigger or more robust than the normal specimens of the same species; but, according to the Swedish experimenters, Häggqvist and Bane, rabbits with three sets appear to be abnormally large and precocious. One cannot help wondering whether men with three or four sets of chromosomes would be viable and whether they would display any advantageous characteristics. Any attempt at prediction on this subject would be premature; let us merely say that if such chromosomal mutation seemed likely to be profitable to the human species, we should not come up against any very great practical difficulties in obtaining it.

That is a very brief outline, as objective as possible, of the way in which the problem of the modification of man by biological means presents itself to our view, if we leave out all emotional, social or moral objections and considering our species deliberately as a mere animal species, to be improved at our convenience. It shows plainly that the idea of a creature superior to man emerges quite naturally from the facts. It had, indeed, preceded them, for the myth of the "superman" was invented by philosophers before it found a rational basis in science.

I think it is in Goethe's Faust that the word superman, Übermensch, appears for the first time, when the Spirit rises before the terrified gaze of the old doctor and says, "With prayers and with panting you have procured the sight of my face and the sound of my voice. Now I am here. What a pitiable shivering seizes the superman."

We all know what fame—also what harm—Nietzsche brought to the idea of superman: Ever since Zarathustra an odor of inhuman aristocratism has clung to it, and this inevitably renders it suspect to many people. "Man," said Nietzsche, "is something that has to be surmounted. . . . What is a monkey to a man? An object to ridicule or of painful shame. And that is what man must be to superman: an object of ridicule and of painful shame."

To us the problem is not whether to offer resistance to a more gifted successor brought into being by the natural play of organic evolution, but whether we ourselves, by our own means, will be able and willing to draw out of ourselves a being that will excel us.

Is the creation of such a superman desirable? And shall we, to achieve it, consent to use the resources which science is obtaining for us? This is the point we must now deal with, and it is one that touches upon the gravest difficulties we have yet encountered, for the question of superman is only one aspect of a far wider question—that of man laying hands upon himself, of the application of biological techniques to the human person.

Up to now, biology has scarcely impinged upon our lives, except through the intermediary of its daughter—medicine; but it will not always be able to keep up this discretion. It has reached a point of maturity at which its discoveries and inventions have more or less powerful repercussions upon the fate of individuals or of the species. It is no accident that, not long ago, Father Riquet preached a series of Lenten sermons in Notre Dame on "The Gospels and Biology." Nor that the thirty-eighth *Semaine sociale de France* took as its subject the consideration of the social and human consequences of the progress of biology. In the course of this cycle of lectures and classes, various eminent speakers examined, from the Catholic point of view, the problems of artificial insemination, voluntary sex determination, eugenics, parthenogenesis—or fatherless reproduction, artificial mutation, selection and even superhumanization.

Scientists, moralists and priests all uttered cries of alarm in the face of the possibilities already open to mankind in the field of controlled reproduction. They gave various warnings of the danger—as they saw it—of letting loose a kind of sciencemania, a Promethean or even Luciferlike enthusiasm proceeding directly, in their view, from "atheistic humanism."

There is certainly some foundation for such uneasiness; and it is no bad thing that men who have a high and sacred idea of man, because they see in the human a reflection of the divine, should give voice to the protest of the spirit and the heart against the encroachments of a science which, to use the words of Valéry's Faust, "is gropingly beginning to touch the sources of life." Indeed, the fact that one admires the marvelous advances of biology and cannot help a feeling of enthusiasm at the magnificent prospects which the laboratory lays open for the future of mankind, is no reason for not seeing the causes for anxiety there are in the spectacle of man gradually, with his clumsy hands, approaching mankind and proposing to submit it to the results of a still-faltering witchcraft. Our joy and pride are far from being unmixed.

What biologist worthy of the name could, even if he had tried to bring it about, watch without a secret fear the approach of the hour when technique will dare to lay its hands on the thinking being? We who are called scientists are not as grossly and naïvely insensitive as people are apt to believe. The fact that we persist in regarding man as part of nature does not make us have less respect for him or incline us to treat him without ceremony. I will even go so far as to say that perhaps respect for mankind should be even greater in those who believe only in man—in those who, stripped of every illusion about transcendence, can see in man only an animal unlike any other, with no obligation except toward itself, with no law to obey except its own and with no values to revere except those of its own making.

However man looks at himself, he cannot help regarding himself as something sacred. He cannot help regarding himself as the highest and most precious thing on the planet, the culmination of a slow and laborious evolution, as that unique being which can never be remade or replaced and which perhaps has not its like in the whole of the vast universe: a miracle of chance or of some nameless and unnamable agency—but still a miracle. What a responsibility, to lay hands on that! But will it be any less a responsibility if, by resolutely taking the side of inaction, of nonintervention, we deprive man of the improvements in his nature which he could gain from a judicious application of science? Our inertia and passivity commit us no less than our zeal, our acts of refusal no less than our acts of consent: They all help to make man what he is.

Part of my idea of man is my feeling of his boldness, of his determination to rise higher and become more. For this reason I shall not say, as many do, that man is good enough as he is. I shall take it as a postulate that man must aim at surpassing himself, at drawing from himself something better than himself. But, however legitimate and magnificent such a dream may seem to us, one is nonetheless fully conscious of the formidable difficulties that are raised by the idea of an evolution controlled and directed by man.

The better to separate ourselves from the animal, shall we consent to use upon ourselves techniques that have hitherto been confined to animals? Shall we consent, sometimes, to come into collision with morality in order to stimulate the progress of intelligence? And—most important—at what kind of superman will it be right to aim? Agreement might be reached on the criteria of intellectual superiority, but to what can we appeal to establish those of moral superiority?

It is here that the adversaries of science believe that they are on good ground, when they reproach it for leaving us with our souls defenseless against the power which it confers on us.

Let us first point out that science would have a perfect right to adopt such an attitude—the amoralist attitude. Science does not, as science, set up to be a sovereign guide, a dictator of conduct. It does not claim to be a unique or supreme value. To be sure, science as the maker of truth is, in our view, sacred. But at the same time we do not think it the only thing that is sacred. Being amoral by its very nature and purpose, it will do its job as science and will leave to nonscience the business of enlightening men's consciences. It will entrust to nonscience the guardianship of the necessary values and will ask to be confined within proper limits and to be warned against its own abuses. This "nonscience" will be—as the case may be—some form of mysticism, some ideology or a kind of humanism.

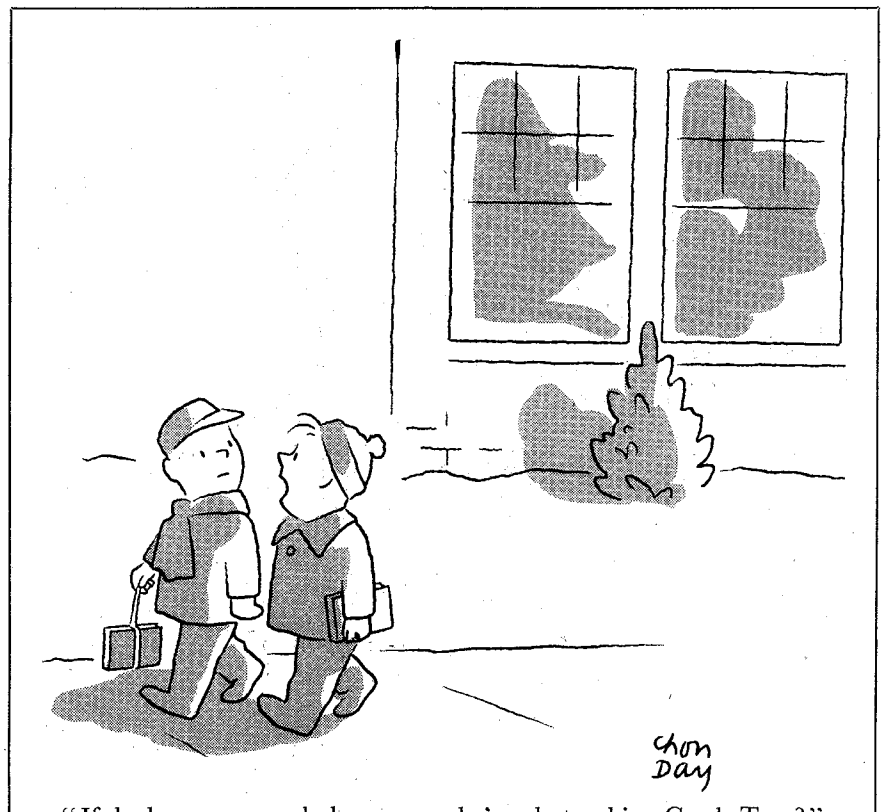
That is the classic doctrine of the fundamentally amoral nature of science. There is a good deal of truth in it. And yet, although perhaps science has not much to say about morality, I consider that it cannot remain wholly silent, and that the few words it might be able to contribute would have special weight.

Many people have tried to extract these few words from biology. Virtue, said Carrel, is to avoid the sin against nature: It is to keep healthy and manly, to respect life in oneself and in others, to try to propagate it in the best possible conditions, to protect the integrity of one's physical being against undermining or intoxicants and that of one's moral being against falsehood, futility and calumny.

For my part, without contesting the value of a biological decalogue, à la Carrel, I believe that those who cherish the hope of establishing a sort of treaty between science and conscience must turn, rather, toward another science—the science of mind, and in particular psychoanalysis.

Psychoanalysis, in fact, reveals to us the fundamental part played by feeling, by affectivity, in human conduct. It teaches us how this emotional equipment evolves during the course of the individual life and by what subtle alchemy primitive egoism is transmuted into love of one's neighbor or attachment to an ideal. It makes us conscious of the rich humus of the soul, into which what Kant calls the "noble stem of duty" plunges for its enrichment.

Now that we have learned from psychoanalysis (*Continued on Page 100*)



"If she knows so much, how come she's only teaching Grade Two?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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white as snow
Is not the softest
thing I know

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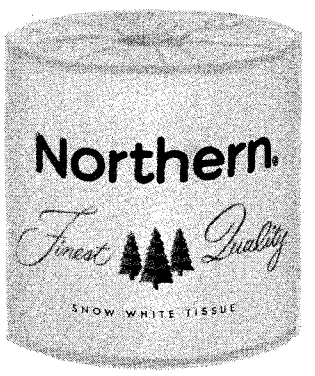
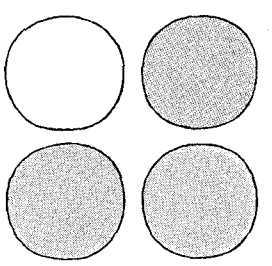
Northern Tissue is
made with fluff
Nothing else
is soft enough





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(*Continued from Page 98*) what is contained in the human heart—which, as Simone Weil said, is "just as much a natural reality as is the trajectory of a star"—we no longer have the right to think of morality as simply a "predisposition to the good." We know that the man who is egotistical, greedy and selfish, far from representing a superior type of human being, is merely a case of arrested development. There is only one way for a human being to rise, to grow, to become more of a man, and that is through generosity, devotion, the giving of oneself.

And so, by the roundabout way of psychoanalysis, we come back to that lofty "scientific morality" which was outlined at the beginning of the century by the philosopher Guyau when he showed how duty was bound up with the organic instincts of vitality, fertility and love.

And let us not forget that this human love was constantly necessary and still is to the advance of science itself. For if there had been nothing but cold logic and insensitive reason, science would never have come into existence. One might even, with a slight flamboyance, go so far as to say that there is no science without love. By what would the scientist be carried forward and upheld, if not by the strange passion for knowledge? "In spite of their defects and their vices," said Charles Richet, "scientists have all of them the same soul; for all have the worship of truth for its own sake; they are all moved by one thought in common: the love of the truth hidden in things."

These men in love with truth are not thinking of the consequences, of the possible applications of what they may discover—or, if they do think of them, it is merely because these things confirm that they are in touch with the real. What they desire is simply to reach "that which is." Truth is something they love for its own sake, in a way that is imperious, irrational, unyielding and unrelenting. They love it as one always loves—because they are they and it is it. They love it so much that they find honor—and almost find delight—in proclaiming when it goes against them. And this is why they will not admit or endure that anyone, for the sake of any motive, cause or ideal, however lofty it may seem, should denature the truth or even add to it.

Love of that which is, simply because it is. Love, not mere curiosity—even though Simone Weil would like to deny us the right to love scientific truth on the ground that it contains no good for the heart of man.

No good? To begin with, that is not certain. The greatest scientist of all, Einstein, bowed down with religious fervor before the supremely rational harmony of the laws of nature. Others, it is true, prefer to ascribe no characteristics to "that which is," since any qualification appears to them a limitation and almost a blasphemy. For they consider that "that which is" goes beyond all human language and that there is more meaning, more grandeur and poetry in that small verb than in the most majestic epithets. In this, indeed, they are at one with a poet, for was it not the enchanting Katherine Mansfield who said, "At the end truth is the only thing worth having: it's more thrilling than love, more joyful and more passionate."

Mr. Rostand's article was translated into English by Jonathan Griffin.

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further, the following books are recommended:

Rostand, Jean
CAN MAN BE MODIFIED?
Basic Books
$3.00

Rostand, Jean & Paul Bodin
LIFE, THE GREAT ADVENTURE
Scribner. 1956
$3.50

Carrel, Alexis
MAN, THE UNKNOWN
(Revised edition.)
Harper
$3.95

Nietzsche, Friedrich
THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA
Regnery
$ .95

Huxley, Aldous
BRAVE NEW WORLD
Bantam
$ .35

Bernard, Claude
INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE
Dover. 1957
$1.50

The Private Life of Barbara (Continued from Page 37)

"Mr. Bingham's office," she said. "Just a moment, please." She placed her square, sensible hand over the mouthpiece, and said, "It's Mrs. Bingham."

"In that case ——" He took the phone, obscurely annoyed that Miss Eberly knew he would take it.

"Alan?" Phyl's voice was urgent. "Can you come home early today?"

"No," he said. As long as Miss Eberly was in the room, he would be firm. "I'm sorry, Phyl. Some people are coming in to see me."

"I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important," she said. "You know that. But I have to see you before Barbara gets home."

Miss Eberly disappeared noiselessly into her anteroom. "Has anything happened?" he asked.

"Alan, just come home!" Phyl sounded angry. "Please!"

"All right," he said. "Give me fifteen minutes to get squared away."

He hung up, and pushed the button marked "Sec'y." There was no point fretting, he told himself. If it was a real emergency, Phyllis would have been more explicit.

"Oh, Miss Eberly," he said, dumping his brief case on the desk. "File these, will you? I have to go home, but I can take the will and indenture and read them tonight."

"Is something wrong?"

"Oh, no," he said, surprised. He had a well-ordered household; nothing ever went seriously wrong. "Minor domestic crisis, I gather."

For a few minutes they sorted papers in silence, then she asked, "What makes you so sure that girl will be back in court in a year?"

"Because she's a romantic idiot," he said. "Still thinks that love conquers all, hasn't any notion of responsibility. I don't blame her too much; it's her parents' fault. Oh, and that reminds me when they come in, tell them I'm sorry I was called away and ask if they can stop by tomorrow at nine. I want to see them before I go to court."

"You've never met them, have you?"

"No. They just got into town today. Our young plaintiff was ashamed to write and tell them her Prince Charming turned out to be a peasant. But I don't have to meet them to realize they're to blame for their daughter's mess, if that's what you're driving at. I know just the sort of emotional types they'll turn out to be. Kids pick up all this romance nonsense at home, Miss Eberly."

"What better place?" she murmured, but he didn't hear her.

"Truth," he continued, "common sense, the look of reality. That's what's missing nowadays. If she'd ever been taught that marriage isn't a pink cloud, but a legal contract involving children and property rights and community obligations, she wouldn't have run off with the first man who gave her a lot of smooth talk about love."

"Don't you think it's important for children to learn about love?"

"Certainly. Provided they get the facts straight."

"What are the facts, Mr. Bingham?" she asked.

"That love doesn't count," he said promptly. "That our social structure is based on marriage, not love." He put on his hat again, and smiled. "Forgive me if I sound pompous. But we've always believed, my wife and I, in letting the children face facts, teaching them not to be afraid of reality. And it's worked out pretty well."

His voice was confident, as always, but something in Phyl's call bothered him. She hadn't seemed panicky or even unduly worried, and he was quite sure she could take care of any immediate problems. But what was it that seemed so out of character? Walking to the parking lot, he tried to recall her precise words. "Right away," she had said, and "important."

He got into his black sedan, skirted the downtown traffic, and was on the river road, almost halfway to his house, when he remembered. "I have to see you before Barbara gets home." That was it. But Barbara, at eighteen, was the ideal daughter. Rational, level-headed, she took part in all the family conferences, helped make all the family decisions. What sort of crisis could possibly arise that would exclude Barbara?

Puzzled but not alarmed, he swung the car around the curve of the bluestone driveway and got out at the front door. Phyl must have been watching; she waited on the steps, her arms folded, a letter in her hand. At a party recently Alan had overheard a voice—one of those anonymous cocktail-party voices—refer to Phyl as a "monument of rectitude." At the time, he had taken it as a compliment. Upright, moral, straightforward—these were what a lawyer's wife should be. Now, as he walked toward her, a disturbing thought occurred to him. Others, conceivably, might find unswerving rectitude a little grim.

"I'm certainly glad you came," Phyl said. "Before you say a word, I want you to read this letter."

"Who's it from?"

"I'm not sure," said Phyl. "It's unsigned. Apparently no signature was necessary."

Alan frowned and took the letter. It was addressed, in a heavy and unmistakably masculine hand, to "Miss Barbara Bingham."

"When did Barbara give you this?" he asked.

"She didn't. I found it in the top drawer of her dresser."

He hesitated, the letter half out of the envelope. "You mean you read it without her permission?"

Phyl's cheeks flushed. "Yes, and I'm not sorry. I was putting away her clean handkerchiefs, and I happened to notice—well, that's not important. Read it."

"No," Alan said. "We've always agreed on certain rules of privacy. Why should I read it?"

"Because your daughter," she said, "your sensible, clear-eyed, logical daughter seems to be having an affair with a man we don't even know. Or maybe we do. He certainly knows her well enough."

"Now wait a minute," he said. "What do you mean by an affair? How far has it gone?"

"I can't tell. From the sound of it, they might as well be honeymooners. Oh, read it."

Alan shook his head. "First, I think we ought to decide whether we have any right to snoop."

"I wasn't snooping!" she cried. "I saw it there under her handkerchiefs, and I didn't recognize the handwriting, so —— Alan, I think we ought to find out. Barbara's never kept anything from us before."

"No," he said. "But I wonder if you're going at this the right way. Isn't it up to her to tell us?"

"She'll never tell us about this. The phrases he uses, the endearments—sickening!"

"A lot of youngsters nowadays go in for extravagant language," he said.

"But not Barbara! We've brought her up to be so factual, so precise."

(*Continued on Page 102*)

Meditation at Midnight

By Audrey Wurdemann

You small ones, breathing
softly in the night,
Your heads like asters, gold
and golden red,
Stirring, as they stir, gently
toward the light——
You small ones, daytime's
mischief quieted,
What will you think of me
when you are grown
Taller than I, and I am
shrunken little?
Love's not a candy heart, an
ice-cream cone,
A party favor, tinkling brief
and brittle.

Today you clamor for some
childish bliss,
Repeating shrilly, like pet
parakeets,
Your bright thin music, now I
can fulfill
The trinket fancies that are
your sweet will.
But if your tall tomorrow's
grasp entreats
Beyond me, will you settle for
a kiss?

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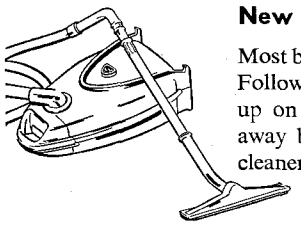

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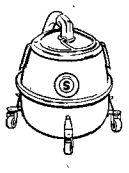

For economy . . .
SINGER Full-Power "Roll-A-Magic"

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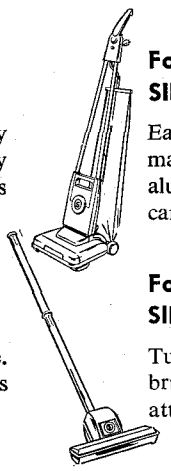

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(*Continued from Page 100*) "That's the whole point," said Alan. "Barbara didn't write this letter. From what you tell me, some admirer lost his head over her. Maybe she thought it was amusing. Maybe she saved it as a joke she was going to share with us."

Phyl unfolded the note. "Listen to this," she said. "'I'll always cherish the memory of last night, Barb—holding you in my arms and knowing we were one person.' Does that sound like a joke?"

"A bit juvenile, perhaps," he said, "but not really compromising. Is that the worst of it?"

"Oh, there's more. There's lots more. About the magic of her kisses and the spell of her caress. Have you ever heard anything so nauseous?"

"Sounds like one of those popular songs," Alan said. "Apparently our daughter is growing up." Barbara would tell them about this when she got home, he thought. They'd all have a good laugh over it. Barbara never kept anything from them.

"Alan, what are we going to do?"

"The first thing," he said, " is put that letter in its envelope and slip it back under her scarves, or wherever you found it."

"Are we going to talk to her? Can we talk to her?"

Phyl was taking this much too hard, Alan observed. He supposed mothers always thought of their daughters' pursuers as The Enemy. But then, so did he, he thought with surprise. He detested this young fool without knowing him.

"The words he uses," Phyl was saying. "How can we be sure it isn't too late?"

"It's too late to do what I told you," said Alan. "You won't have time to get it back in the drawer. Here comes Barbara."

She had turned the corner by the driveway gatepost and was running up the path toward them, smiling. Her blond hair was caught in a pony tail, and her lovely young face looked scrubbed and shining.

"Hi!" she called. "What are you doing home at this hour?" She looked at her mother. "What's that you've got?"

Phyl glanced at Alan.

"Your mother," said Alan, "was putting something away in your bureau drawer, and she found a letter. I haven't read it."

Barbara looked away. The smile slowly faded. "No," she said. "You wouldn't. But I bet mother has."

"Barbara!" Alan's voice was louder than he intended.

"What did you make of it, mother?" Barbara asked. "Not very rational, was it? Not even very sensible. But sort of dreamy, all the same." She looked from one to the other. "Don't you think?"

"To tell you the truth," Phyllis began, but Barbara interrupted her.

Without raising her voice, she said, "I'm sick to death of that phrase. For that matter, I'm sick of the truth. The truth always turns out to be unpleasant or dull or boring." She held out her hand. "May I have the letter, please?"

"It isn't that we don't trust you," Alan said. "You wouldn't do anything foolish—I'm sure of that."

"Don't be sure," she said. "You've always looked at everything so logically you don't know what a temptation foolishness can be."

"I thought this might be something you were saving to tell us," Alan said. "Something we could all laugh at together."

Barbara's eyes clouded. "When there's any laughing to be done at my men," she said, "I'll do it myself. Now please give me my letter."

"Oh, darling, I know you're angry with me for reading it," Phyllis said, "but we've always been so honest with you, told you everything, and now that ——"

"Told me everything?" Barbara shook her head. "Oh, no! All you ever told me were facts. Grownups never tell children any of the things that really matter, because they can't remember what they are."

Phyl's jaw tightened. "At least you admit you're still a child."

"Oh, I am," Barbara agreed. "An ignorant, uninformed child. I've never dared ask what it would be like to marry the King of Spain's son and live in an enchanted castle for the rest of my life. Nobody ever taught me to wonder whether the next party, the next corner, might bring me face to face with the big romance of all time. I wasn't ever told what illogical things happen to a girl when she's kissed. I probably know less than any other girl who ever lived."

They were silent for a moment, then Alan asked, "This man who wrote the letter—is he the one who was around that corner?"

She sighed. "No. I thought he might be, but he isn't. He says the most marvelous things, though, and not a single word is true."

"Barbara," he said, "I don't understand. You know he doesn't mean these—these fervid phrases, and you don't seem to mind."

"Mind?" she asked. "Sometimes I wonder how you ever got mother to marry you. A girl doesn't want to hear the truth, for goodness' sake. She wants to be lied to and flattered. Did you know that my eyes are a blur of velvet?"

"Nonsense," Phyl said. "You'd have twenty-twenty vision if you'd remember to wear your glasses."

"I'm warm and soft. I'm yielding, yet elusive."

"What are you talking about?" Phyl asked.

"Wait a minute," Alan said. "I think I'm beginning to get it, and it's all right. Just as long as she's more elusive than yielding. Go on, Barbara. What were you saying?"

"I'm the most beautiful woman in the world," she said, "when I don't have to look at it logically."

"I know," said Alan slowly. "At least, I used to know. It's been a long, long time."

"Do you know, daddy?" Barbara asked. "Do you remember?"

"When I was a boy," Alan said, digging deep into his memory, "and not such a young boy, at that, I was a cold-eyed Mississippi river-boat gambler. Women adored me, followed me, pleading for just a word, a smile. But I never even noticed them. I was true to my lost love."

"I bet you were a wonderful Mississippi river-boat gambler," said Barbara.

"But that was before the period that would interest you. That was before I became Captain Yancey Beauregard—swordsman, poet, lover—Yancey the irresistible. I believe, if you looked in enough attics around town, you might find quite a few letters of mine, together with a faded rose or two." He shook his head. "I had long spells of wondering whether I was really the child of my own parents."

"I'm a changeling too!" Barbara cried. "Left in the cradle by enemies of the regime. Nobody knows I'm really of the Blood Royal."

Father and daughter looked at each other, and suddenly both burst out laughing.

"Give her the letter, Phyl," Alan said. "Youth is a different country. You may think you know its language, but you'll never speak it like the natives."

When Alan arrived at his office the next morning, Miss Eberly was waiting for him outside the door.

"They're here," she said. "The parents of that girl. And, Mr. Bingham, if you don't mind my saying so, it looks like you were wrong about them."

"Was I? In what way?"

"About them being the emotional type. Romancers."

"Well," he said, "that's not the only type that can get off the track. It isn't as easy as you think to be a parent, Miss Eberly. It's like playing in a game whose rules you've forgotten."

He handed her his homburg, and pushed open the door to his office. "I'm Alan Bingham," he said.

"It's about time." A bald giant of a man rose slowly from the leather sofa. "I understand you're taking my daughter's case."

"I am." The wife, he noticed, was angular and thin-lipped.

"She'd better not expect any help from us," the man said. "She got herself into this, against our advice. She can get herself out."

"We told her the facts," the woman said. "A girl has to look ahead, plan her future. There's no room in today's world for all this romance business."

"Love." The man spat out the word. "I warned her love never paid the mortgage."

"And just who do you think you are?" Alan asked. "The King of Spain?"

"Huh?"

"Where was she when you were handing out all this good advice? I'll tell you where she wasn't, mister. She wasn't there beside you, listening, no matter what you thought. She was miles away, light-years away. But you never made any effort to follow her."

"What are you talking about?"

"Warning her love never paid the mortgage!" Alan said disgustedly. "And all the time she was on a river boat with Yancey Beauregard."

Now the woman was standing too. "I think you're crazy," she said.

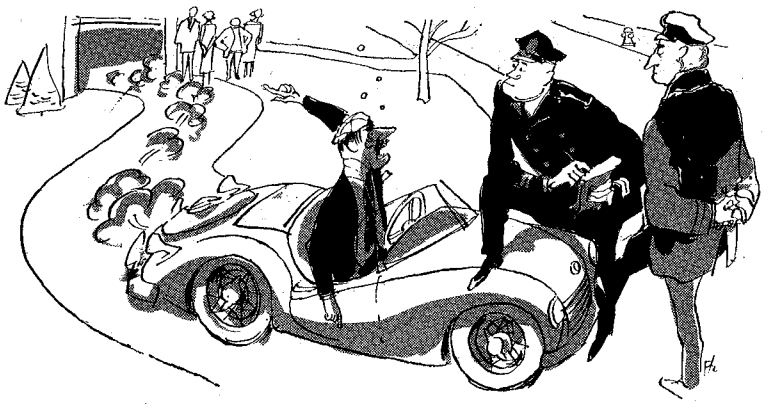
Alan ignored her. "You almost lost your daughter," he said. "I'm not sure it isn't too late. But if I were you I'd go find her now, before she gets to court, and ask her if she'll let you sit with her. Just that. It may be enough."

"We forgave her for running off with that man," the woman said. "We wrote and told her so."

"That's not the point," said Alan. "She has to forgive you." He held the door open for them. "I'll see you in court," he said. "All three of you."

He watched them march down the hall toward the elevator, their backs straight and unyielding. *Poor parents,* he thought suddenly, *poor parents everywhere. You leave one country behind and move on to another, but you neglect your communications. The lines to the past are in very poor repair, and most of the messages don't even get through any more.*

He pushed the button on his desk. "Miss Eberly," he said, without looking around, "if you'll bring in your notebook we can get that indenture cleared up before I have to go to court." He rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand. "These emotional cases," he said. "I'm tired already." THE END



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

After one drink too many with visitors to his home, Jack hopped into his new sports car and raced it back and forth on the garage driveway to demonstrate its pickup. The performance attracted a policeman, who arrested Jack for driving while intoxicated.

"The law against driving while intoxicated obviously applies only on public streets, for the protection of others who may be driving or walking on the street," Jack argued at his trial. "Certainly it doesn't cover driving in my own driveway."

"The law very clearly prohibits 'driving while intoxicated' and that would appear to mean driving anywhere," the prosecutor replied. "It makes no exceptions of any kind."

If you were the judge, would you convict Jack?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Jack was convicted. The court said it would be absurd to let off a drunken driver simply because he happened to be apprehended "on or near a private roadway instead of on a public street or highway," because no one can tell when such a befuddled driver "will leave the private road and pursue a mad, zigzagging course down a public highway with the resulting damage and horrors so frequently reported."

Based upon a 1948 Minnesota case.

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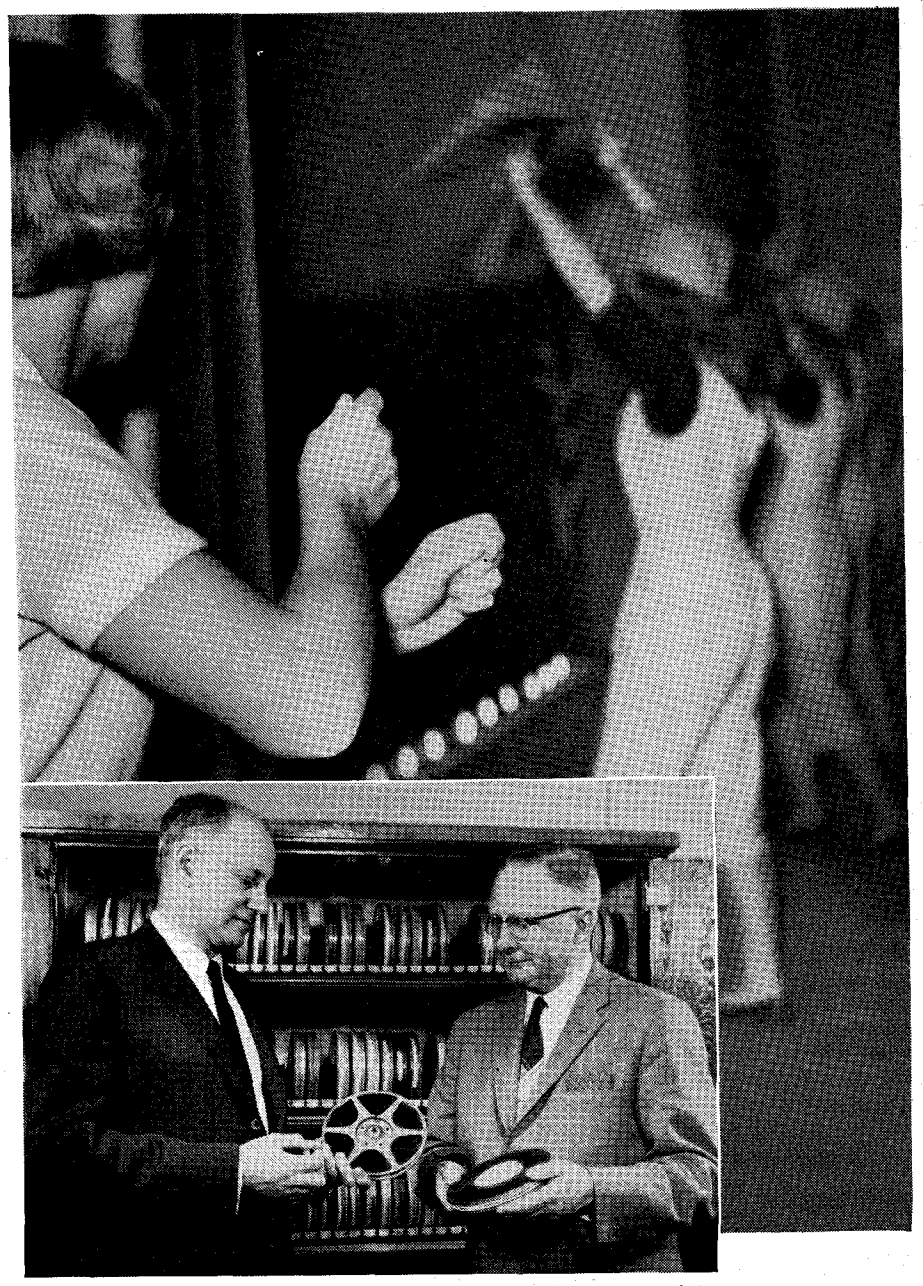


In Wausau: Mr. Ash talks to Carroll E. Swenson (right), Director of the PTA Council Film Library, a project supported entirely by proceeds of the annual PTA Stunt Night—a 12-act variety show with parents, teachers and students doing all the writing, producing and directing.

In Clintonville, Mr. Ash looks over another Teracruzer, the specially-built 8 wheel-drive vehicle the Air Force uses to transport missiles to previously inaccessible launching sites. FWD Corporation also builds a commercial version of the Teracruzer that carries its cargo on 3½ foot long "rubber barrels" without jarring, even while traveling over snow, sand, swamp or boulder-strewn terrain.

Wausau Story

by **MAURICE E. ASH,** *President,*

FWD Corporation, Clintonville, Wisconsin • *Heavy-duty vehicle specialists*

"THIS year Wausau staged its 26th annual PTA Stunt Night. The show was a big success, from all I hear. The audiences that packed the auditorium for five nights had a lot of fun. So did the performers. And there are now more funds for the Wausau PTA Council Film Library which is supported entirely by this project.

"Back of the show is a story that will interest you. You know, in most cities, each PTA Group from each school has a fund-raising project of its own. But not in Wausau. There the groups from the different schools get together for this one big annual production. A thousand people took part in this year's show. If they weren't in the cast, they were on a committee—sewing costumes, painting scenery, selling tickets or baby-sitting while other parents practiced or performed.

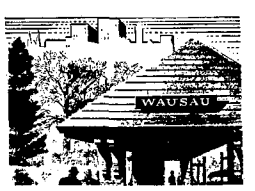
"Cooperation like that is unusual. But this is an unusual community in many ways. Enthusiasm and cooperation have a part in everything Wausau people do. That includes the way they work. We've had plenty of opportunity to observe this right here in Clintonville. Our company has been a policyholder of Employers Mutuals of Wausau for 31 out of the 50 years we've been in business.

"We've worked together on many problems during this long association. We've called on Employers Mutuals to help us set up industrial nursing procedures, to help us prevent accidents, to see that safety is a built-in part of our production. With typical Wausau enthusiasm and cooperation, Employers Mutuals people have helped us keep this a safe place to work . . . all at an impressive savings on our insurance costs. That's performance!"

. . . . . .

Employers Mutuals has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our experience in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



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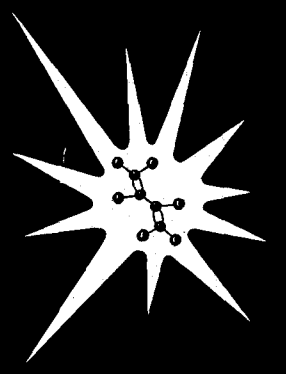

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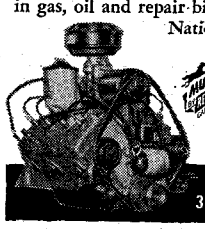

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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

(Continued from Page 23)

goes for about a mile on a fairly easy grade, then turns to the right and starts winding down the mountain. At nine and seven-tenths miles, you'll come to a fork in the road. Take the right-hand turn. At fifteen-point-three miles, you'll come to a fork in the road. Again, take the right-hand turn. After that, keep on that road until you come to the main highway. Don't turn onto the main highway, but cross it, keeping on the same road, which you will find is surfaced after it crosses the highway. This is a rather narrow road, winding among orange groves for three miles until it hits the main freeway to Los Angeles."

Mauvis Meade handed the map back to Gladys. "Put it back in the desk."

Gladys returned it to the desk drawer. "You have the clothes you need?" Mauvis Meade asked.

Gladys nodded.

"Skis?"

"I'm an enthusiast," Gladys said.

"Leave at three o'clock this afternoon, Gladys. Return so that you're here late Sunday night. Be sure you have your key. Don't leave Summit Inn until after six o'clock Sunday night.

"Stay at Summit Inn until after six o'clock Sunday night?"

"That's right. You're to take the station wagon. I'll have the garage fill it with gas and check the tires. That's all. I'm going to be out the rest of the day. Answer the phone; tell anyone who calls I'm not available until Monday, that you don't know where I am.

"Now you'd better go pack some things. It isn't going to hurt to use a little glamour on the weekend. I've made an appointment for you at the beauty shop at twelve-thirty, so you'd better have an early lunch. The tab is all arranged for. Have a good time, dear."

Gladys accepted her dismissal, packed her suitcase, had lunch and went to the beauty shop. She returned to the apartment only long enough to have a bellboy take her suitcase down to the station wagon. It was then Gladys found that someone had torn the page out of her notebook which contained the directions for the short cut down the mountain.

Miss Meade was gone. Gladys felt with annoyance that there was no reason why anyone should have torn that page from her notebook. Gladys wasn't apt to forget the name Edgar Carlisle, and, of course, she knew all about the Summit Inn, the swank hotel on the snow-clad summit of the mountain ridge.

There was, however, the question of the short cut back down the mountain. She didn't fancy fighting her way through a stream of Sunday traffic. So Gladys went to the desk, opened the drawer, found the map and made notes from it. The map she found was complete only as far as the second fork in the road. An arrow indicated the turns to be taken.

Gladys wondered why Mauvis Meade had given her three hundred dollars in cash if she was to charge everything at the hotel, and wondered why she had been cautioned not to leave the Summit Inn until after six o'clock Sunday evening. These, however, were minor matters.

A job which included an all-expense skiing weekend at the exclusive Summit Inn and negotiations with an attractive young man who was "something of a wolf" certainly was better than a nine-to-five job in a humdrum office. Gladys' trimly shod foot seemed eager as it pressed on the car's gas pedal.

The skiing weather was perfect. Edgar Carlisle was young, handsome, considerate and quite evidently not at all put out that Mauvis Meade had failed to keep her appointment. It was quite apparent that he felt the matter could be safely entrusted to the discretion of Miss Meade's secretary, and his manner so indicated. Moreover, Carlisle quite evidently had an expense account which he wished to use, and Gladys had a very enjoyable time. Such a good time, in fact, that she didn't leave the Summit Inn until after dinner Sunday night.

It had clouded up and had started to snow at four o'clock in the afternoon. Gladys knew that she should have secured chains and gone on down the main highway. But there were no chains in the car. It was almost a certainty they really wouldn't be required as a matter of safety if she was careful, and as she was an experienced mountain driver, she had no particular fear of accident.

It was as Mauvis Meade had said. There was virtually no traffic on the short-cut road. She met two cars coming up the surfaced road; then, after the hardtop ceased and she came to a graveled road, she met no one.

The snow turned to a hard, pelting rain at the lower elevations. At the second fork in the road, Gladys hesitated. It looked very much as though the main graveled road was the one to the right. But the map had plainly shown an arrow indicating the left-hand fork. After some hesitancy, Gladys took the left-hand fork.

It was now a wild, stormy night. After the first mile the road rapidly deteriorated. It became simply a plain dirt road—muddy, slippery, winding and twisting down the side of a mountain canyon.

She felt certain now that the map had been wrong, that she should have kept on the right-hand fork. And, thinking back, she began to question in her mind whether Mauvis Meade hadn't said the right-hand fork when she had been dictating directions. But the map itself had shown an arrow indicating the left-hand fork.

In any event, Gladys was trapped now. There was no place to turn around, and in the darkness it would have been all but impossible to have backed up the narrow, winding road.

At first, Gladys had been afraid she might meet someone on the narrow road. Now she was beginning to wish that she could meet someone. She felt terribly alone in the pelting rain as she eased the car down the narrow mountain road.

The headlights showed a sharp, right-hand curve ahead. As Gladys entered the curve she came to a point where she literally could not see the road. The curve was sharp enough so that the hood of the car obscured the road on the right. On the left the beam of her headlights was swallowed up in the darkness of the canyon. It was at this point that the car swerved and settled. Gladys knew she had hit a soft spot and, in panic, gave the car a sudden burst of gas.

She felt the machine lurch and skid; then she was suddenly conscious that the spinning wheels were digging into the ground. She was stuck and knew almost instinctively that her situation was hopeless. She left the motor idling while she got out to survey her predicament.

It was difficult to determine all the details in the darkness, but apparently a culvert had washed out and had made a mudhole some twenty feet long. The rear wheels in the soft earth had dug a hole in which the rested.

Gladys knew it was dangerous to try to back up in the dark on account of the curve, but she decided to try it. She got

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back in the car, put the transmission in reverse, eased on the throttle. The car slowly began to move. For a moment of swift elation she thought she was out of it and then the front wheels struck the holes which had been dug by the spinning back wheels, and the car settled. She could go neither forward nor backward.

She had no flashlight, and the night was pitch-dark. She shut off the motor and the headlights. Without a flashlight, she knew it would be hopeless trying to extricate herself. She would have to wait until daylight or until help came.

She settled comfortably on the seat, but at the end of half an hour, she was cramped and chilled. She started the motor, knowing how dangerous that was, yet determined to run it in a short burst, so that she could get enough heat in the car to warm it up. It was a choice between the danger of carbon-monoxide poisoning on the one hand and pneumonia on the other.

At the end of five minutes, the warm air flowing along her ankles from the car's heater made her more comfortable, and she shut off the motor. Almost at once the car started to cool.

Twenty minutes later, Gladys determined that anything was better than sitting there and becoming chilled to the bone. She decided to try walking.

Once she had decided to walk, she knew there was no help up the road until after she had climbed some eleven miles, the last three or four of which would be through snow. So she decided to go around the curve and walk downhill. The road certainly must go somewhere.

She realized now that she must have taken the wrong road back at the last fork. The sound of the stream tumbling over rocks in the canyon far below, the pelting of the rain and the sighing of wind in the trees were the only noises she could hear. There was no sound of a motor anywhere. Walking in the darkness, Gladys realized the danger. It was so dark that she literally had to feel her way a foot at a time. For the first time she felt a surge of panic.

Suddenly she caught her breath. From the darkness ahead came the steady gleam of a light. For a moment she thought it might be an automobile approaching; then she saw that it was a steady, stationary light shining through the trees and apparently not too far away.

She didn't realize the extent of her panic until she had experienced the feeling of relief which swept over her with the sight of that light. She wanted to shout, wanted to run, but instead she controlled herself and continued to feel her cautious way along the road.

By the time she reached the cabin, she was wet and cold. Her numbed feet stumbled up the rough board steps from the road to the little level place where the log cabin nestled under pine trees. The light she had seen came from a single electric bulb shining through a window on which there was no shade. There was someone inside moving around.

Then she was pounding on the door, crying out, "Hello, hello, inside. Help me, please."

She heard some article of furniture being moved. In the back of the house a door was slammed shut. Then steps, and the door leading to the rustic porch was opened.

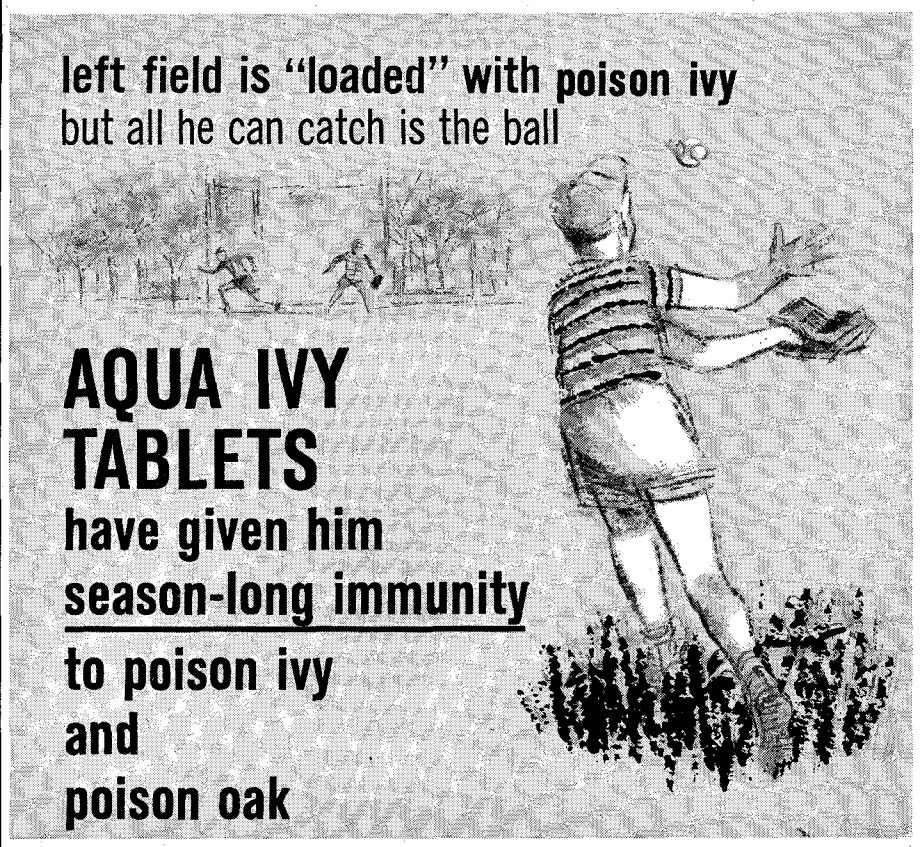
The light behind the man in the doorway showed him only in silhouette. She saw that he was erect, with broad shoulders and wavy hair. He was evidently young, but his voice was uncordial and sharp with suspicion. "Well, hello," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"Please," Gladys said. "I got on the wrong road. I was coming down from Summit Inn. There's a place two or three hundred yards up here where a culvert has washed out and has softened up the road. I blundered into it on account of the curve, and—well, I'm stuck."

The man hesitated so long that for a moment Gladys was angry; then he said, "Well, come in. At least you can get warm here."

He stood to one side and she entered a rough, rustic cabin, furnished simply, but tastefully.

"Fore!"



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Warmth and the aroma of fragrant tobacco smoke enveloped her as she entered the room.

"Stand over there by the stove," the man said. "You're rather wet."

She smiled at him. "Perhaps if your wife ——"

He shook his head. "I have no wife. I'm here alone."

"Oh," she said.

She took a good look at him then—a man perhaps twenty-eight or thirty, with straight nose, a prominent chin and an uncompromising stiffness in his manner which showed resentment.

"Do you, by any chance, have a phone?" she asked.

"Heavens, no!"

"You have electricity."

"Electricity which comes from a battery which is charged by a windmill, so I try to conserve the light as much as possible."

The stove was a big fifty-gallon gasoline drum which had been converted into an oil-burning stove. It gave out a steady, welcome heat. Gladys could see steam rising from her clothes.

"Look," she said, "I have to get back to Los Angeles tonight. I'm due there right now. Do you suppose you could ——?"

She was interrupted by the determined shake of his head.

"But why not?" she asked. "I'm willing to pay, I'm willing to ——"

"It isn't a question of money," he said. "In the first place, you need daylight for a job of that sort. If that culvert is washed out, that road must be a mess."

"It is," she said, looking down at her mud-stained legs and soaked shoes. "Where does this road go? On down the mountain?"

"That's right. There's a public campground and picnic facilities a mile and a half down the canyon."

She had a sudden wild surge of hope. "I'll bet you have a jeep," she said. "You could go up and hook onto my car, and—and there must be a way down here to turn around and ——"

"As it happens, I have no car tonight," he interrupted.

"No car at all?" she asked.

"No car at all."

"But how in the world could you be here without having a car? You must have driven here. You didn't ——"

"I don't think there's any call to discuss my personal affairs," he said curtly.

"But obviously," she said, throwing out her hand in a gesture, "I can't stay here all night."

He gave a faint shrug with his shoulders, a spreading motion with his hands. "What would you suggest?" he asked.

"Well," she said hotly, "you're a great big strapping man. You can go up there and—I'll help. I'm already soaked anyway, and we can jack the wheels up, and ——"

"It's a job for daylight."

"Won't you please understand that it's highly important ——"

"I'm sorry," he interrupted in a tone of finality. "I have recently recovered from pneumonia, and I have no intention of going out and slogging around in the cold mud and getting wet to the skin trying to get some social butterfly out of a mudhole. Furthermore, I don't know what you're doing down here, and frankly I'm not satisfied with your explanation."

"I haven't made any," she flared.

"That's right," he said quietly.

"I tell you, I got on the wrong road."

"All the way down the mountain?"

"I was trying to take a short cut."

"Why didn't you keep on the graveled road?"

"Because my directions said I was to turn here."

His eyes held a light of mocking triumph. "Oh, so you were to turn here. Then you didn't take the wrong fork. May I ask who gave you those directions?"

She said, "I don't know as I can quote your exact words, but I'll try—I don't think there's any call for us to discuss my personal affairs."

He smiled at that.

"If you have any whisky in the place, you might at least buy a girl a hot toddy—and if I'm going to stay here all night, I warn you that any person who tries to make unwelcome advances is in for the surprise of his life."

He said, "I'm not going to make any unwelcome advances. I'm not going to make any advances, period. As a matter of fact, your showing up here is very inconvenient. What's your name?"

"What's yours?"

"Call me John."

"What's the last name?"

"There isn't any."

"Call me Gladys," she said. "And see that your voice has the proper tone of respect in it."

"And your last name?"

"None of your business."

"Well," he said, "we seem to be getting on. I'll now get some hot water going and we'll try a toddy."

"And don't load it," she warned.

She watched him as he moved about the place. He had a big frame, but there was a spring to his step, and his motions seemed so perfectly co-ordinated that they were a flowing rhythm of easy grace.

This man, she decided, had trained himself in co-ordination. He was either a juggler, a football player or a boxer.

"Am I going to sit up by the stove all night?" she asked.

"There are two bedrooms here," he said. "They're unheated. There are plenty of blankets. There's a bathroom which does have hot water. There's a coil of pipe inside the stove here, and ——"

"Wonderful," she said. "If you have no objection, I'm going to have a hot bath."

"A hot shower," he corrected.

"All right, a hot shower."

"When?"

"As soon as you get that hot toddy, and as soon as I can get these wet clothes off."

The toddy was good. After she had it finished, she bolted herself behind the bathroom door, got out of her wet clothes, enjoyed a hot shower, dried herself with a rough towel, looked into the adjoining bedroom he told her she was to occupy and shivered with the cold air which greeted her.

She started to put on her wet clothes, then hesitated. After all—— She crossed over to the bed, pulled off one of the heavy blankets, put it around her shoulders, wrapped it around her arms, picked up her damp garments, unlocked the bathroom door and entered the living room.

"I'm going to dry out these clothes over the stove," she said. "I've taken the liberty of using one of your blankets as a combined dressing gown, cocoon, and ——"

She broke off as she saw that she was addressing an empty room.

She pulled up a chair close to the stove, spread the wet clothing over the back of the chair so close to the stove that the garments started to steam. Then she settled herself in another chair, pulled the warm blanket tightly about her skin and relaxed in the warmth.

She was dozing off when she heard the pound of steps on the porch, and the door opened. A draft of cold air entered the room.

Her host was peeling off a raincoat that was glistening with rain, stamping wet feet encased in high leather boots on the floor.

"Well," she said, "look who's taking chances with his pneumonia!"

He looked her over with an impersonal appraisal which somehow bothered her more than if he had tried to grab at the blanket. "I see you've made yourself right at home."

"I'm decent," she said defiantly.

"I didn't say you weren't."

"I'm not going to sit around in wet clothes."

"No one asked you to. It's a free country."

"And I've told you I know how to take care of myself and don't appreciate unwelcome attentions."

"Look," he said irritably, "you're a good-looking girl. You've probably never had the opportunity to associate with men who thought about anything except making passes. Now, I didn't invite you here. Your presence happens to be distracting and annoying. I've offered what hospitality I can. There's a lock on the bedroom door. Now, then, sister, curfew is ringing as far as you're concerned. Take your clothes and go on into that bedroom, lock the door, get into bed and go to sleep."

"I'm not going to have you treat me like a child."

"Then quit treating me like one of these Hollywood wolves," he said. "For your information, I don't go around making passes at every girl I meet."

"How very interesting," she said sarcastically.

He strode over to the chair, scooped up her clothes, ran his hand down the garments, said, "They're dry now," walked over to the bedroom door, flung it open and tossed the clothing on the bed.

"All right, Gladys," he said.

She looked at him defiantly. He took a step toward her, and suddenly she realized that he intended literally to put her in the bedroom if she didn't go by herself.

The thought of what might happen in that event caused her to arise with what dignity she could muster. She hunched herself inside the folds of the blanket and walked across to the bedroom. "Good night, John," she said with exaggerated politeness.

"Good night, Gladys," he said, and his voice was that of a man who was getting rid of a distracting influence, whose mind was already starting to cope with some more interesting problem.

Gladys turned on the small light globe as he closed the door. She looked at the window, which was devoid of shades or drapes, and, as she slipped out of the blanket, felt as though she were standing naked on a public stage with a spotlight on her. She made a lunge for the light and switched it off, then crawled under the covers and went to sleep.

It wasn't until she wakened some time in the small hours that she realized she had, after all, forgotten to lock the bedroom door. It was, she decided, an unnecessary precaution. Lying there, she thought she heard the sound of an automobile engine backfiring. It seemed to be close at hand—almost as if it were in the cabin. She stretched, yawned, propped herself up on one elbow, held herself in that position for a while, then dropped back to the pillow and almost instantly sank into the warm oblivion of slumber.

When she wakened again it was daylight. The (*Continued on Page 108*)

The Perfect Squelch

George, who lived a fast life in the city, was driving through the small country town as if all speed laws suddenly had been repealed.

"Don't worry," he soothed his concerned companion. "Out here I can buy my way out of any traffic trouble."

Soon afterward George was whistled down by a rural policeman.

"Just watch how I handle this yokel," he said confidently. Then, taking his license from his wallet, George folded a five-dollar bill around it and handed both to the policeman.

Silently the officer returned the money and started writing out a ticket.

"Now look, officer," George protested. "Surely we can handle this thing in a friendly way."

"Certainly, sir." The officer didn't even look up. "I'll smile when I give you this ticket, and you smile when you accept it."

Rada Ionesco

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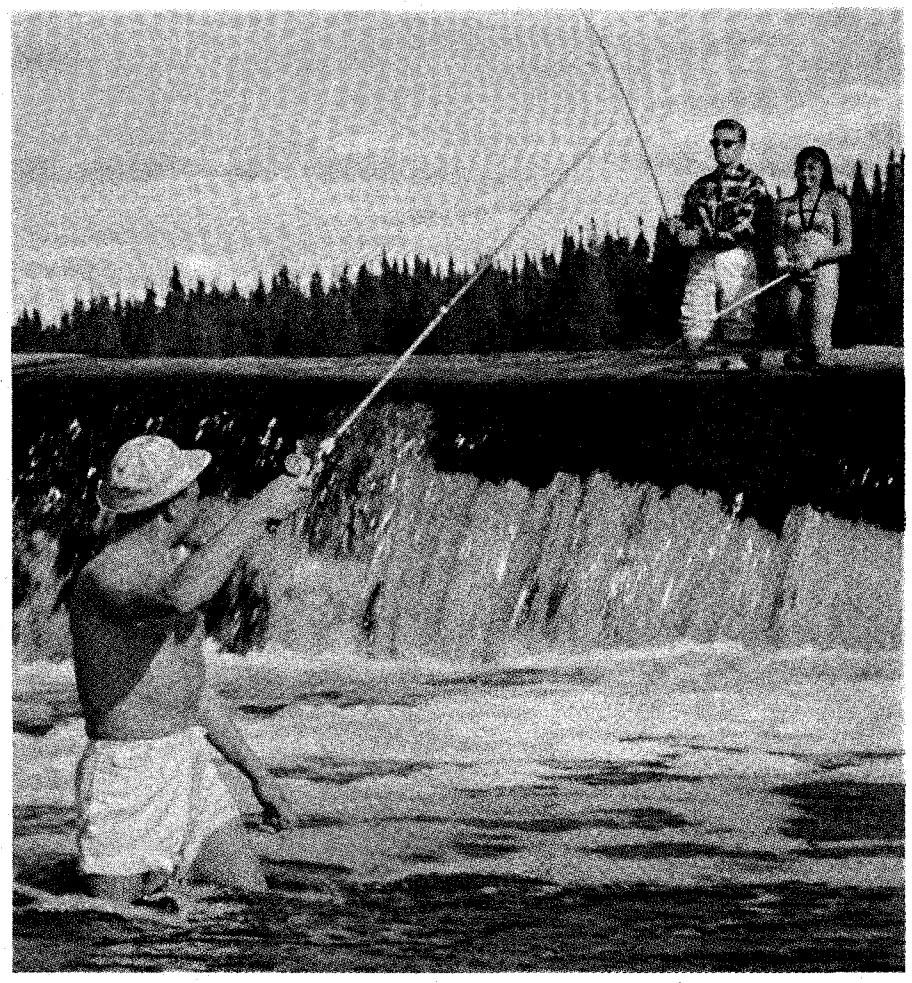

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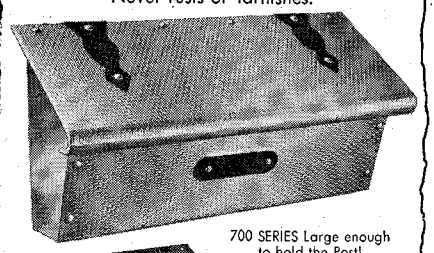

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(*Continued from Page 106*) storm was over, and her wrist watch showed it was seven-thirty.

There was a fur rug by the bed and it felt good to her bare feet. She dressed hurriedly; then tentatively opened the door to the living room.

The room was cold and empty. The stove had been shut off, and there was about the whole room an air of vacancy.

"John," she called. There was no answer.

She opened the door and looked out on the porch. "Oh, John." Her voice was swallowed up in the still mountain air.

She went back and regarded the closed door of the other bedroom with exasperation.

"John, what do we do for eats?" she asked. "I'm famished."

When there was no answer, she turned the knob of the bedroom door. She half expected to find it locked—it would be just like him.

The bedroom door swung open, and Gladys looked inside. "Well," she said, "come on, sleepyhead. I'm a working girl. What do we do about ——"

Suddenly, the breath went out of her at what she saw lying on the floor.

It seemed that she stood there for ages, holding the cold iron latch of the door in her hand. Then she screamed.

After that she had a vague recollection of kneeling, of blood, of a lifeless arm, of a small-caliber rifle, lying near the open window, which she picked up and dropped. Then she found herself fleeing from the cabin, running blindly up the muddy road.

Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, said, "There's a very excited, very bedraggled young woman in the office who says she has to see you at once on a matter of the greatest importance."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"Her name is Gladys Doyle," Della Street went on. "She is employed as a secretary-companion and hostess by Mauvis Niles Meade—you remember, she wrote the sensational novel, Chop the Man Down."

"Ah, yes," Mason said, "a veritable smorgasbord of smooch, seduction and smut. And as such, of course, a runaway best seller. You say Miss Doyle looks somewhat bedraggled?"

"That's a mild name for it."

"How old?"

"Twenty-two or -three, attractive, good figure ——"

"I'll see her," Mason announced.

Della Street smiled.

"Not because of the beauty," Mason said, "but because she's disheveled. If a girl of that description intended to vamp a lawyer into working on her case without adequate compensation, she'd have gone to the beauty parlor first. From the way you describe her, it's either a genuine emergency or she intends to pay for the services in cash."

"That's an angle," Della Street admitted, "where I was thinking only of curves. I'll bring her in."

She went to the outer office and returned with Gladys Doyle.

"Good morning, Miss Doyle," Mason said. "Miss Street said you have a matter which you consider extremely urgent."

She nodded.

"Care to tell me about it very quickly?" Mason asked. "Then I'll know whether I can be of any assistance. Just hit the high spots and you can elaborate later if it turns out I can handle your case."

"I went skiing over the weekend," she said. "I was with a man about whom I know very little. It was a business appointment for Miss Meade."

"And you walked home?" Mason asked, glancing at the mud-stained wreck of her shoes.

She shook her head. "I tried to take a short cut. My car got stuck in a mudhole. I came on a cabin. There was a man in the cabin. He was about twenty-eight or so, rather attractive, good-looking and exceedingly independent. I had to spend the night there in that cabin."

Mason raised his eyebrows and said, "You were alone with him?"

"Yes. There was nothing else to do. I ——"

Mason said, "I think, Miss Doyle, you'd better go to the police."

"Please let me finish," she said. "He insisted that I go to bed in one of the bedrooms and lock the door. When I got up this morning, there was no one in the house. I called, then opened the door to the other bedroom and looked in. There—there was a dead man lying on the floor."

"The man who was in the cabin with you?" Mason asked.

She shook her head. "No, this was someone else."

"Go ahead," Mason told her, his suddenly alert eyes showing his keen interest.

"I ran back up the road, hardly knowing what I was doing—I'd left my car bogged down in a mudhole. When I got back to my car, it had been hauled out of the mudhole, turned around, pointed back up the grade. Whoever had done it had been considerate enough to leave it on the upgrade side of the mudhole. The ignition keys were in the lock. It was all ready to go."

You're on the road to success when you realize that failure is merely a detour.

WILLIAM G. MILNES, JR.

"So what did you do?" Mason asked.

"I went."

"You know this man was dead?"

She nodded.

"How do you know he was dead?"

"His color, his—the general grotesque stiffness and—and the blood on the floor. I knelt beside him to feel his pulse and ——"

"Blood?" Mason interrupted.

She nodded.

"Go on," Mason said. "What did you do? Did you come directly to me?"

"No. I went to the penthouse apartment where I work—Mauvis Niles Meade."

Mason nodded.

"The place was a wreck, Mr. Mason. Drawers had been pulled out, clothes had been jerked out of the closet, papers were lying around the floor."

"And Mauvis Niles Meade?"

She shook her head. "Not a sign of her. She said once that if she ever got into any trouble she knew you could get her out. So, now that I'm in trouble—well, here I am."

"Well," Mason said, "you do seem to be in quite a predicament—before we call in the police we'd better get certain things established. Why didn't you call the police as soon as you found the dead man—I mean as soon as you got in your car and got away from there?"

"Because," she said, "I suddenly realized what a position I was in. I don't want anyone to know I spent the night in that cabin if I can help it."

"Why?"

"The notoriety, for one thing. But mainly, I guess, the utter absolute implausibility of it all. I never did find out the man's name. He called himself John. That's all I know. Apparently this other man must have been dead by the time I got there, lying dead in the bedroom, and—well, of course, you can put two and two together, John must have known about him.

"I sensed almost from the moment I entered the place that my presence was embarrassing and he wanted to get rid of me. You can put yourself in my position, Mr. Mason. My clothes were wet, I was soaked. I went in the bedroom and stripped."

"You say there was a lock on the door of your bedroom?"

"A bolt—on the inside of the door."

"After you went to bed—you had locked your door, of course."

She flushed, then suddenly laughed. "I guess one is supposed to tell the truth to a lawyer."

He nodded.

"Actually, Mr. Mason, I didn't lock it. I just forgot it."

He studied her thoughtfully.

"Now that," she said, "is being devastatingly truthful. I wouldn't admit that except to a lawyer."

"John didn't become amorous?" Mason asked.

"Not in the least. His reactions were thoroughly abnormal, if you know what I mean. Perhaps I should say completely preoccupied."

"No passes?"

"Absolutely not. And that's a treatment—well, it's rather unusual as far as I'm concerned."

"I can imagine," Mason said dryly.

"Here I was," she said, "clad only in a blanket which I was trying to keep around me as best I could—I wasn't certain I could handle the situation, but I certainly expected there'd be a situation to handle—and I wasn't going to stay out all night in the cold rain.

"In place of what I expected, he simply sent me to bed. I suppose after I went to bed he went out and managed to extricate my car, and the way he did it—I mean, the way he left it would certainly indicate that he was trying to tell me that, for my own good, I hadn't better say anything about having been there.

"He told me he didn't have an automobile, but he certainly didn't walk to the place. I'm almost certain I heard an automobile some time in the small hours of the morning when I woke up. I suppose he took his car up, pulled my car out of the mudhole, then drove the car down to the wide place in the road in front of the cabin, turned the car around and took it back up. . . ." Her voice trailed away.

"It was on the upper side of the mudhole?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"How did he get it through there?" Mason asked. "If you got stuck going down, it must have been quite a job to get through going up."

"Perhaps he had a jeep. Perhaps he was a good dirt-road driver. He certainly looked capable."

"Did you look for jeep tracks? This morning, I mean."

"I didn't look for anything, Mr. Mason. I just wanted to get away from there, and—and something's happened up at Miss Meade's apartment. It's a wreck. Someone has been in there looking for something. Clothes have been pulled out of the closet, drawers have been dumped on the floor, papers have been scattered all over the place. It looks as if a hurricane had spent the weekend there."

"Can you describe the exact location of this cabin?" Mason asked.

"Yes. I've drawn you a little sketch map from memory. Here it is. I spent the weekend at the Summit Inn. This is the

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short cut I took coming back. Mauvis Meade told me about the short cut."

Mason took the map. "You'd better tell me a little more about Mauvis Meade, about your job and the weekend at Summit Inn," he said.

Gladys told him briefly what had happened. When she had finished, Mason said, "Here's what you do. You have some other clothes there in the penthouse apartment?"

"Yes, of course. I just didn't stop to get into them when I saw what had happened. I took one look and then came running here. I was told to be back by midnight last night—that is, to be back Sunday night."

"Go back to the penthouse apartment, get out of those clothes—no, wait a minute. You give Miss Street the data on the size of clothes you wear. Get a new outfit. It probably won't be the best-looking outfit in the world, but —— Do you have money or a charge account in any of the stores?"

"I have money."

"All right," Mason said. "Get an outfit. I'd prefer not to have you going into the store for the try-ons. Now wait a minute—let Della get something that will fit you. Perhaps Della has some clothes in her apartment you can borrow. You're just about of a size. Get some clothes on, go back to the penthouse apartment, call in the house detective, tell him that you're very much concerned, that you think perhaps Mauvis Niles Meade had some kind of a tantrum and threw things around. But you can't be certain, and the fact that she isn't there causes you some uneasiness. She was intending to be there?"

"I'm quite certain she was. She told me she had something very important for me to do this morning."

"All right," Mason said. "Now sit down for just a minute before you go."

Mason picked up the telephone, called homicide headquarters at the police department and asked for Lieutenant Tragg. When he had Tragg on the line, he said, "Lieutenant, this is Perry Mason. You co-operate with the county authorities pretty much?"

"We work together," Tragg said. "What's the matter? You got another body?"

"I have another body," Mason said.

"You certainly collect 'em," Tragg said dryly. "Someday I'm going to get one of the tabulating machines at the department to find out whether you've been there first on more than fifty per cent of our cases, or whether ——"

"I haven't been there first," Mason said. "I haven't been there."

"So?"

"I'm going to co-operate with you, and I want you to co-operate with me. I'm telling you there's a body out in a cabin on a dirt road coming down from Summit Inn. I'm protecting a client."

"You're supposed to turn over all the facts to the police," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"You're the police," Mason told him, "and I'm turning them over."

"Not this stuff about your client."

"I'm not supposed to turn that over to anyone."

"Your co-operation!" Tragg groaned. "It's too bad there isn't a television set on this telephone, Mason. You could see me drawing my right forefinger across my throat when you mention co-operation."

"Nevertheless," Mason told him, "that's what you're getting."

There was silence for a moment, then Tragg said, "Just where is this cabin?"

"Take a pencil," Mason said. "I'll give you directions on how to get there."

After a moment Tragg said, "O.K."

Mason gave him a complete description of how to get to the cabin.

"How did your client happen to know all this?" Tragg asked.

"Not telling," Mason said.

"You'll have an appointment with the grand jury," Tragg promised him.

"All right, I have an appointment with the grand jury."

"You'll be testifying under oath," Tragg warned.

"There you're wrong," Mason said. "I'll be under oath, but I won't be testifying; I'll claim professional privilege."

Tragg thought that over, said, "O.K., we'll look into it," and hung up.

Mason turned to Gladys Doyle. "All right," he told her, "get started. Now, when you're questioned about the cyclone that hit the apartment up there, tell them that's the way it was when you came in.

"If they ask you a lot of details about where you'd been and when you got back, tell them the truth about the time you first found the apartment had been ransacked. Then tell them you went out to try to find Miss Meade. Don't tell them where you went, just say you went to see someone you thought could tell you where Miss Meade was.

"Then tell the police you don't want to make any statement at all until you have talked with Miss Meade. You can say you were working on a confidential matter for her over the weekend. If they continue to press you, get mad and clam up. Tell them they're being impertinent."

"And I'm not to mention Summit Inn or the murder?"

"No!" Mason said. "And don't keep thinking about it as a murder. It was probably suicide."

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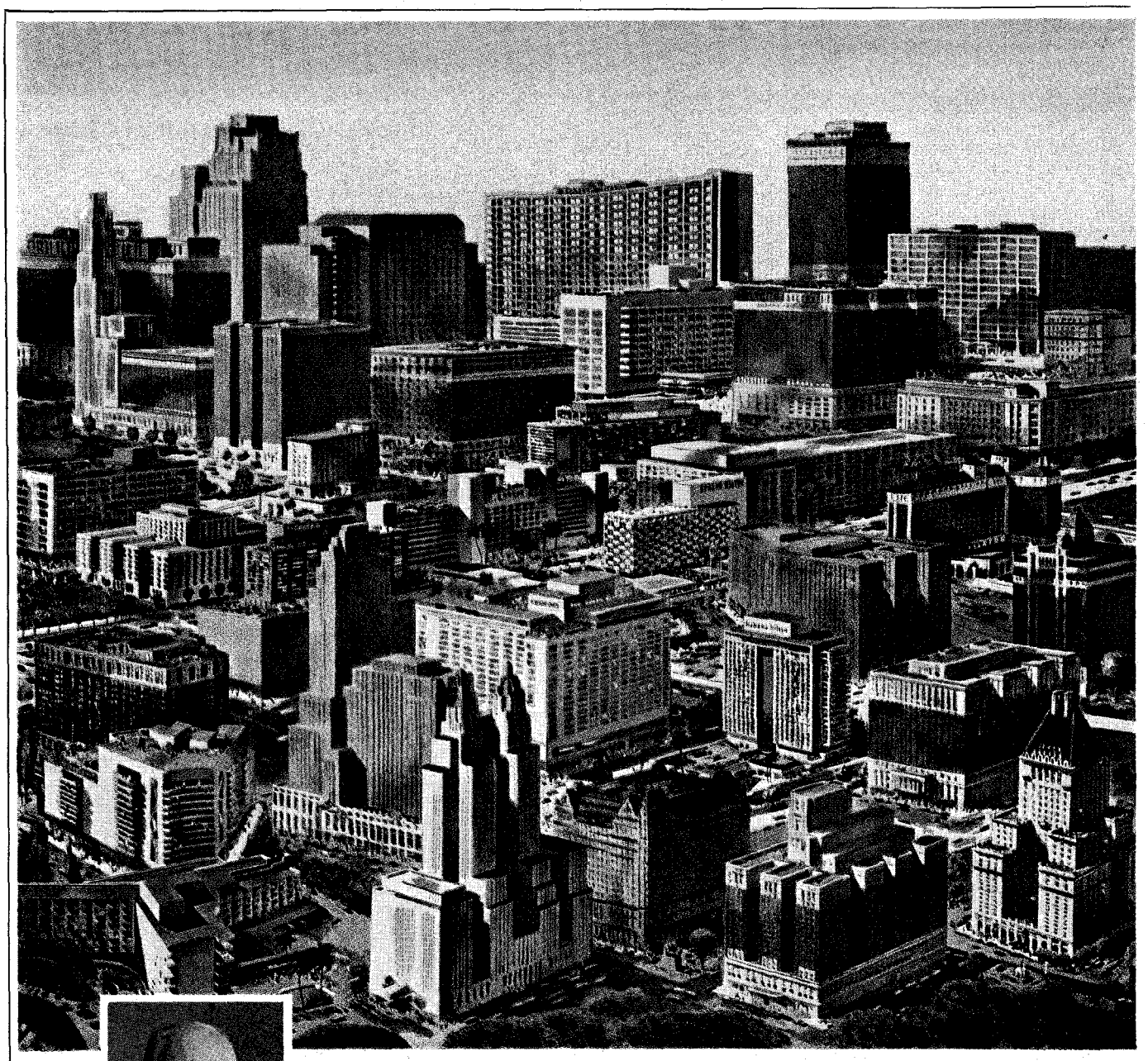

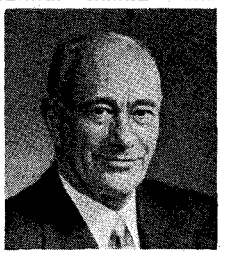

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My Very Fair Lady (Continued from Page 35)

Bergman managed to find time for a matinee of the show. Needless to say, she was pursued to and from the Hellinger Theater by an army of photographers and reporters—and through no effort of mine.

Between halves of the 1957 Army-Notre Dame game in Philadelphia, the Irish band played the show's entire score, a serenade seen and heard by 100,000 at the stadium and approximately 20,000,000 by television. This bonus, without any conniving on my part, was as gratifying as the renditions of I Could Have Danced All Night for the Democrats at the nominating convention in Chicago in 1956, and of On the Street Where You Live for the Republicans at San Francisco's Cow Palace a week later. Equally musical to my ears was the discord engendered by *L'Affaire* Mulhare.

Edward Mulhare, an Irishman, had been engaged to play the part of Henry Higgins for four weeks starting on February 4, 1957, while Rex Harrison took the four-week vacation assured him in his contract. But as Mulhare was about to start rehearsals, Equity, the actors' union, ruled him ineligible. Only a resident member of Equity or a foreign player of comparable reputation could replace Harrison, it said. In a ringing manifesto, producer Herman Levin termed Equity's edict "arbitrary, arrogant and capricious." If Mulhare was outlawed, he swore he'd close the show and seek damages from Equity and its officers. Editorials popped up all over the nation condemning Equity for its parochial attitude, and the affair blazed in the press for ten wonderful days.

Just when it seemed that Mulhare might become another Alfred Dreyfus, New York's Mayor Robert Wagner persuaded both sides to accept arbitration. Labor-relations arbiter Theodore W. Kheel ruled that Equity's regulation was inoperative in Mulhare's case since it had been drafted after My Fair Lady had opened. Kheel's verdict drew editorial cheers, and the already long lines at the Hellinger's box office promptly doubled in length.

These lines were further lengthened by reports of the musical's triumph when it opened in London on April 30, 1958. In the 295-year history of London's Drury Lane, no show had ever created such excitement. Tickets went on sale seven months in advance. The première was reported on Page 1 of the Daily Herald, News Chronicle, Daily Mail and Daily Mirror, and the personal columns of the Times boiled with bid-and-asked quotations on stalls. Late last June an Associated Press cable confirmed the show's continuing success. It read:

> Patrick Merriman was fined twenty shillings for trying to peddle tickets for My Fair Lady among tennis fans waiting outside the Wimbledon sports grounds. A policeman testified he found seventy of the scarce tickets to the hit American musical in Merriman's pockets.

Meanwhile, to my intense satisfaction, the show's title touched off a wealth of visual publicity. Fascinated by the My Fair Lady motif, hundreds of department stores and specialty shops clamored for posters and copies of Cecil Beaton's costume sketches and Oliver Smith's scene designs for window displays. The fashion pages overflowed with comment on the My Fair Lady look, the recurrence of 1912 styles in 1956. These salutes were climaxed when Neiman-Marcus conferred on Beaton the Texas equivalent of knighthood—their annual award "for distinguished service in the field of fashion."

As if this were not enough, My Fair Lady's fame was such that almost any public reference to the show was duly recorded by the press. Last year seventy-three-year-old Rudolf Friml was quoted on the front page of Variety, show-business bible, as saying he had walked out on the London production because, "Nobody sings. It is a play with music, and the music doesn't amount to much. I couldn't stand it. I had to leave." Two weeks later he made Variety again with a denial: "I was misquoted in your issue of September seventeenth. When I arrived in San Francisco the press agent on the ship, while interviewing me, asked me if I had seen the London production of My Fair Lady. I said I had and thought the original New York company had played much better."

Other headlines blossomed when Liberace walked out on a Sydney, Australia, audience because a court order banned his use of music from My Fair Lady. When an Equity Court justice said Liberace acted like a "petulant child," the pianist retaliated by calling the restraining order "Communistic." The court had the last word. Liberace was fined £200 for violation of the Australian copyright held by Chappell and Company, Limited.

The wavy-haired pianist wasn't the only performer to engage in infringement. In an excess of enthusiasm, singer Gordon MacRae gave the inmates of the Desert Inn in Las Vegas a twenty-two-minute vignette of My Fair Lady, using portions of its plot, songs and dialogue—until he received a warning from Levin to cease and desist. Seeking to profit from the musical's fame, at least a half dozen other flatterers capitalized on its title. A Hollywood night club labeled its revue My Fairfax Lady; a recording company came up with a vulgar record called My Square Laddie, and students of Canada's McGill University put on My Fur Lady. Equally helpful was the manager of the summer theater at East Hampton, Long Island, who announced a revival of Shaw's You Never Can Tell, "By the author of My Fair Lady." These windfalls, of course, only served to heighten my euphoria.

Transcending all other sources of publicity, however, was the hue and cry raised by those seeking tickets which, within a week of the opening, achieved Kohinoor rating. News that the show was sold out for months, that the Hellinger's balcony powder room had been transformed into an auxiliary box office to handle mountains of mail orders, only whetted the appetites of snobs who felt that failure to see it would smudge their social standing. As symbols of the unattainable, My Fair Lady tickets became a national topic of conversation. Thousands arranged their vacations to conform with the date on which they could get seats.

The lament of a New York Times staffman who suffered "a traumatic rebuff after three irretrievable hours" in line at the Hellinger, ran to a column on the editorial page of his paper. When Kim Novak failed to run the Hellinger blockade, that heart-rending fact was cited by three columnists. Answering the telephone, Charles Walters, Hellinger treasurer, heard a voice say, "This is Jimmy Durante. I've gotta get two for a week from Thursday." Thinking he smelled an imposter, Walters retorted, "If you're Durante, sing Inka Dinka Doo." So the caller sang a verse and chorus of the song, to his own piano accompaniment. It was Durante, all right, and he got to see the show.

So did John Foster Dulles, whose framed letter of thanks hangs in the Hellinger box office next to two notes from a woman in Saudi Arabia. In the first she said she was coming home for the first time in five years, but that her stay would be curdled unless she saw My Fair Lady. She enclosed air-mail stamps to expedite the reply. The second, dated six weeks later, brimmed with gratitude. Only a month had elapsed, she said, between her first note and the receipt of the tickets, a record for communication with the States. I sent both letters to Lewis Funke, drama editor of the Times, who printed them. As a result, the box-office men were bombarded for weeks with angry letters and phone calls. "What do we have to do to get tickets? Move to Saudi Arabia?" was their general tenor.

Badgered for two tickets to a Friday performance of My Fair Lady, one ticket broker suggested to a matron she see another of the excellent plays available. "Why don't you see Major Barbara at the Martin Beck?" he asked. "No, no," she said. "That's one of those classical plays by George Bernard Shaw."

The clamor for tickets inspired cartoons in The New Yorker. One, captioned "Two!" showed a masked woman at the Hellinger's ticket window, her pistol aimed at the treasurer's necktie. In another a husband reading in bed was roused by the midnight scream of his nightgowned wife, "Oh, good heavens, I knew this would happen! Tonight's the night we had tickets for My Fair Lady!"

Anecdotes born of the ticket shortage swept the country. Probably the most grisly of these concerned the empty seat at a Wednesday matinee. At the intermission a woman seated next to the vacant chair commented on this anomaly to the woman beyond it. "It was for my husband, but he couldn't come," said the latter. "Too bad you couldn't give it to one of your friends," said the other. "I couldn't," was the reply. "All our friends are at my husband's funeral."

After announcing that he had just seen My Fair Lady, night-club entertainer Joe E. Lewis convulsed his audience by saying, "I don't care what anyone says—I like it." Within a three-month span, Jackie Gleason, Phil Silvers, Sid Caesar and Steve Allen used the Fair Lady ticket hunt as a theme for one of their TV shows. This presented a paradox. All save Gleason worked for NBC, whereas CBS had put up the $365,000 necessary to mount and animate My Fair Lady. Normally each network looks upon reference to any activity of its rival as treason. But the musical's vogue voided all taboos.

In the show's first three years at the Hellinger, 50,000 people stood up to see it from the rear of the orchestra floor. To get one of the thirty standing-room tickets sold for each performance, these fanatics queued up six or eight hours before the box office opened. Some brought sleeping bags or bridge tables and chess boards; some, vacuum bottles and sandwiches.

After two such lengthy vigils James Hess, a young Southerner in New York to conquer TV, decided to profit from his experience. He rented thirty-six folding chairs for a month. Each morning at daybreak he offered them to the waiting ticket seekers at a dollar a copy. At nine-thirty he reclaimed the chairs and stored them in a nearby restaurant. Business was brisk from the start. Mr. Hess was netting twenty-five dollars a day when the police flagged him down for trespassing and for operating without a license.

But however keen the competition for standing room, it was nothing compared to the contest for the "house seats" at the disposal of Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, Moss Hart, Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway, designers Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton, choreographer Hanya Holm, Herman Levin and myself. The location of these seats was the same for each performance, and they were issued only on presentation of an order signed by the person to whom they were allotted. I had M 111–112–113–114, with which to cope with requests from newspaper and magazine editors, radio and television commentators, out-of-town critics, feature and syndicate writers, columnists, interviewers and others with whom I trafficked. New York's drama critics, editors and reporters were buried under requests which they passed on to me. These came from publishers, executive editors, managing editors, garden editors, fashion editors, foreign editors, (*Continued on Page 112*)

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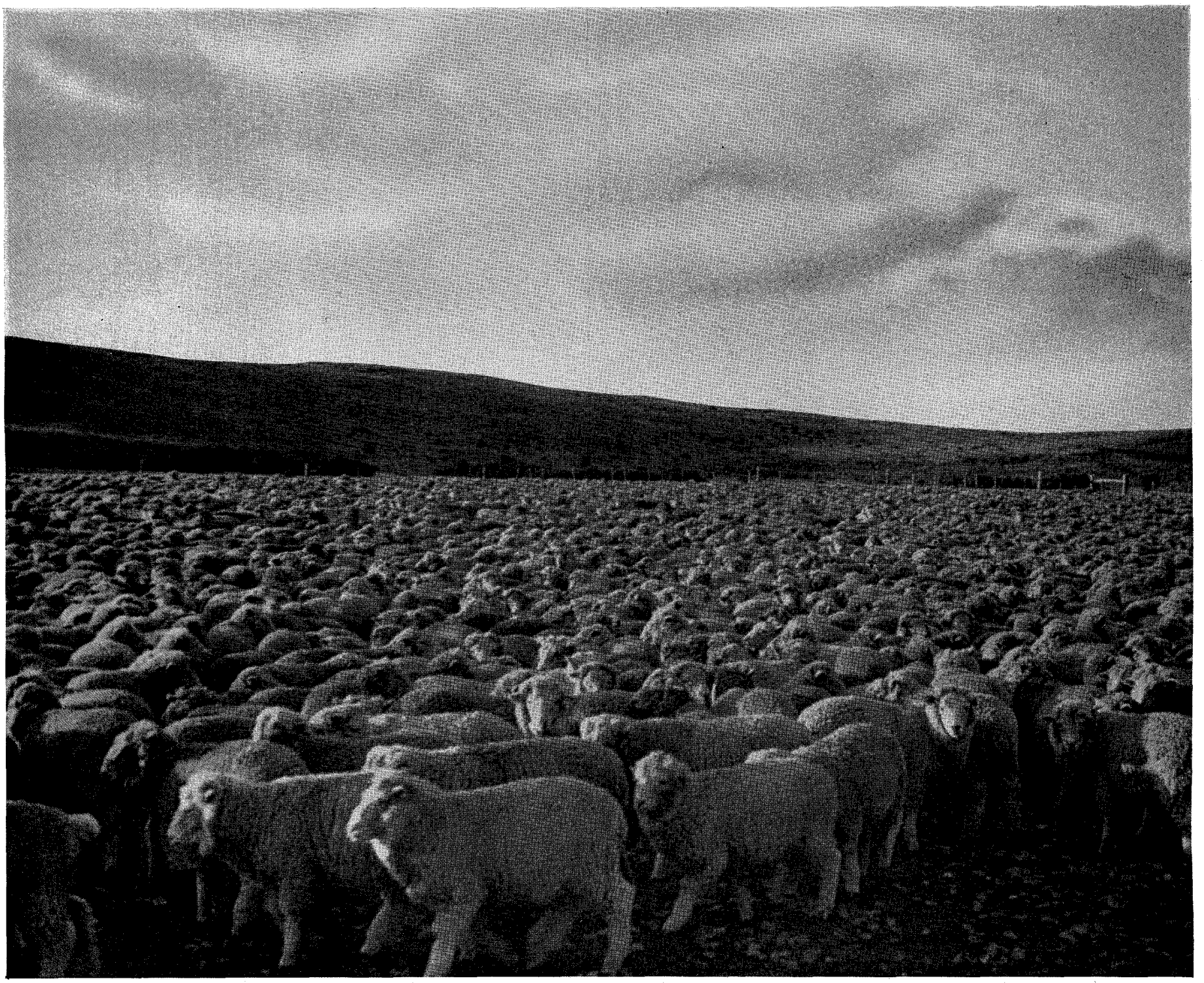

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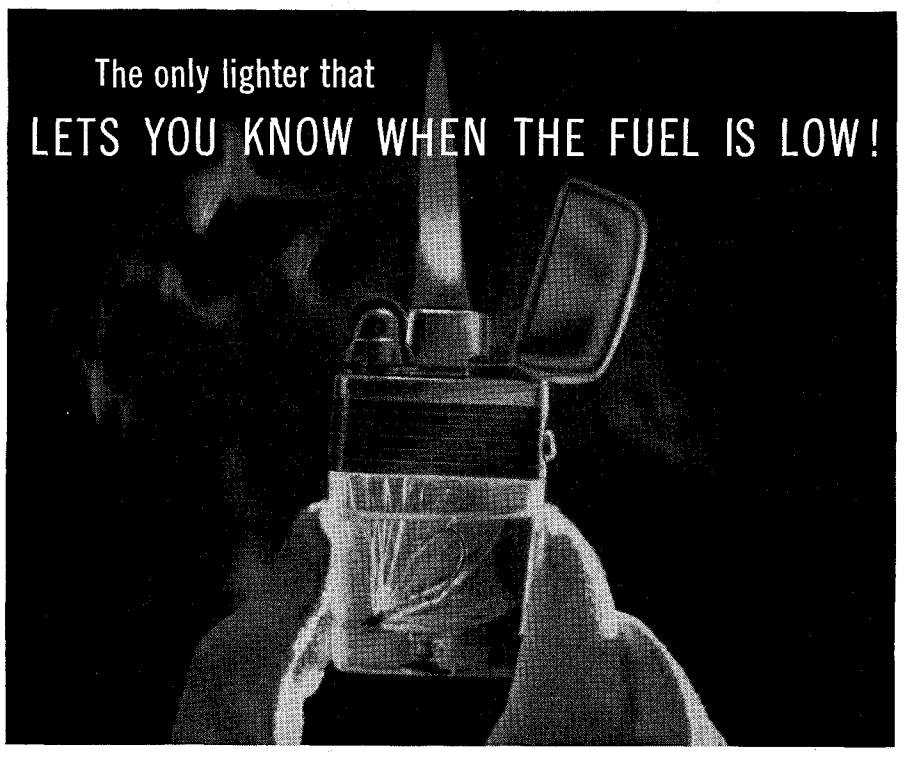

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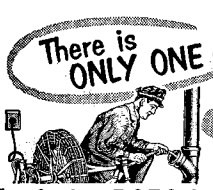

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(*Continued from Page 110*) Sunday editors, book, sports, music and even puzzle editors.

My ticket problems were amusingly capsuled in a letter from novelist John O'Hara, a reformed press agent:

I thought you would like to know that my boss is not in town, it is not my wedding anniversary, my daughter (11) is not home from college, I am not going to leave next week to spend two years in Pakistan for the State Department, I was not in the Army with Mr. Levin, I do not write about the theater for our Shopping Center News, I did not help to get Rex Harrison into White's Club, I am not Moss Hart's godfather, I am not willing to help you get a couple of Indiana Turnpike tax-free bonds, and I am not a free-lance photographer. I have seen My Fair Lady.

By mid-March of this year, as the musical reached its third anniversary, so had nearly 2,000,000 others seen it—and the show is still playing to capacity audiences. But for a long time it took an act of faith to believe that My Fair Lady would ever reach the stage at all. Four years of confusion, false starts and frustration lay behind its first performance—in New Haven on February 4, 1956—and these preliminaries stirred few ripples in the press. In a way this is too bad, because some of the best stories about the show took place before the curtain rose that first time.

A musical version of George Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion was the dream of Gabriel Pascal, a swarthy adventurer from the hills of Transylvania given to violent language and gestures.

There are conflicting stories about the first meeting between Pascal and Shaw. One fixes the scene at Cannes on the French Riviera in the early '30's while both were swimming in the nude at dawn. A more likely version has the Hungarian borrowing five pounds from a London acquaintance to make himself presentable for a visit to Shaw's home at Ayot St. Lawrence in 1936, to plead for the screen rights to The Devil's Disciple. Pascal's intrusion followed closely a call to Shaw from Samuel Goldwyn, who dwelt on the skill, fidelity and reverence with which he would transpose the Irish playwright's masterpieces to the screen. Shaw dismissed his proposal as unthinkable. "The trouble is that you're interested only in art," he told the producer, "whereas I am interested only in money."

Pascal's nerve and candor, on the other hand, fascinated Shaw. When the Hungarian slapped a half crown on the table and said, "These are my assets," the playwright capitulated. Feeling The Devil's Disciple too complex for screen treatment, Shaw offered his visitor Pygmalion, which won an Academy Award for the best screen play of 1937. Subsequently Pascal filmed Major Barbara, Caesar and Cleopatra, and Androcles and the Lion. Following Pascal's reproduction of Caesar and Cleopatra, in 1945, Shaw wrote, "He shocks me with his utter indifference to cost; but the end justifies him. The man is a genius; that's all I have to say about him."

Just when the idea of setting Pygmalion to music first occurred to Pascal, it is hard to say. At any rate, when he was in California to complete arrangements for the filming of Androcles and the Lion in 1951—a year after Shaw's death—the Hungarian badgered Noel Coward, Cole Porter, Saidy and Harburg (authors of Finian's Rainbow) and Rodgers and Hammerstein about such an adaptation. An agreement with the last pair was scrambled because Pascal insisted that his name top theirs in the billing, although at the time he didn't even have the musical rights to Pygmalion.

In January of 1952 Pascal approached Alan Jay Lerner, then in Hollywood to write the screen play for Brigadoon, the musical hit he had schemed with Frederick Loewe. After three huddles with the producer, Lerner and Loewe agreed to undertake an adaptation on their return to New York in May. Thus assured, Pascal got a two-year option on the musical rights to Pygmalion on April twenty-sixth and started to heckle Lawrence Langner of The Theatre Guild about a joint presentation of the show.

After working on the adaptation for three months, however, Lerner and Loewe abandoned it. "It wasn't that we felt it couldn't be done," Lerner said later. "It was more that we didn't know how to do it." Their defection dismayed Pascal, who had specified the pair as adapters in his option; but there was nothing he could do except hope they would resume work soon.

They did not, however, and in April, 1954, Pascal obtained a two-year extension of his option—without mentioning Lerner and Loewe. But in July, before he could make other arrangements, the Hungarian died. Ironically, it was only a few weeks after his death that Lerner and Loewe finally hit on the way to adapt Shaw's play. They went to work on it, despite the fact that now they had no producer—and no assurance that they held the musical rights.

The situation was confused by the fact that, four weeks before Pascal's death, his actress wife, Valerie Hidveghy, had been granted an interlocutory decree in California. Pascal left a will naming Marianna Zaya Kingman-Speelman, Irish-Chinese widow of a Dutch industrialist, "my sol (*sic*) heiress if I should die on this my trip to India." Pascal had announced that he was going to India to film the life of Gandhi and that Charles Boyer would play Nehru. Threatened litigation over the will further clouded the rights to Pygmalion. My Fair Lady had been running for months before the New York surrogate ruled the will invalid because it was drawn to cover a contingency that didn't arise—Pascal had never gone to India.

One of Lerner's first acts, after he and Loewe had returned to wrestle with the Pygmalion adaptation, was to ask Herman Levin if he would produce the musical. Levin, a lawyer fascinated by stage people, broke into the theater in 1946 with Call Me Mister, which ran for ninety-two weeks in New York and netted him $200,000. I first sounded off for Levin when he and Oliver Smith presented No Exit, an Existentialist riddle by Jean-Paul Sartre. Subsequently I publicized his revival of Richard II, his long-run Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and his short-lived Bless You All.

Lerner felt he owed Levin a show, for, on returning to Pygmalion, he had abandoned Li'l Abner, a frolic for which he was writing the book and lyrics and which he had asked Levin to produce. Levin accepted this change in plans and started negotiating with the Gabriel Pascal estate for the rights to the musical, which he subsequently obtained. By February, 1955, Lerner and Loewe had written seven songs for My Lady Liza, as the show was then known, and an outline of the book. With these in hand, the collaborators and Levin flew to London to try to convince Rex Harrison to play Henry Higgins, the phonetics professor who changes the Cockney flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, into a duchess. From the start the trio agreed Rex was ideal for the role, but they had no assurance that he would play, even though Lerner had discussed it with him as early as 1952. Pending Harrison's verdict, they made advances to Noel Coward

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and Cyril Ritchard and mulled the potentials of John Gielgud, Michael Redgrave, George Sanders and Trevor Howard.

Even before their London trip, the trio had had sketchy discussions with Judy Holliday and Dolores Gray about the part of Eliza—until they heard that Mary Martin might be interested. At this word, all other possibilities faded into the background. Mary was box-office dynamite. Hints that, at forty-one, she was too old for Eliza—who Shaw indicated was "no more than twenty"—were shrugged off. Wasn't Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for whom Shaw wrote the play, forty-nine when she created the role? However, speculations on Mary's qualifications stopped after Lerner and Loewe played five of their songs for her. She loathed them all.

Julie Andrews, then starring in The Boy Friend, an imported English revue at the Royale, came closest to Shaw's specifications. She was nineteen and British, had a lovely soprano voice and could effect the guttersnipe-to-duchess transition convincingly. After Mary Martin's elimination, Levin delayed signing her only because he thought they might flush a better Eliza overseas—which, of course, they didn't. "Our greatest break was our failure to get some of the people we tried to get," Lerner confessed after the show's opening.

In London Harrison was elusive. It had been twenty-three years since he had sung The Prisoner's Song in a touring company of For the Love of Mike. That was the sum of his lyric experience. To sap his resistance, the trio arranged a private screening of Pascal's Pygmalion, that he might observe Leslie Howard as Higgins and Wendy Hiller as Eliza.

Harrison agreed to play the part on March twentieth. There was just one complication. The star's pact with H.M. Tennant, Limited, for whom he was playing in Bell, Book and Candle, provided he could give four weeks' notice of leaving only after the comedy had shown a loss of £160 or more for four consecutive weeks. What if it didn't show such losses? London seers assured Levin the question was academic: Bell, Book and Candle wouldn't get through the summer.

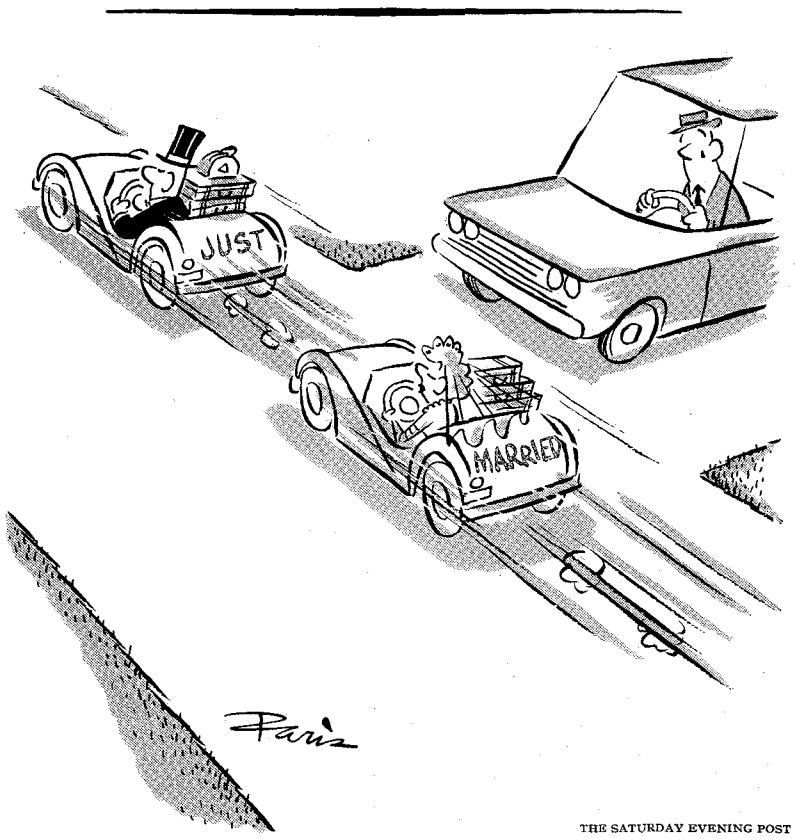
In August, however, the play was still making money, and Levin grew alarmed. His contract with Harrison specified a months' vacation for the star between his departure from Bell, Book and Candle and the start of rehearsals for My Lady Liza. Returning to London, Levin finally worked out a deal that gave Tennant, Limited, the London production rights to the musical and a $25,000 cash bonus in return for Harrison's release in late November.

Cued by Levin, I had announced Harrison's engagement on March twenty-third and that of Julie Andrews two weeks later.

In mid-June Moss Hart, author of a dozen hits and director of as many more, had agreed to stage the show after hearing Why Can't the English? Oddly enough, when Lerner and Loewe returned to London that September to play five of Higgins' songs for Harrison, Why Can't the English? was the only one he didn't like. It wasn't until ten days before the opening in New Haven that Moss Hart finally persuaded him to try it.

Rehearsals started on the New Amsterdam Roof on January 3, 1956, just four years after Pascal had first broached the subject to Lerner and Loewe. One contretemps marred the first drill. Harrison refused to remove his hat for a photograph with Julie Andrews because his hair-piece was in his trunk, and the trunk hadn't been cleared by Customs. Another crisis arose on the arrival of the company in New Haven. Registering at the Taft Hotel, Olive Reeves-Smith, the musical's Lady Boxington, did a double-take when the clerk said, "I'm putting you up with Cecil Beaton. The arrangement is agreeable to him." The clerk had confused her with designer Oliver Smith.

A word about tryouts. Since the success or failure of a show hinges in great degree on its first performance in New York, all musicals play from four to six weeks out of town before facing the Broadway jury. This trial-and-error interval is vital because only through exposure to a paying audience are some of a show's flaws and excesses revealed. In this period casting blunders can be corrected, costumes and scenery changed or chucked out, dialogue cut and polished, dull numbers dropped, new numbers added, chaos curbed, stars placated and the running time pared to three hours or less. Two songs, Say a Prayer and Come to the Ball,



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and a ballet, Decorating Eliza, were excised from My Fair Lady following the New Haven opening.

A five-star crisis erupted at two o'clock on Saturday morning, February fourth—the day of the opening—following the final dress rehearsal. Harrison, a perfectionist, urged a postponement until Monday night, pleading the need of further rehearsals. After a long debate, Levin agreed, but he kept his decision to himself, hoping that sleep would dissipate Rex's vapors. At three that afternoon Harrison, rehearsing alone with the orchestra, still was insistent. At four, Levin advised Moss Hart, working with the rest of the company in a nearby hall, that the opening was off until Monday, and the cast was dismissed. Then he notified the manager of the theater.

That gentleman blew a fuse. There was no time to warn the hundreds of people who would be driving over icy roads to the theater. If turned away, they might riot. He threatened legal action. When Levin told Rex of these threats, Harrison shrugged his shoulders and said, "All right, old boy, let's open tonight." Open they did—after a posse had tracked down the other members of the company—and Harrison was cheered.

News of the show's magic spread like fire in a confetti factory. In fact, hosannas reached such a pitch during its four weeks in Philadelphia that Levin warned me not to get too rhapsodic. Extravagant praise might build up a this-had-better-be-good resistance in New York.

As it was, Broadway know-it-alls had been suspicious of the show from the start. These prophets of doom regarded a musical version of a Shaw play as sheer folly. Shaw was strictly for eggheads, they argued. The average theater-goers shunned his works as they would a spinet concert. Neither in London nor New York had Pygmalion ever run as long as six months.

The ovation given the show at its New York opening and the raves of the critics routed the skeptics and added to my ecstasy. At the start of its fourth year last March fifteenth, My Fair Lady had outrun such carnivals as Guys and Dolls, Kiss Me Kate, and The King and I. Professional cynics concede that before it adjourns it may even have topped the five-year reign of Oklahoma! to become the most enduring song-and-dance show in New York's history.

The national company, now on tour for the third year, played sixty-six weeks in Chicago. The London duplication has been selling out since its opening a year ago. The Australian company is bulging Her Majesty's Theater in Melbourne. Under the title, *Mi Bella Dama*, a Spanish variation is winning *¡ole!*'s in Central and South America, and the Swedes have been cheering the musical at Oscars Teatern in Stockholm since February fourteenth. The record album by the original company has sold 2,500,000 copies, a total well beyond that of South Pacific, the previous platter champion. At nine cents an album, the disc sale has brought Rex Harrison a $225,000 bonus.

The parent company's box-office receipts of $11,000,000 are the highest ever recorded by a New York stage show, no matter how long the run. Profits for the New York and national companies, as of March fourteenth, were approximately $4,000,000. By the same date, H.M. Tennant, Limited, in London had paid off production costs of $218,000 and netted $195,000—60 per cent of the profits—while Levin, Lerner and Loewe's 40 per cent totaled $130,000. Total box-office receipts for the London, New York and national companies totted up to $21,000,000.

Fittingly enough, Lerner and Loewe are the chief beneficiaries of this bonanza. Their interest in surpluses from royalties, profits and album sales is approximately $3,500,000. A few months after the opening, producer Herman Levin sold two thirds of his 30-per-cent share for $450,000, a capital-gains operation which netted him $337,500. His remaining share brings him $150,000 a year. The estate of Bernard Shaw has been enriched by $630,000 and that of Gabriel Pascal by $210,000. Moss Hart has so far been rewarded with $630,000 for his silken direction, and Hanya Holm with $210,000 for her choreography. The Columbia Broadcasting System, by virtue of having financed the original production, has acquired a nest egg of $1,600,000—not including the loot of its subsidiary, Columbia Records, and the sum to accrue from its TV rights at some remote date. Remote, too, is the sale of the picture rights, for which feelers mentioning $2,000,000 have been received. A screen production before 1965 is unlikely.

On seeing My Fair Lady in New Haven on February 4, 1956, I taunted New York's drama editors with this release: "If My Fair Lady, opening at the Hellinger on March 15, doesn't run there two years, I agree to crawl over broken bottles on my hands and knees from Father Duffy's Statue (Times Square district) to the Cloisters." At the time this defy seemed reckless. Of all the shows I had press-agented, only one, Arsenic and Old Lace, had run as long as two years. In retrospect my boast seems timid. Inflamed by what I had seen in New Haven, I was sure I had latched on to a hit. What I had latched on to was an annuity.

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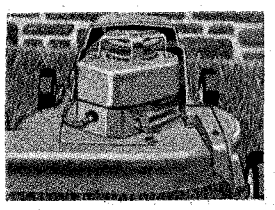

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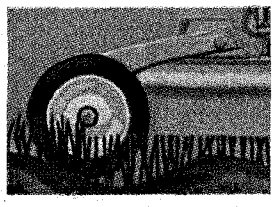

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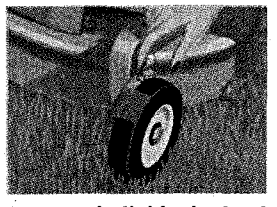

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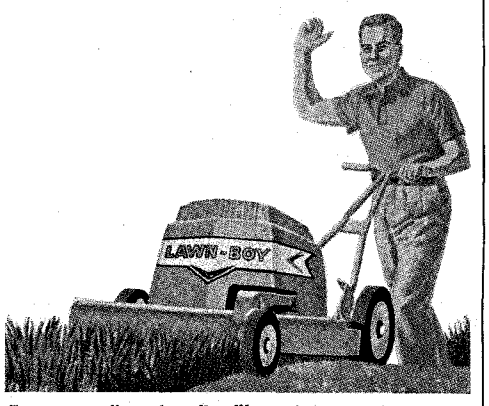

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Egghead From the Ozarks

(Continued from Page 31)

deepening crisis, is awesome. He has become a top adviser on life-and-death decisions which may involve us all.

It is not a direct responsibility. As Fulbright has taken care to point out, the President has the basic responsibility and authority, under the Constitution, for our foreign policy. The influence of the Foreign Relations chairman depends partly on tradition, partly on the personal strength of the man who wields it. It can be immense, for ill or good, as shown in the past by such chairmen as Senators Henry Cabot Lodge (the elder), William E. Borah and Arthur Vandenberg.

In recent years Fulbright has been one of the sharpest critics of Administration foreign policy. He may return to the attack in the future. But when he succeeded to the chairmanship in early February there was a noteworthy new moderation in his attitude. This may have been due in part to the darkening of the international scene, in part to the chill responsibility of his new position. A senator can sound off freely without shaking the foundations; but when the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee speaks, it may be assumed, especially abroad, that he speaks for the committee and for the majority of the Senate itself. Chairman Fulbright began to ponder his words as though seeking the subtle line between useful suggestion and divisive criticism.

A few weeks after he took his new post, the increasing danger of the Russian threats toward Berlin provoked a flurry of worried speeches in the Senate. Fulbright said he was sure the suggestions were meant to be helpful, that they reflected a concern natural under the circumstances. Then he added:

> No football team can expect to win with every man his own quarterback. . . . To force the President into a negotiating strait jacket or to overwhelm him—and the world—with unco-ordinated and perhaps conflicting advice would cause nothing but trouble. The Foreign Relations Committee is available to advise the President, but his is the primary responsibility. . . .
>
> The President has stated clearly, forcefully and authoritatively the policy of the United States in Berlin—that is, we will not give "one single inch," and if there be any shooting, it will be someone else who started it. This does not, of course, mean that we will not negotiate on any reasonable basis.

Does this mean that the usually outspoken Fulbright has laid aside his right of criticism and given the President's foreign policy blank-check support? Evidently not. Soon after the "quarterback" statement, and following a visit to the White House, Fulbright returned to his earlier urgings that we show more "imagination and initiative" in our response to the Russians. He repeated his support of our firmness in Berlin, but suggested we counter Russia's demands with demands of our own that she withdraw from her satellite countries.

Later he added further comments. He said we should not be so "sticky" about summit conferences. "It leaves the impression that we are afraid to talk to the Russians or that we haven't anything to say. Actually we have a lot to say." He said he thought Mr. Eisenhower spoke in the sense that "we will not give one inch . . . unless there are concessions on the other side to justify it."

As one example of possible mutual concessions, he said that if both sides along the East-West German boundary were to move their armed forces back "an equal distance—no matter how slight the distance—the possibilities of war, especially accidental war, would be reduced." He suggested that if a clear western corridor could be established into Berlin, free of any inspection, coupled with some form of international control in Berlin, the possibility should be seriously considered. He also warned that the Russians "may go very far in Berlin" and that it is premature to assume they will not start a war.

The quickest way to get the children out of the house is to announce bath time.

FRANK G. MC INNIS

How do these statements square with Fulbright's earlier objection to too many quarterbacks? Probably he decided that he cannot chart for himself any exact course of action in a crisis which changes from one day to the next. As chairman his problem of full support versus "loyal opposition" is one of extreme delicacy, made the more so by events which followed his assumption of the post.

Senator Fulbright had long known, as he moved slowly up the seniority ladder in the Foreign Relations Committee, that he would probably one day be chairman. He could not know when. For two years he had been next in line of succession to Chairman Theodore F. Green, the phenomenally durable senator from Rhode Island. When the present Congress assembled in January, the ninety-one-year-old Senator Green seemed his usual lively self, able to walk two miles to work in the morning and dance gaily at diplomatic parties in the evening.

It came as a surprise when, at the end of January, Senator Green resigned as chairman. Such a thing was almost unheard of. It is a characteristic—and a flaw—of the seniority system that aging committee chairmen are seldom able or willing to recognize the inroads of time on their own faculties. But the conscientious Green had for some months been disturbed by certain impairments in his eyesight and hearing. These had become a handicap, he concluded, in carrying out the exacting duties of his position.

Thus Fulbright, at fifty-three, became chairman, the youngest man to hold the post during this century. In a way it represented the fruition of his political career; it had come to him in the prime of his vigor and energy. But any pleasure he could take in the honor was shadowed by the dire course of events.

On November twenty-seventh Khrushchev had begun his ominous threats to give control of Berlin's western lifelines to his East German puppet government. He originally set May twenty-seventh as a deadline, and the time was ticking away. (Later, with the Foreign Ministers' conference set for May eleventh, and the prospect of a summit meeting to follow, Khrushchev indicated that his "deadline" might be extended.) In Britain the strength of Prime Minister Macmillan's government was shaken by rising unemployment. In France, De Gaulle was preoccupied by economic and North African problems. West Germany's grand old strong man, Adenauer, was reported at last to be feeling the burden of his eighty-three years. And America's Secretary of State Dulles, rugged embodiment of our foreign policy since 1953, was ailing, though the seriousness of his illness was not yet known.

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As the new chairman, Fulbright's immediate concern was his relationship with Mr. Dulles. He had often been highly critical of the secretary, and now certain ones of his more caustic remarks were being resurrected in the press. Some commentators pictured a bitter feud between the two men which might weaken American policy and unity in the critical period ahead. James Reston, in The New York Times, took a more hopeful view. In the past, he conceded ". . . these two highly intelligent men have established a relationship like that of dogs and cats. When Mr. Dulles talks, Mr. Fulbright growls, and when the senator talks, the secretary arches his back." But, he continued, the two respect each other; they have certain mutual friends; there was no reason why they could not get together and talk out many of their differences.

The secretary and the chairman realized that the impression of a personal feud between them was harmful; they were already moving to correct it. Fulbright emphasized his admiration for Dulles' "many fine qualities." The secretary, about to leave for Europe, invited Chairman Fulbright to his home for an evening of private conversation. In this friendly exchange, both felt they had reached a more sympathetic understanding.

On the day after their talk, Mr. Dulles took off for his flying trip abroad for conferences with Macmillan, De Gaulle and Adenauer. It was learned later that he was in almost constant pain during this strenuous mission. Undaunted, he strove valiantly—and apparently with considerable success—to establish Allied unity in face of the new Russian threats. On his return to Washington he first reported to President Eisenhower, then went to Walter Reed Hospital for a hernia operation and other treatment.

Two years before, he had had an operation for cancer and apparently had made a complete recovery. Now came the tragic news that there had been a serious recurrence of the malignancy, that he would have to undergo many weeks of radiation treatments and recuperation, so that the doctors could not be sure how soon or how fully he could resume his duties. The President designated Under Secretary Christian A. Herter as Acting Secretary of State, with Under Secretary Douglas Dillon as his right-hand man. He expressed the hope that Secretary Dulles would be well enough to give guidance on top decisions.

Fulbright should be able to work well with both Herter and Dillon. He has known the former since they were colleagues in the House sixteen years ago; Dillon is a close friend and Washington neighbor.

When the gravity of Mr. Dulles' illness became known, there were suggestions that the time had now come, in justice to himself and the nation, for his resignation. Fulbright did not join in these. In a Senate speech he said that Mr. Dulles "must play the leading role, both in formulating our foreign policy and articulating it." He spoke with unusual emotion of the secretary's "heroic exertions" and said, "No man, I think, can but be moved to admiration by the courage of John Foster Dulles, by his austere sense of duty, by his exceeding gallantry in the shadows of personal doom, and by his unrelenting purpose in seeking peace through peaceful means for the millions on this earth whose reluctant feet may already be planted upon the road to Calvary."

Elsewhere in his remarks he said that "the day of all men everywhere . . . may be short," that the time in which we live is "the most dangerous in the sixty centuries of man's recorded history." These are not cheerful comments. They reflect what some critics consider a tendency on Fulbright's part toward a brooding pessimism. He disagrees with this assumption, which in our optimistic land amounts almost to a charge of defeatism. Rather, he feels, the sane and healthy attitude is to look at the dark as well as the bright side of the world situation.

As he sees it, our American habit of looking at things through rose-colored glasses has become a national weakness. It has made us lax and complacent in the face of steadily rising dangers. It caused us to fritter away, in the last dozen years, most of the enormous lead we had over Russia in power, prestige, education, science and weaponry. We underestimated Russia's ability to produce first the A-bomb, then the H-bomb, then the ballistic missiles and Sputniks. Meanwhile, we cut Federal income taxes, blindly neglected our educational standards and patronizingly referred to our scientists and intellectuals as eggheads.

Generally conservative in economics, Fulbright agrees with Eisenhower on the dangers of continued deficit financing and inflation. But he rejects the idea that we cannot "afford" what we need for education, science and defense. He regards these as necessities, which we can afford by forgoing some of our luxuries and raising taxes. In reply to the argument that we "cannot live with higher taxes," he points out that we lived pretty well prior to the Federal tax cut of 1954.

He has not hesitated to voice such views, which he considers realistic rather than pessimistic, even when he knew they grated on the popular mood. This in itself marks him as an unconventional legislator. And so he has been ever since he first came to Congress sixteen years ago.

He has in him a certain strain of individualism, of independence, of wry humor, which does not quite harmonize with the clublike camaraderie of the Senate. He is more studious, more reflective, less gregarious than most of his colleagues. He spends much time in reading which others devote to politicking and persuasion among their fellows. He cannot be fitted into any group or category. It has been said that he is a liberal in international affairs, a conservative in domestic matters, but this rule has its exceptions. While he usually votes with the Democratic majority, he is not regarded exactly as a "regular." He has often offended the higher-ups in his party, including President Truman, who in a heated moment once referred to him privately as "an overeducated Oxford s.o.b."

In early '54, when the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy was riding high, Fulbright was the only senator who cared, or dared, to vote against further funds for McCarthy's melodramatic investigations. McCarthy called Fulbright "Senator Halfbright," but the nickname did not stick. He has also been called "The Egghead from the Ozarks." More kindly, when he became Foreign Relations chairman, it was widely commented that he brought to the post the most thorough background of any senator in recent memory.

Fulbright came to Congress as though by accident. He might never have entered public life if he had not been fired as president of the University of Arkansas. He was fired partly because he refused to play politics with the job. It might thus be said that he got into politics because he didn't want to play politics. Before exploring this paradox, we had better look back to Fulbright's beginnings.

The fourth of six children, he was born on a farm near Sumner, Missouri, on April 9, 1905. When he was a year old the family moved to another farm near Fayetteville, in the Ozark country of Northwest Arkansas.

The father, Jay Fulbright, was an extremely hard-working corn-hog farmer with a good head for business. Over the years he invested his savings in a number of small enterprises: a sawmill, a soft-drink bottling plant, a local bank and a Fayetteville newspaper—now The Northwest Arkansas Times. Most of his ventures prospered.

Young Bill grew up on the farm, riding horseback five miles daily for his early schooling. He developed the strong physique which was later to make him a star athlete. His mother, Roberta, a great believer in education, saw to it that he didn't neglect his studies. At sixteen he entered the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. The senator says this wasn't due to brains or precocity.

"My father thought all youngsters should work in the summertime," he says. "I preferred taking summer courses, and credits, to the tough jobs he had in mind."

In college his grades were good, but not tops. Much of his energy went into athletics. He played three years of varsity football as a regular halfback. Though younger and lighter than average, he was a fast broken-field runner and an unusually accurate kicker and passer—a triple-threat man. His friends like to recall a game against heavily favored Southern Methodist. He threw the touchdown pass and kicked a thirty-five-yard field goal which accounted for Arkansas' 9–0 upset victory. He also captained the tennis team. In his last year he was organizer and first president of the university's system of student self-government.

In Bill's junior year his father died suddenly at fifty-six. He left the university to help his mother with his father's estate and business interests. She soon proved herself such a capable manager that he was able to return to his studies. Despite this time out, he won his bachelor-of-arts degree in February, 1925, when he was not quite twenty. He stayed on during the spring to take additional courses.

When he was about to return to the family business, one of his professors suggested he apply for a Rhodes Scholarship. He journeyed down to Little Rock, appeared before the examiners, and was surprised next day to hear that he was the new Rhodes selection for Arkansas.

His time at Oxford, with vacations passed in Europe, was an eye opener for the young man who hitherto had hardly ventured beyond the Arkansas hills except on football trips to Texas and Oklahoma. He met students from every continent and began to understand something of the world's vast variety of political and religious beliefs. At Oxford's Pembroke College he took what was known as the "Final Honour School of Modern History," graduating with the equivalent of B-plus grades.

At Oxford he played Rugby football, and mastered the game of lacrosse quickly enough to be chosen for the Oxford-Cambridge team which visited America. The pounding he took in various contact sports left him a recurrently painful trouble in the kneecaps. This was finally corrected a few years ago by an operation removing the cartilages. He was able to resume his golf, which he sometimes plays in the upper seventies when he has time to practice. He keeps fit with rigorous morning exercises and by walking. Now fifty-four, he still has the easy carriage and co-ordination of an athlete.

When Fulbright finished at Oxford in 1928, the family business in Arkansas was going so well that he felt he could afford some time on the Continent before returning. His stay lengthened into more than a year. Most of it was spent, as we have seen, in Vienna. His experiences there added an unexpected and significant bonus to his education.

In 1929, back in Fayetteville, Arkansas, he settled down to what seemed might be his life work in the family business. A couple of (*Continued on Page 118*)

"These are all the beauty aids my sister needs and she's only twenty-three. Sort of frightens you, doesn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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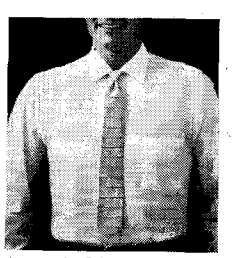

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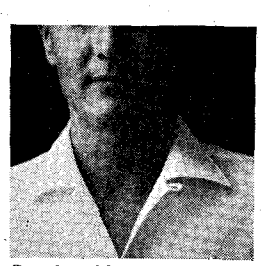

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(*Continued from Page 116*) years later chance intervened. On a trip to Washington he ran into a friend who invited him to dinner. There he met a beautiful young lady from Philadelphia, Miss Elizabeth Williams. This, he quickly decided, was the girl.

Soon afterward he convinced himself that he ought to study law. He enrolled at the George Washington University Law School in Washington. Looking back, Senator Fulbright thinks that maybe his real idea was to get within courting distance of Betty Williams. They were married in 1932. It has been a most happy marriage. They have two daughters, Elizabeth and Roberta.

At G.W.U. Fulbright took his law degree in 1934, second in a class of 135. He served as a prosecutor in the Justice Department for a year, then taught law at G.W.U. for a year. In 1936 his mother needed help at home and he returned again to Fayetteville. For the next three years he helped in the family business, raised beef cattle on the farm, practiced law and taught law courses at the University of Arkansas. So far his life had been pleasant, but without clear direction. In 1939 chance stepped in again. Dr. John Futrall, president of the university for a quarter century, was killed in an automobile accident. Fulbright, popular among the students and faculty, was chosen by the trustees to succeed him.

Now his career seemed set. Here was work he could take pride in. He did not think of his position as a political one. He concentrated on recruiting the best teaching talent which the university's modest budget could afford.

In 1940 there was a hot gubernatorial fight in Arkansas. The incumbent reform governor, Carl Bailey, was defeated by Homer Adkins. Fulbright's mother, affectionately known as Miss Roberta, was a strong partisan of Bailey. Among her other energetic activities, she for many years wrote a daily column in the Fayetteville paper. It was called As I See It, and she never hesitated to call it as she saw it. On the election of Adkins, Miss Roberta commented that the voters apparently preferred a handshaking, backslapping politician to a statesman.

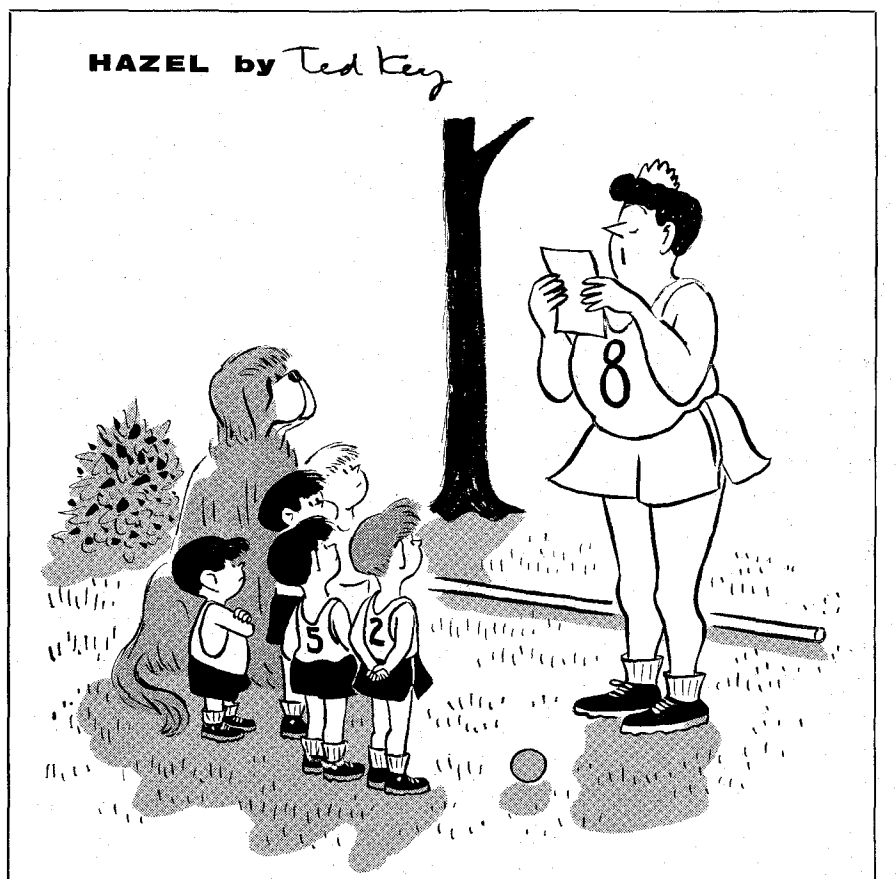
Adkins, annoyed with the Fulbright family, began quietly putting in his own men as trustees at the university. In the spring of 1941 he wrote to Fulbright, suggesting that the university employ an Adkins protégé as public-relations man. Fulbright replied that he needed another good professor more than he did a publicity man. Soon afterward his "resignation was requested." He said it would make things clearer all around if he were fired. And so on Commencement Day, despite roars of protest from students and alumni, Fulbright was duly fired.

Again he returned, less happy now, to the family business. The following spring his friend, Clyde Ellis, congressman from the Fayetteville district, urged Fulbright to run for the House seat he was vacating. Fulbright said no, but when Ellis reminded him of his preachments to students about the duty of public service, he began to waver.

Once he made up his mind to run, he went all out. A novice and a long shot, he plunged into the heat and dust of the fight like an old pro. His wife Betty, friends say, turned out to be "an even better campaigner than Bill, and a great hit with the farm wives." Together they reversed the odds; Fulbright won by 4000 votes.

It is rare for a congressman to get much attention in his first few years. The new representative from Arkansas won fame in a matter of months with the so-called Fulbright Resolution, favoring "the creation of appropriate international machinery, with power adequate to establish and maintain a just and lasting peace . . . and the participation of the United States . . . through its constitutional processes." The entire resolution contained only fifty-five words. Passed overwhelmingly in 1943 by the House, and later endorsed by the Senate, it became a historic milestone. It marked the end of our long policy of isolation and the first official step toward the United Nations. Fulbright feels the mistake in setting up the U.N. was to permit the veto, thus depriving the organization of the "adequate power" envisioned by his resolution.

In 1944 Fulbright ran for the Senate. His chief opponent was none other than the Homer Adkins whose influence had ended his university presidency three years before. He beat Adkins by 32,000 votes. Politics, he found, has its compensations.



"Training rules. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1945 Senator Fulbright was sounded out for the presidency of another university—Columbia. He was tempted, but said he could not consider the tentative offer in fairness to the voters who had elected him to the Senate for a six-year term. If he had gone to Columbia, it might have affected the destinies of Eisenhower, who accepted the presidency there in 1948.

In 1946 Senator Fulbright, through the fusion of two simple ideas, produced a beneficent chain reaction which still continues through the non-Communist world. The first idea, drawn from his own experience, was that study abroad makes for better international understanding. Second was the fact that quantities of surplus American war materials—such as trucks, jeeps and bulldozers—were rusting away in many foreign lands; these countries wanted to buy the stuff, but lacked dollar exchange. Why not let each country pay in its own currency? The proceeds could then be used for two purposes: (1) scholarships for selected American students who wished to study in that country, and (2) travel expenses for its own students chosen to study in America.

Such was the genesis of the famous Fulbright scholarships. The senator, with unwonted political energy and savvy, fought his bill through Congress to final passage in the closing hours of the 1946 session. Under the Fulbright Act, supplemented by later legislation, exchange scholarships have been awarded to date to more than 37,000 American and foreign students and teachers. In its contribution to better understanding among peoples, according to a State Department report, the law has been "the most fabulously profitable investment ever authorized by Congress." Fulbright's history tutor at Oxford, now Master of Pembroke, put it a little differently. In 1953 he told his former student, "You are responsible for the largest and most significant movement of scholars across the face of the earth since the fall of Constantinople in 1453."

Shortly before the 1946 elections Fulbright was pondering aloud to a colleague about the difficulties which would arise if, with a Democrat in the White House, the Republicans should capture both houses of Congress. In such case, he thought, it might be a patriotic thing for Mr. Truman to appoint a Republican as Secretary of State, and then resign. In the absence of a Vice President and under the law at that time, the Republican—perhaps Vandenberg—would become President. Thus the White House and Congress could work together harmoniously.

The Republicans did win both houses. A reporter, who had noted down Fulbright's casual remarks, hit the headlines with them the morning after election. Hence the explosion of wrath in which Mr. Truman referred to Fulbright as an overeducated so-and-so.

Fulbright was embarrassed as well as amused by all the rumpus. But he still seriously believes it is a weakness in our governmental system which permits the President to be of one party and the Congress of the other, that it could produce delays and divisions in time of crisis. Seeing such danger he is likely, as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, to take special care not to aggravate it during these troubled times.

Fulbright again stirred the anger of President Truman and many Democratic politicians by his investigation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in 1950–51. As chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, he had found evidence of grossly improper influence in obtaining RFC loans. Some of Truman's friends were involved. Fulbright went to the President and urged prompt action to clean up the situation. Truman was unconvinced. Fulbright proceeded with the searching probe which uncovered the "mink-coat" scandals and eventually forced the cleanup which he had originally recommended.

While he worked effectively as chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, his heart wasn't in it. His strongest interest was in America's foreign relations. Under the Eisenhower Administration he became increasingly critical of Secretary Dulles, not so much for his fundamental policy as for his methods of approach. He felt that the secretary's attitude was too negative, that when Russia makes proposals we should not just say no, but should counter with proposals which would put Russia on the spot.

He also objected to Mr. Dulles' reports to the Foreign Relations Committee as not being fully frank, as painting too rosy a picture of the world situation, and as adopting a "papa knows best" tone.

He has long been a critic of our policy in the Middle East, which he thinks has played into the hands of the Communists. He has asked for more economic, less military aid to other countries, and has especially opposed lavish shipments of arms to prop up reactionary and tottering regimes. And he has blamed both Republicans and Democrats for continuing the custom of awarding ambassadorial posts to fat-cat political contributors.

Fulbright himself is in difficulty on one hot American issue—that of racial segregation. He has opposed the Supreme Court integration decisions as being too hasty and as trying to oversimplify an immensely complex problem. This has disappointed his liberal admirers and can cause uneasiness among the nonwhite nations of the free world. On the other hand, the fact that his opposition to the court decisions has been temperately expressed has hurt him in his home state of Arkansas, where extremist segregation feelings run high. The power of such sentiments was shown in the defeat of Arkansas' hitherto extremely popular Rep. Brooks Hays. He, like Fulbright, had signed the so-called Southern Manifesto, but counseled moderation at a time when fanaticism was demanded. Unless these passions cool, Fulbright may face dangerous opposition for re-election in 1962. There is talk that Gov. Orval Faubus may challenge him.

But that eventuality is three years away, and Fulbright is not likely to let it distract him from his chief ambition, which is to do the finest job he can as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. As to what his course there will be, carrying a new responsibility and facing new situations at home and abroad, I think the best clues may be found in his general character, background and ability.

He has been a student of international problems ever since those days at the Café Louvre thirty years ago. He is intelligent, with an original, inquiring mind which has proved itself fertile in constructive ideas. He cannot be ranked among the optimists, but perhaps they are already in surplus supply. His honesty and patriotism are unquestioned—if he makes mistakes, it will not be in pursuit of partisan advantage. He approaches his work as chairman as the climax and supreme test of his entire career. All this gives good reason to hope that Chairman Fulbright will serve his country well among the unprecedented perils ahead. THE END

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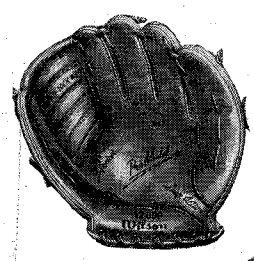
*Ted Williams is a member of the Wilson Advisory Staff



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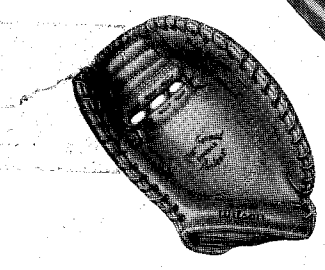

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Keeping Posted

Beater of the Broadway Drums

In dressing-room mirror: Press Agent Maney and Pamela Charles, star of My Fair Lady.

It is highly unorthodox for the Post to run an article by a press agent about his own play, but Dick Maney (page 34) is a unique press agent, and My Fair Lady is a unique show. Maney relates that he was born near Chinook, Montana, in 1892 "to an obbligato of coyote yelps," his early associates being mostly Cree papooses and later adolescent bucks. While attending the University of Washington in Seattle ("I was paroled [graduated] in 1913") he worked as a volunteer usher, then a paid usher at the local Moore Theater, where he was fascinated by "the fey conduct and short working hours of press agents." John Cort, owner of the Moore, presently beckoned him to New York and ever since then, Maney says, he has caressed the egos of the famous and the infamous, the elite and the lunatic, of the theater. He has respect and affection for all of these folk, despite their caprices, fevers and megalomania. "It's possible, too, that I'm a little tetched. Anyone exposed so long to the theater is sure to be shy a few of his marbles."

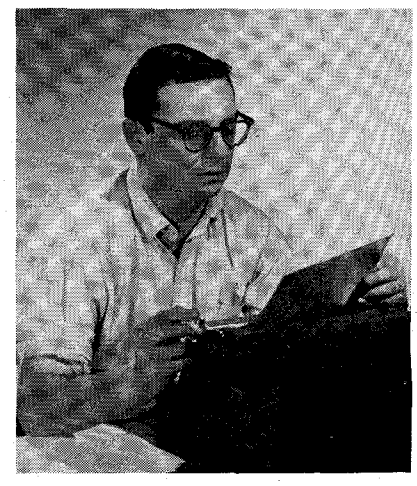
Maney and his wife, Betty, live in Westport, Connecticut, and Dick's daily stamping ground in New York is strictly limited to the Broadway theater district—in fact, he hasn't been as far south as Thirty-third Street in years.

When he wrote his autobiography, Fanfare (Harper's, 1957), he missed the publisher's deadline by only thirty-seven months.

The Winner

One of the topmost awards in journalism was handed to **Joseph Kraft** at a recent dinner of the Overseas Press Club in New York. It was the club's plaque for last year's best magazine reporting of foreign affairs—for his series, I SAW THE ALGERIAN REBELS IN ACTION in the January 11–18, 1958, Post. In another category—best photographic reporting from abroad—**David Douglas Duncan** won a citation for being one of three semi-finalists; he contributed to the January 4, 1958, Post, the memorable picture essay on artist Pablo Picasso.

Free-lancer Kraft, formerly of The New York Times, lives half of each year in New York and the other half in Europe, so that he can be a foreign correspondent all the time, for publications on both sides of the water. A Phi Beta Kappa from Columbia University, who later attended Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, Kraft says he has only one professional credo that isn't absolutely ordinary—"namely, that the academics who talk of 'mere journalism' and the newspapermen who say 'purely academic' are both wrong." Kraft is thirty-four, unmarried, and his pet sport is lying on a beach doing nothing.



Joe Kraft.

Tales of the Authors

Bill Worden reports from Bellevue, Washington, that the yachts mentioned in his page 28 article about cruising British Columbia waters belong to an exclusive local organization, The Dry Rot Yacht Club. Officers of this club are not required to pay dues and all members of the club are officers.

Columnist Glen King, of the Berkeley, California, Daily Gazette, tells about a police official of a nearby city who addressed a luncheon club on modern methods of crime detection. "I must decide," the speaker began, "whether to give you a generalized summary or reveal highly confidential details." After an impressive pause, he said, "As a rule, I don't approve of police secrets being revealed by magazines, newspapers, TV shows and in other ways. But since this is obviously an audience of well-adjusted, law-respecting people, I will do so." He then gave a fascinating talk. Glen King adds that what he didn't say was that he was using notes gathered for him, by an assistant, from a crime-detection article titled, HOW I TRAPPED MY FELLOW COPS by **Capt. Todd O. Thoman, Jr.**, as told to **Ben Pearse** in the December 7, 1957, Post.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"What Do Intelligence Tests Really Prove?"

A study of the aptitude and intelligence tests which schools use to make crucial decisions that will shape your child's future.

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